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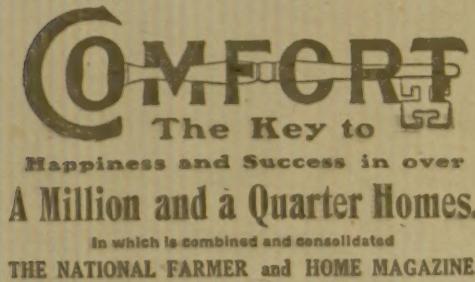
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Crumbs of Comfort

If you can't find a way, make one, but make it straight.

Most people do not lack strength to act; they lack will.

No man is born into this world whose work is not born with him.

Things don't turn up on this earth till somebody turns them up.

The cheerful live longest in years and afterwards in our regard.

You are not so likely to catch a train by running for it as you are by getting an early start.

It is the idle man, not the great worker, who is always complaining that he has no time or opportunity.

Not many things indifferently, but one thing supremely, is the keynote of success and the demand of the day.

Early adversity is often a blessing. Surmounted difficulties not only teach but hearten us in our future struggles.

Want is a bitter and a hateful good. Because its virtues are not understood; Yet many things, impossible to thought, Have been by need to full perfection brought.

Dryden.

As sins proceed they ever multiply and like figures in arithmetic, the last stands for more than all that went before it.

There are moments when petty slights are harder to bear than a serious injury. Men have died of the festering of a gnat-bite.

Whatever the world may say, there are some mortal sorrows, and our lives ebb away less through our blood than through our tears.

The commonest man, who has his ounce of sense and feeling, is conscious of the difference between a gentle, delicate woman and a coarse one.

There is no business, no labor whatever, which will not permit the person who really wants to, to give a little time every day to the studies of his youth.

For every evil under the sun
There is a remedy, or there is none;
If there be one, try and find it;
If there be none, never mind it. —Holmes

There never was a day that did not bring its own opportunity for doing good that never could have been done before and never can be done again.

One may see beauty and harmony wherever he looks, even his tears affording visions of resplendent rainbows as the sunbeams of Hope fall upon him.

The Uninvited Hallowe'en Guest A Mysterious Fatality

By Lydia M. Dunham O'Neil

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THE night of nights had arrived—the night of fantastic folly, mirth, and superstition—the night when mortals and immortals are permitted to mingle without danger to either—Hallowe'en.

As bad been my custom ever since my marriage, I gave a masked ball. At the day I had been very busy, making preparations for the evening's entertainment, giving directions for the banquet to follow, and superintending the decorations.

At six in the evening my work was done; the entire second floor was transformed into a region of mystery. The walls were draped with black and yellow bunting; candles, concealed in carved pumpkins, emitted a pale, weird, unearthly light; miniature representations of witches, bats, black cats, and owls glared from every niche and corner; and over the door of the reception-room hung a banner inscribed:

Welcome, ye mystic! goblins and ghosts!

Welcome, ye airy, invisible hosts!

As I stepped out upon the landing to view the effect of the decorations, my eyes fell upon those words, and an icy chill convulsed my form—a pang of terror struck my heart.

Impulsively I stepped forward, with upraised hand, intending to tear down the banner, when I heard a step behind me, on the stair.

"What's this I've stumbled into—a witch's cavern?" said my husband breezily, as he mounted the steps and at length stood beside me, on the landing. "You've certainly done wonders, Lili—I wouldn't know my own home. It's simply perfect!"

"Yes," I replied, "I think it is—all but that," and I pointed to the offending pennant. "And I'm going to take it down."

"Why, what's the matter with it?" I know you'll laugh at me, Karl—but it seems to me like a defiance flung to the Powers Invisible."

Laugh he did—long and loud. "Why, Lili?" he exclaimed at length, "whatever put such thoughts into that practical little brain of yours? If the Powers Invisible deign to honor us with their presence, I'm sure, for my part, they're perfectly welcome! Now you leave that 'Welcome' sign right where it is—and come to supper!"

He led me away, laughing; but though I endeavored to appear at ease, I still felt nervous and uncomfortable.

Shortly after seven my guests began to arrive, and at eight all had assembled.

Games were played, corn was popped, fortunes told, love-charms tried, and ducking for apples was in progress when I, knowing my absence would scarcely be noticed, hurried down-stairs to the kitchen.

My new maid was very inexperienced and fearful lest she make some dreadful blunder in serving the Hallowe'en banquets, and it was for the purpose of encouraging and instructing her that I slipped so quietly away.

"The dessert spoons to the right," I was saying, "for the twentieth time, perhaps; 'the forks to the left; the olive forks—'"

A light tap at the kitchen door interrupted me, and I, surprised that any of my guests should follow me, threw it open abruptly.

Fay Mireau it was who confronted me—Fay Mireau, costumed as a fairy, in a beautifully spangled gown of silver tissue, garlanded with blossoms, balancing herself on the tips of her white slippers in her excitement. Her cheeks were flushed, and by her manner and expression I knew that something unusual had occurred upstairs.

"Why, Fay!" I exclaimed, "whatever on earth has happened?"

She seated herself on one of the kitchen chairs before replying.

"Lili," she said, "how many guests did you invite tonight?"

"Twenty-six."

"And you and Karl make twenty-eight. Have they all come?"

"Everyone of them. Why?"

"Is there anyone else—anyone you have forgotten, or an uninvited friend who might drop in by chance?"

"None that I know of. Again, why?"

"Well, there's the strangest—person—up there—"

"Perhaps it's Maggie Rogers—my cook's sister. She promised to come in for a while and tell fortunes—true fortunes," she said.

"Oh, no! This is a man. Nobody knows him—all the girls are afraid of him—the men won't talk to him because they say he's an intruder,

but to be perfectly candid, I think they're afraid of him, too!"

"Why afraid of him?"

"Oh, I don't know! There seems to be something uncanny about him, much as if he were a being from another world. He's so tall and handsome—"

"Isn't he masked?"

"Masked? Oh, yes!"

"Then how do you know he is handsome?"

"I can't tell you, Lili—I just know that he is; he radiates beauty."

I laughed derisively. "Radiates beauty! Fay, what alis you tonight? Have the images of goblins and witches made you superstitious, or is it October's mellow moonlight that has turned your brain?"

"Oh, say what you please!" she retorted. "But wait till you have seen him, and perhaps you'll find that your brain has been turned, too. I tell you, Lillian, there's something queer about him."

"Just a moment," I replied, "and I'll attend to this unbidden guest."

I gave the maid a few more directions for serving the supper, then turned, with Fay, and tripped up the board stairway. On the landing she paused and whispered to me, as she pointed to the inscription over the doorway:

"Perhaps he is one of those 'goblins and ghosts' you have so kindly invited."

But my trepidation of the early evening had vanished, and I simply smiled indulgently at the girl, who was one of my dearest friends.

When I opened the door I was impressed by the strained, half-frightened attitude of all the assembled company. All games had been stopped, and conversation was being carried on in whispers.

"See," whispered Fay, "he is over there in the corner—standing with folded arms, there in the shadows."

I looked and saw him—a tall man, with a magnificent, proudly-lifted head set upon splendid shoulders—garbed in a domino, with a half-mask concealing his features. And as I looked, some unnameable terror clutched at my throat, and for a moment caused my heart to stop beating. I could understand now why Fay had pronounced him uncanny. I could understand, too, what she meant by saying that he radiated beauty—not merely physical, but spiritual beauty also. I felt that here stood someone infinitely superior to common mortals, and I knew instinctively that when his mask was lifted, I would gaze upon the most beautiful face I had ever seen.

Before approaching him, however, I consulted my husband.

"You're sure he isn't an acquaintance of yours, Karl?" I asked.

"Positive! I'd have put the rascal out, but I thought he might be some long-lost and forgotten friend of yours. You ought to have seen the way he came in here! Never said 'how-de-dor' or 'by your leave'—just walked in as if he owned the place—looked around like an auctioneer or a tax-assessor—went over there in the corner and stayed there."

Amazed and indignant, I resolutely approached this uninvited guest and touched him lightly on the arm. He bowed to me with an admirable grace.

"Will you do me the favor of unmasking?" I requested, without preliminary.

"Most assuredly, Madam!"

With a sweeping, dramatic gesture he removed his mask, and I uttered a low cry of admiration as I gazed upon his face—a face as beautiful as that of any angel.

His eyes were deep and dark, and glowed with the brilliancy of flawless diamonds. His forehead, his lips, his chin—all were cameo-like in their perfection. Adonis and Apollo Belvidere would have paled in envy at sight of that wonderful, beautiful face.

"I do not think I have the honor of your acquaintance," I said frigidly, when I had recovered my scattered wits; for even though he were a Greek god, the fact remained that he was a stranger, uninvited, and hence unwelcome.

"I am aware of it," he replied, in a melodious voice. "You do not know me—most probably you have never heard of me. I am a stranger in a strange land, friendless and alone. My card," and he extended one, "will tell you who I am."

I took the finely engraved bit of pasteboard from his fingers, and observed in surprise that it bore a coronet and coat of arms, and the words,

Prince Auriel.

Here was a dilemma, indeed! A prince of a

To Autumn

BY J. B. MCCRACKEN.

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Clasped with a misty zone,
Autumn her harvest robe serenely weaves;

Now burns the Sumac's cone,
And gleams the amber maize between the sheaves.

The dogwoods purple bear,
The hickories purple in the sunset fire,
And oaks brown mantles wear
While maples light between a sylvan pyre.

In orchards gnarled by gales
Now through the umbrage crimson apples glow,
And clear the plaintive quails
Pipe the rude urchins from their nests below!

The creeper wide unfurls
Its scarlet banners as the zephyrs pass,
Snowberries strew their pearls,
And starry asters deck the tangled vine.

Amid the swampy mould,
And on the mountain ash what rubies shine,
The yellow gourd hangs on the withered vine.
Blithely cicadas sing

Along our path, and loud the marsh frogs croak,
The jetty crows pose o'er the stubble smoke.

Immortelles incense breathe
From the low meadows in the hush of noon
The chestnuts prickly sheath
Clinks down upon the turf its glossy boon.

In flickering gleams how glint
The amethystine grape and emerald pine;
And ocean's cold gray tint
Transmuted now to azure crystalline!

Lillies their speckled urns,
And balmy firs their drooping needles lift;
Their sculptured edge the ferns;
While slowly by the thistle feathers drift.

A Few Words by the Editor

THE murder of Herman Rosenthal by a gang of hired assassins within a stone's throw of the white lights of Broadway, as he stepped into the street from the door of one of New York's best hotels has not only caused a sensation throughout the United States, but the shot that killed him has echoed around the world with sinister portent. It is generally regarded in New York with consternation that is almost paralyzing, while in every other city from coast to coast it has thrilled the public with horrified alarm, and again are the nations of the earth pointing the finger of scorn and contempt at the land of Washington and Lincoln.

Who was this Rosenthal, that his tragic death should cause a greater world-wide sensation than the assassination of an emperor or a president?

He was just an ordinary gambler, a professional criminal of the class that numbers thousands in New York and in all our large cities; and it would be an inestimable blessing to the country if all of them were dead.

Then why, in this land in which murders are so common, averaging more than one for each and every hour, day and night through the year, has this particular murder aroused universal indignation and alarm?

It is because the facts disclosed by the official investigation of this crime and the confessions of some of those who helped perpetrate it have led to the belief that this murder was planned and instigated by the police of New York City; that a lieutenant of police hired a gang of thugs to kill this man because he had publicly exposed the crookedness and corruption of the police in promoting crime, sharing in its profits and systematically protecting criminals, and was to appear before the grand jury the next day as a witness against these police officers; and that the police assisted the murderers to escape after the crime; because it is hinted by the district attorney, who is prosecuting the cases against the accused, and is believed by many that higher officials of the police department are implicated in the systematic graft and corruption which Rosenthal alleged to exist.

It is not the murder, nor the manner in which, nor the means by which it was accomplished, that has so agitated and shocked the community. What makes every good and thoughtful citizen tremble and fear for the safety of the nation is the revelation of the terrible and widespread condition of crime, corruption and depravity which apparently lies behind, and has seemingly attained its natural and logical culmination in this murder.

The majority of our readers, doubtless, through their local papers have read the details of this astounding and revolting tragedy, with its hideous revelation of graft and corruption.

It is merely necessary to state here that Herman Rosenthal belonged to what is known as the underworld of New York, that malodorous realm where gambling, prostitution, robbery, murder and crime in general are practiced and carried on with as much energy and attention to detail as is legitimate business in the open marts where honest men assemble.

You will ask why it is that vice flaunts itself so brazenly in our great metropolis; how it is that New York with a police force ten thousand strong, does not keep the lid on the underworld, but also why doesn't it compel those who inhabit it, to seek honest employment, or place them in prison cells?

The answer is plain, not only as to New York, but of any large American city in which vice and crime are rampant; it has been far more profitable to promote or permit crime than to suppress it, and to protect criminals than to arrest and prosecute them.

Of course crime cannot be absolutely and entirely prevented by any human agency, but it can easily be reduced to minimum and the criminals, especially those professionals who practice it as a regular business, can be driven out or locked up in prison whenever and wherever the police make an honest effort at enforcement of the law.

It is absolutely impossible for crime to flourish openly or be carried on successfully or profitably as a business without the aid and protection of the police and officials higher up, in some cases involving the courts and high state and federal officers.

Over gambler, pimp, prostitute, pickpocket, thief and gun man the police are said to have thrown their protection. For this protection the underworld of New York, if statements of the confessed criminals are true, seems to have been paying at least two and half million dollars a year, and perhaps double as much. For instance, Police Lieutenant Becker, one of those under arrest awaiting trial on charges of instigating the murder of Rosenthal and receiving money for the protection of crime, is said to have deposited in various banks over one hundred thousand dollars in eight months previous to his arrest, and the people of New York want to know how he saved over twelve thousand a month on a salary of less than two hundred a month. How rapidly the wealth of certain other New York officials has piled up is being investigated.

Linked with corrupt officials we often find politicians, and between the two are divided the loot derived from every form of vice, lawlessness and thuggery.

In common fairness let us say right here that not all the members of the police force of New York are suspected in the graft or murder scandals. Many of them are brave, honest men who would scorn such villainy, and the most of them are saved from temptation because their rounds of duty are remote from the criminal-infested districts and do not afford them the opportunity of sharing in the wages of sin even if they were so inclined.

It is among the police assigned to patrol the tough districts in which criminals abound and crime flourishes that the grafters, blackmailers and protectors of crime get busy.

Because of the rich opportunities for the unlawful acquisition of wealth it has been charged that appointments to duty in the criminal districts are much sought by dishonest members with political backing.

It has been hinted that such may have been the case in the promotion of Lieutenant Becker, last fall, to the command of the so-called "strong arm squad" whose special duty was to raid and suppress the gambling "hells," dens of the white slave trade and other criminal resorts. At all events it gave him the opportunity which the murdered Rosenthal claimed, and other confessed criminals now say, that Becker made the most of, and the amazing growth of Becker's bank account in the last few months is pointed to as circumstantial confirmation of these charges.

Why did Rosenthal, the gambler, who claimed to have bought police protection, "squeal" on Becker?

His own statement was that he had been paying Becker all the business would stand and yet Becker demanded more money from him, and on his refusal to increase his tribute, had raided him and put him out of business. This was his avowed grievance which prompted him to offer himself as a witness against Becker and others whom he alleged to be concerned in the police graft scandal.

On the night before the day on which he was to have given his testimony, he was murdered by four men in an automobile, who, it is charged, were hired by Lieutenant Becker, representing the police graft system, to do the deed in order to be rid of a dangerous witness who knew too much.

To give our readers an idea to what indignities an honest citizen, trying to aid in the detection and apprehension of murderers, is subjected in New York, it may be noted that the man who saw the car in which the Rosenthal assassins escaped, and who fortunately made a note of the car's number, when he reported at the nearest police station as to what he had seen, was immediately placed in a cell, and detained there for a number of hours.

But what is more astounding still is the fact that the officer at the police station, instead of putting down the correct number of the car as given him by the witness, wrote down a number entirely different. The police deny all these charges, but they fail to explain the notorious prevalence of crime to an extent that could not exist if they did their duty.

Could anything be more discouraging to the honest citizen than such astounding facts as these? But after all the murder of Herman Rosenthal is simply an acute symptom of a national disease, which is gnawing at the very vitals of our nation. Graft, corruption and money-madness are rampant the country o'er. This particular incident merely shows up the disease in a more glaring light, because in this instance graft and corruption appear from the evidence thus far made public to have gone hand in hand with murder, instigated and prompted by those to whom the public looks for protection.

There are too many government officials high and low, federal, state and municipal, who are tainted with the national disease of graft, or contaminated in some way by its influence. King Graft sits enthroned, not in the shadows, but stands brazenly out in the light of day with his greedy, merciless hands stretched from coast to coast, o'ershadowing capitol, court, church, mart, exchange, and every place where men assemble. If we had honest and incorruptible government officials we should have no Rosenthal tragedies and scandals of the underworld. But what can we expect, even from police who are sworn to protect life and property and are handsomely paid to do so, when the U. S. Senate admits to its councils a man of the Lorimer type, that it has cost big business a hundred thousand dollars "to put over"? It is true that after three years' service Lorimer has gone, but would he have gone if this had not been a presidential year? And what of the Senators and officials high in our government, the most prominent men in our land, who stood by and pleaded for his retention in office? Are they not as morally guilty as he? And what of the famous Archbold letters where we find a member of Congress writing to the Standard Oil Octopus: "If you think of anything to do let me know;" and a Senator receiving from the same corporation a letter which reads thus: "It now gives me pleasure to enclose you a certificate of deposit to your favor for \$12,500, in fulfillment of promise." Congressional investigations of various trusts and combines show big business merciless and corrupt, and numbers of the paid servants of the public ready to aid men of millions whenever called upon to betray the trust reposed in them.

The magnificent Panama Canal, which will, when com-

pleted have cost the country four hundred million dollars, the railroad interests are doing their level best to make a useless and expensive ditch to those who have built and paid for it. Pure food laws are passed, and the man who was best able to make these laws effective found his position so uncomfortable that he was forced to resign. The food poisoners wanted a freer hand, and so they have driven out Dr. Wiley who stood in their way. The meat inspection law, of which so much was expected, has proved a farce, just as have other laws for the protection of the public. Big business has the money and therefore the power to make laws which interfere with public exploitation void and useless. The political branch of the national tree has over and over again been found to be rotten to the core.

Because most of the men who are mixed up in the Rosenthal case were foreigners or born of foreign parents, we are told that graft and crime can largely be traced to the influx of a criminal foreign element. There is doubtless a measure of truth in this statement, but almost at the very moment that Rosenthal's body was lying stark in the white lights adjoining Broadway, a number of highly respectable (?) gentlemen who have made a football of municipal politics in Detroit for a considerable period, all good (?) Americans, were caught red handed by a detective agency, in their efforts to extort graft from a railroad company, for closing up a city street. Evidently the foreigner has "nothing on us" in the matter of graft and our pistol habit of settling disputes has given our nation the murder record of the world.

And so the writer could go on indefinitely, giving instances of graft and greed. The taint began at the top and has filtered down to the very roots of the national fabric. It is no wonder then that the police with their unlimited power and close association with crooked politicians, lay tribute upon the underworld, and that the underworld, in turn, preys upon the public.

Lieutenant Becker has not been convicted of complicity in either the Rosenthal murder or in the graft with which he is charged. He is only under arrest on indictment and awaiting trial. He has not had a chance to make his defense. When tried he may be acquitted. He and such of the others under arrest for this crime as have not confessed have the benefit of the legal presumption of innocence until convicted. We have yet to learn of anybody doubting that Rosenthal was killed to prevent him from testifying as a witness in support of his charges of corrupt dealings between the police and the underworld and which were especially aimed at Lieutenant Becker. It is reported that Lieutenant Becker claims that the gamblers instigated the murder, and that he is the innocent victim of a conspiracy of gamblers. But the public is more impressed by facts and circumstances which suggest, and confessions which specifically charge official protection of crime.

It is only when such incidents as the Rosenthal murder awake a slothful and indifferent public to the true and terrible condition of things that the national conscience shows any signs of awakening, and that we begin to ask ourselves where in this thing to stop, and if it does not stop what is to become of this republic of ours?

As long as corruption and dishonesty exist at the top of society, murder and vice as a natural and logical sequence will flourish at the bottom. There must be a national house-cleaning from the aristocratic, graft-gilded housetop to the grimy crime-infested cellar. Our whole official and business life needs sterilizing with the antiseptic wash of public indignation and national wrath.

The smug complacency of the public in general in its attitude towards crime, corruption and political degradation and business dishonesty, is appalling and disheartening. Everything, no matter how horrible, is taken as a matter of course, for this is the get-rich-quick, money-mad age, where crime is coddled, rascally tolerated and graft and corruption exalted to the level of the fine arts.

The public reeks with the stench of national rotteness. Every time the probe is applied to big business or politics, there is such a revelation of human greed, selfishness and utter indifference to the rights of the individual and the public, not to mention the rights of the toiling masses, that the public conscience becomes dulled and apathetic, and such things soon come to be regarded as inevitable and in fact almost a legitimate part of our every-day life.

Here is where the greatest danger lies to our country and its institutions. Once we regard graft, corruption, robbery and murder as inevitable social diseases that must be tolerated and borne with complaisance, the whole fabric of our society will go to pieces and anarchy will result.

As a matter of fact, what with venal politicians, crooked business, corrupt courts, a subsidized press, and such incidents as the Rosenthal killing, is not anarchy already here?

What is the remedy? Let every county and state organize a vigilance committee to safeguard life, property, public morals and welfare. Our policy of electing politicians, men often without principle or honor, to hold office for stated terms, and allowing them to do as they please while in office, is at the bottom of all our national ills. Every public officer should be kept under the watchful eye of an ever vigilant public. Let no law be made unless it is made to be enforced, and let those who fail to enforce the law, not only be dismissed from office, but punished for betrayal of a public trust.

We are the most easy-going people on earth and we are so absorbed in private duties and the quest of gain that we leave public business to incompetents and corruptionists. We know evil exists, but we are too indifferent and lacking in public spirit to hunt it down. It is time a halt was called, and that we as a nation awakened to the dangers that confront us on every hand, and the awakening cannot come too soon if we would save the remnants of that great fabric of liberty, which our fathers laboriously reared little by little, with prayer, toll and sacrifice, and sanctified with their blood.

Dishonesty must be replaced with honesty, and a public office must be a public trust. The Augean stables of crooked politics and crooked business must be swept clean and the national watchword must be LET NO GUILTY MAN ESCAPE.

Comfort's Editor.

All this occurred a year ago; and this year I deliberated long before I finally decided to follow my usual custom and give a masked ball. I feared that the memory of Fay Mireau's death would hang like a cloud of gloom over the assemblage, and that enjoyment would be impossible. At length I said to myself, aloud, "Shall I entertain on Hallowe'en, or shall I not?"

"Do," whispered a voice in reply. I gazed all about me, but could see no one. That whispered answer to my spoken question decided me, however, and on Hallowe'en my home was thronged with guests.

At nine o'clock the door of the reception room opened noiselessly, and two masked figures entered. One was tall and kingly, and garbed in a domino; the other, childish and sprightly, was costumed in a gown of glistening silver tissue.

"Who are they? Oh, Lillian, who are they?" asked my guests, and I, in bewilderment, answered, "I think—that is—I really can't say." They danced, they sang, they laughed, and when the clock struck twelve, and the time had come to unmask, everyone gazed at them eagerly; and I was not surprised when the masks were lifted, and I gazed upon the faces of Prince Auriel and Fay Mireau. A moment they stood before us, silent, smiling. Then, before our eyes, they vanished.

The prince has found his princess, from whom he was parted so long; and Fay Mireau "reigns forever and ever with her lover of Hallowe'en." But as for me, I shall never again fling defiance to the Powers Invisible.

The Uninvited Hallowe'en Guest

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2.)

heard before. I believed that he had composed them himself, and because of his high rank had never endeavored to make them a source of financial profit.

Once, as he was singing a particularly charming ballad, Fay Mireau came softly to me, with pale cheeks and wistful eyes.

"Lillian," she whispered, "I love him! He is a prince, and I a commoner, but I love him!"

"Hush, Fay," I said. "You mustn't think such things. He is not only a prince, but is betrothed as well, and is even now in quest of his fiancee."

"I don't care!" she declared defiantly. "I love him!"

And as the prince turned away from the piano, she brushed the professional pianist aside, seated herself in his place, and sang, to a wild melody of her own immediate improvising:

"Prince of a world invisible!
Prince of the midnight sky!
Beckon to me, and I follow—
Call, and with you I fly!
What are the world and its pleasures?
Only the shade of a dream!
Willingly I renounce them
For my lover of Hallowe'en!"

"Prince of a world invisible!
Prince of a planet far,

With the face of a glorious angel,
And eyes like the morning star—
I am an earthly being.
You are a spirit, I ween,
But love is of Heaven, boundless,
O, my lover of Hallowe'en!

"Prince of a world invisible,
Say, do you sit alone,
Unloved and all unloving,
On your glittering, golden throne?
Carry me off to your kingdom—
Take me to be your queen,
To reign forever and ever,
With my lover of Hallowe'en!"

Before I had time to reprove her, she slipped into the prince's waiting arms, and was whirled away in the dance. And while they tripped smoothly over the polished floor, I could see him whispering to her, while she gazed at him, wondering, at first—then contentedly, joyously.

By this time the supper-hour had arrived, and we all repaired to the dining-room. At twelve there would be another dance, and at twelve-thirty, the company would disperse.

Fay and the prince were seated side by side at the supper-table, and during the entire meal they conversed with each other in low tones, to the exclusion of the other guests. I was vexed with Fay, for she was causing comment; she seemed indifferent, however, to my censoring glances and to the embarrassed silence of those seated near her.

While the midnight dance was in progress I missed her, and was unable to find her in any of the rooms. At length I asked Karl where he had seen her last.

"She has gone out to the well," he replied, "to see if it will reveal her future husband's identity. And do you know, I think the prince has followed her to peep over her shoulder. At any rate, he is missing, too."

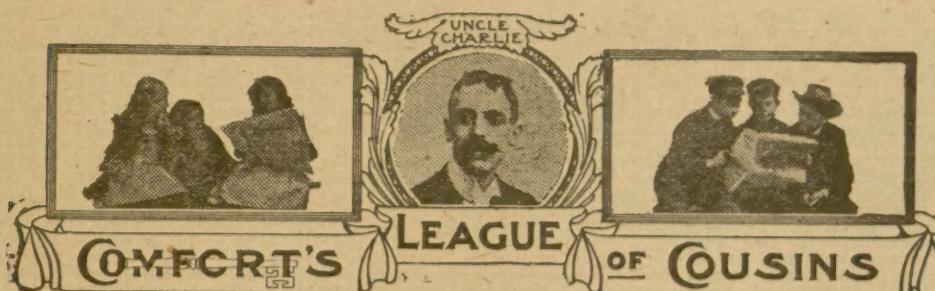
"Really!" I exclaimed in annoyance. "Fay has been very indiscreet tonight, and this is carrying indiscretion to the verge of impropriety."

Hastily throwing on a light wrap, I scurried down the steps and made my way through the dense shrubbery to the well in the rear of the grounds.

Suddenly I stopped, frozen with horror. On the ground, near the well, lay a motionless heap of white and silver, gleaming in the light of the October moon.

I did not scream or faint; summoning all my courage, I stooped over the silent form, and found that my fears were realized. Not a vestige of color glowed in her cheeks; Fay Mireau was dead, but her body showed no scar or other indication of the cause of her death: the doctors said it was heart failure. Perhaps it was. At that moment a sudden impulse caused me to look upward. What was it I saw there—a cloud? A single cloud in all the vast sky? A strange cloud then, truly; for it bore the shape of two human figures, floating calmly through the sky—one of them resembling Prince Auriel—the other, resting lightly in his arms, had the face and figure of Fay Mireau. A strange cloud, surely, for it rose higher and higher until it appeared only as a faint shadow on the face of the moon.

* * * * *



COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS

LEAGUE RULES:

To be a comfort to one's parents.
To protect the weak and aged.

To be kind to dumb animals.
To love our country and protect its flag.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

COMFORT for 15 months and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 30 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome. NEVER send a subscription to Uncle Charlie, nor to the Secretary of the League. NEVER write a subscription order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write the order on a separate sheet from the letter, and then both may be mailed together in the same envelope. ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See Instructions at the close of this Department.

SAY, folks, hop up on my lap as I am going to talk to you about the Congressional pork barrel. The Congressional pork barrel of which many of you possibly have never heard, is very much like the box of candy that you hand around to bunch of peevish, restless children when you want to quiet them and keep them in good humor. When a man is sent to Congress, don't for one moment think that he goes there with a view of solving national problems, because in the majority of cases he doesn't. He simply goes to Washington to represent the big bugs in his Congressional district, or if he be a Senator to represent the wealthy interests in his state, and occasionally makes a bluff at doing something for his constituents as a whole. The people expect their Congressmen and Senators to look solely after their interests and not to give a hang about the needs and desires of other sections of the country, or the nation as a whole. If you go into any town or city in this country, and ask the average citizen why he thought so and so was the greatest man ever sent to Congress from that vicinity he

steals where gorgeous post-office buildings were to be dumped down in backwoods tank-towns, to the great delight of the tank town inhabitants, and to pull the wool over their eyes, and gather in their votes for the political machine represented by the State Senator.

This is a big country and it ought to inspire people to big thoughts and grand ideas. Occasionally in the presence of a great national danger people forget sectionalism and selfish local interests and rise to the heights of lofty patriotism, but directly the national danger has passed by, they slump back into their old bad habits, thinking only of the interests, of their own little country or state and caring naught for great national problems, the solving of which can alone make all the people happy, contented and prosperous.

The folly of all this national grafting, this shame and disgrace of the pork barrel, is this: Every dollar in that pork barrel has been extorted from the pockets of the mass of the people. The burden of taxation is almost entirely borne by the tollers, while the wealthy pay little. A national income tax would lift much of this burden from the backs of the poor and place it upon the shoulders of those most able to bear it. We came within an ace of getting a national income tax some years ago, but of course the Supreme Court decided it was unconstitutional. Everything that might help the masses by the way is unconstitutional, don't forget that. Before we can have an income tax that precious old constitution will have to be amended. A certain number of the state legislatures have to vote in favor of this amendment before it can be made constitutional. A large number of states have voted for this amendment, but about nine state votes I think are necessary before the thing can be put through. I read in this morning's paper that the State Legislature of Massachusetts had for the third time turned its back on this great reform. That ought to give the people of Massachusetts a pretty good idea of the value or lack of value of so-called representative government in their state. If I lived in a state whose legislature turned down a reform of this kind I would pack my trunk and get out of it, or I would force my way into the state legislature and howl imprecations at the corporate lackeys who had dared to flout the popular will in this brazen manner.

In the same paper on the same day I read that the state legislature of Ohio does not want to exercise the right of recall over public servants. Poor old Ohio, poor old Massachusetts. God knows I pity you, and there are other states even worse. This is what you get for having pork barrel ideas, and electing pork barrel politicians to represent you. This is what causes so many of you to live in the dark shadow of poverty and brings about Rosenthal murders. This is what you get for electing squirrels, and making yourselves nuts for the squirrels to prey on. This is what you get for electing medicine men who block the trails of progress. Election is nearing. Let me beg and beseech you not to barter your political heritage for a miserable mess of pottage from the swinish pork barrel. Cast all pork barrels aside. Breathe deep into your body a breath of that patriotism which ennobles and inspires. Don't worry about your city, county or state. Think of what is best for the United States, for the whole people, and not for that small portion in which you move and have your being. People of small souls, small ideas have no right in the United States. They should go and find some island about an inch square in some remote section of the earth and live on that. This magnificent land is too full of glorious possibilities to be inhabited by puny humans who cannot get their ideals higher than pork barrels. Wake up and solemnly resolve to serve your country and your God and be worthy of this majestic land which Providence gave you that you might develop the noblest and best that is within you, instead of the worst as many of you are doing. Throw the pork barrel overboard, and let your motto be onward and upward. My country, my God and the right.

The long fall evenings are here, and it is only twelve weeks until Christmas. The harvest is gathered in and the logs blaze brightly and now is the time that you need Uncle Charlie's Poems. They will warm the cockles of your heart, tickle your ribs and make glad your soul until spring comes again. This is the dandiest, funniest, loveliest book on earth, 160 pages of riotous fun, beautifully bound in lilac silk cloth, with superb pictures of the author, and a sketch of his life, and his autograph in every volume. Free for a club of only four fifteen-month subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each.

Uncle Charlie's Song Book, the classiest



COUSIN J. L. WOOD, P. M.,
WARD, FLA.

COUSIN H. CLIFFORD SINCLAIR, WILMINGTON, DEL.

would answer you thus: "Gol darn it, Bill Smith's the greatest man that ever sat in Congress. He looks after his peepul. He raided the national pork barrel for fair. He got money to build post-offices in places in this yar state where they didn't sell three cents' worth of stamps in ten years. He got half a million out of Congress to deepen Dead Horse Creek, that ain't held a pint of water in three centuries. Bill never bothered about no tariff, no income tax, no initiative and referendum, no parcels post and no recall, nor any fool truck like that. Bill just went after Uncle Sam's pork barrel, where Unk keeps his wad, and say he got more money for this district than a wild goose could fly over without breaking its neck. Now, gol darn it that's what I call a statesman."

Alas, dear friends! it is just what the average citizen will tell you when you ask him about his Congressman. The average citizen in fact, does not want a statesman to go to Washington. He only wants a man who will get "honest" graft for his district, a man who can do as the tired mother does with a box of candy, hand the sugar plums around to the peevish children when they get noisy and tiresome. That is the reason our country is so badly governed. The man who goes to Washington knows just about what big business wants or does not want, while Mr. Average Citizen has no idea what he wants, and if he had he wouldn't get it, and so your Congressman ignores all the great issues of the day that might help the people and listens to the siren song of the corporation lobbyist who has millions at his command, and who knows what he wants from the people's representative and gets it. The Senator or Representative does not have to bother about the people at home. Two or three new post-offices (architectural monstrosities that look like Noah's ark on wheels) or a few thousand dollars to dig a ditch are thrown to them just as a bone is thrown to a dog, and when he gets home they give him a torchlight procession, wave the star spangled banner, and tumble all over themselves to get a grasp of the hand of their great, wonderful and immortal mis-representative.

Here is a little instance of how the pork barrel game is worked. A small town in a far western state, with a population of exactly 1737 souls is to have its present post-office replaced with a gorgeous fifty thousand dollar structure and would you like to know just how much money this particular post-office took in for Uncle Sam last year? Well, its total business for twelve months amounted to the incredible, glorious and magnificent sum of \$2,841.30. Fahy building a fifty thousand dollar structure to accommodate a government concern which does a business of but little over fifty dollars a week. The Senate appropriated \$75,000 to build a post-office in a Wyoming village with a population of 281 souls. It appears that one Senator tried to stop the first appropriation mentioned and the Senator who was trying to put it through, to quote the publication from which I gathered the information: "Was terribly offended at Senator So and So for making his protest on the ground that Senatorial courtesy was violated by exposing the plans of a Senator when the Senator wasn't present." Immense eh? Courtesy! rats—why not call it robbery and done with it.

I had a list of some score of these pork barrel

operator who secured his appointment through a political pull. But let that be as it may. Under the laws of the state of _____ it was the duty of the district mine inspector to inspect that mine, and if he should find any danger to exist to close the mine down until such danger was removed. Just a short time before this mine inspector reported this mine in first-class condition, _____, who holds a class A mine certificate, under the state law, and who was an applicant for district mine inspector under Governor _____, visited this same mine for the purpose of securing work. After he had been assured of a job by the pit boss, he went into the mines and found them in such a dangerous condition that he would not accept the job and left, finding work in another mine. The fact is that the mine inspector must have known that this mine was in a dangerous condition when he inspected it. The superintendent and pit boss of this mine knew it was very dusty, and yet no one will be held to answer to the law for neglect of duty. Who is responsible? The great laboring class of people throughout the United States who must have better laws and better conditions. Have the laboring class a country of which they can be proud? We talk about International peace and better international laws. We need better laws and enforcement of the laws at home. We talk about converting the heathen, and we neglect our millions at home. Something must be done to better the laboring man's condition or soon the cry will be "peace, peace," and there will be no peace. "Woe unto him by whom the offense cometh." With a heart torn with emotion for these sad women and little orphaned children, I await your answer.

Respectfully, JAMES C. CLAXTON.

Your letter friend, James, answers itself. I have, for obvious reasons left out the name of the mine in which so many poor souls met their doom, and the names of the officials that you mention. It is very evident that these lives were lost through official neglect, carelessness and indifference to human life. According to your description this apparently was a pure case of official neglect of duty. As I have often pointed out it is dangerous to take one human life, as the taking of one human life may send you to the electric chair, but do murder by wholesale and no one will bother you. Nobody was ever hanged yet for a mining disaster, but when these disasters are brought about by official neglect and carelessness somebody ought to be hanged. The poor wretches who are employed in these underground death traps practically place their lives in the hands of those whose duty it is to see the mines they work in, are safe as they can possibly be made. When officials either through indifference, or to oblige those who own these properties knowingly permit conditions that send hundreds of men to their doom, isn't that a murder? Whenever accidents involving

loss of life are investigated, we frequently find that these accidents are due to greed, graft, neglect or carelessness. It is the first duty of a government to protect the lives of its citizens. A government that cannot do that isn't a government at all, but a mob of heartless hoodlums. To every man killed in the coal mines in England three are killed here. Just as we lag behind all other nations of the earth in progressive legislation, when it comes to the slaughter of our workers in every line of industry, we hold the shameful and disgraceful place at the head of the procession of death. Instead of the slaughter of our miners growing yearly less in the last twenty-five years the slaughter has largely increased. Nearly everyone knows or should know that most of these mining disasters are preventable. In spite of the fact that thousands of poor wretches have their lives crushed out in the bowels of the earth (lives that are needlessly and wickedly sacrificed), if a bill were introduced into Congress to stop this slaughter, you would immediately find a bunch of those who are supposed to represent the people, but who really represent wealth and privilege, doing their level best to defeat the measure. Why? Because it takes money to protect life, and those who operate mines don't want to spend any money protecting working men whose lives are worth nothing to them. Before me lies a pamphlet which was sent me by an Episcopal bishop of Pennsylvania. It is a report of the conditions existing in the coal mining regions of Westmoreland Co., Pa. It is issued by the Church Association for the advancement of the interests of labor. I wish all those who are interested would send a stamped addressed envelope to the C. A. I. L. Diocesan House, 416 Lafayette St., New York, and ask for a copy of this pamphlet. It is the most astounding document I ever read. It seemed incredible to me after I had read this pamphlet that the conditions set forth therein, and the facts that it brought to light, could ever have existed or come to pass in any country on earth, even at the time when men were little better than wild beasts. You ought to read it and when you have read it you will feel your very soul stirring with horror and indignation, and you will cry aloud: "How long, O Lord, how long!" It shows once more that money in this country is all powerful, and that those with money and power, can set the law at defiance, and that conscienceless greed can grind to dust the bodies of the unorganized tollers. Don't forget that according to the Report of the Commission on Immigration, that the average yearly wage of all workmen in bituminous mines is only \$443.00 and that is less than nine dollars a week, and it is for this princely sum that men who exist miserably in company houses, wretched, unsanitary company shacks (houses owned by coal operators perched on barren hillsides must toll in the bowels of the earth to support their sickly wives, and half starved children, and while working death in its most hideous and awful form is ever at their elbows. The men in this region, finding the conditions under which they toiled intolerable, went on strike. Let me quote you from the pamphlet before mentioned an incident which happened during this strike: "In one household visited the mother and one of the daughters were arrested in their own yard by a deputy sheriff, during a parade of the wives and daughters of the strikers, in which neither was taking part. With nine other girls and women they were taken before a squire (justice of the peace) charged with disorderly conduct, and were not permitted to testify in their own behalf. They were all sentenced to a fine of ten dollars or



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twenty days in jail. Not being able to pay they went to jail! Now just think of it, women arrested in their own home yards and put in jail for twenty days without being allowed to say one word in their own defense, and this in the United States!! Russia at its worst could never equal this; but what's the use? Money rules and money has no conscience, no pity. James Claxton wants to know what he and his kind are going to do about it. First organize your labor union, then do as the workers do in Great Britain, send working men to Congress to represent the interests of labor. What has been done in Europe can be done here if the workers will only get together, stick together and work together. You have the ballot and you are in the majority. The official steam rollers of none of the old or new parties can run over you, if you act with determination and discretion, and if you work, study, think and avoid violence, neither the greed of the money hog, nor the cunning of the politician can deprive you of the right guaranteed to all men who have the red corpuscles of American citizenship pulsating in their veins, the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, the right to be protected at your work, and the right to receive for your work a wage which will permit you to live decently, and comfortably and to raise and educate your children (CONTINUED ON PAGE 6.)

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

to be law-abiding, useful American citizens, loving your country and honoring a flag which though dragged in the mire and dirt by unscrupulous money bags is still the sacred emblem of liberty and freedom. Just one word in conclusion. This will give you an idea how the coal trust works. There has recently been a strike in the anthracite coal region. As one New York paper says, "Half-a-dozen men sitting in a room in Philadelphia or elsewhere, can dictate the price of fuel to the millions, poor or rich, who must bow to their iniquitous monopoly." The coal octopus increased the wages of the men five per cent. This means that the workers will get \$5,000,000 more a year, but the octopus at once raised the price of coal twenty-five cents a ton, which will net them an increase in profit of \$21,000,000 a year. That's what always happens when there is a strike. The workers get a few more cents a week and the public are robbed of millions to make up for the slight increase in wages. The trusts have the public going and coming, they have the nation by the throat and hold Congress in the hollow of their hands. Money rules, money is the nation's god, and the money god will continue to rule until you, the people take the running of the government into your own hands, and you can do that just as soon as you put brains and intelligence, patriotism and common sense behind that slip you drop into the ballot box. It is all up to you. The remedy to right the national wrongs is in your hands. It is your own fault if you do not use it.

GLADYS, R. R. 3, Box 22, VA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

My mother and cousin both take COMFORT and I love to read it. Say Uncle, I am a poor, little fatherless girl. I lost my father five years ago, and I have missed him so much. He was so good to me. I have four brothers. I am in the fifth grade. I am thirteen years old, have black hair and eyes and the boys say I am pretty, but Uncle I hate all the boys. I don't think a girl ought to notice a boy till she gets 25, do you? I have a pet cow that I have and my brother tells me he will sell her, and you ought to hear me cry. It hurts me to think of losing her. They try to fool and tease me. I milk my cow every day and I intend to keep her. We have a farm of one hundred and fifty acres. We are poor but we are respected by everybody. Now don't let Billy get this letter. With best wishes,

Ever your little friend,
HESTER CHILDERS.

Hester, little girls in the fifth grade at least ought to know that the personal pronoun I is written with a capital letter. It seems incredible to me that even with the wretched instruction that is given to children in the majority of country schools, that a child of nearly fourteen could wiggle through to the fifth grade with a bunch of small f's trailing behind her and decorating every letter and bit of writing that she has perpetrated in and out of school without getting discovered in the act. It would be a great thing for education in this country if the state appointed three or four men and women to swoop down on schools just as bank examiners swoop down on financial institutions and just size matters up. The way to find out what a person knows or does not know is to get him or her to write a letter. If one of these school detectives suddenly walked into one of these wild-eyed centers for the distribution of punk spelling and illegible writing and requested the scholars to drop their ordinary studies and write a letter to some real or imaginary person, in half an hour he would know how much the children knew, how much knowledge the teacher was incapable of imparting, and what sort of returns the tax payers of that particular county were getting for teaching the young idea how to shoot. This, however, will never be done. Practical ways, costing little money that get at the root of evils are never utilized by the cabbage heads who could in one year, by practical methods and the exercise of a little horse sense increase the educational efficiency of our schools a hundred per cent. They are always talking about forming new bureaus at Washington. There is one bureau however, that it will be many years before they will form, and that's the bureau of practical, common, horse sense. If we had a bureau of that kind, my! what a lot of trunk packing there would be in Washington, and what a lot of legislative pin heads would be beating it to the tall grass doomed to a diet of corn bread, lassos and hog trimmings for the balance of their natural lives, a diet by the way too good for the majority of them. I'll wager a bureau of horse sense would be the means of putting about five million parasites who now live on the toll of others, at honest labor. Excuse me Hester, and I'll permit you to say as Queen Elizabeth said to a Bishop who was preaching before her: "Cease this ungodly digression, and return to your text." By the way the bishop was using the prerogatives of his office to lecture the women of his time and especially the queen on the extravagance of dress. The queen stood it as long as she could, then she put the kibosh on the bishop. Now don't you all say: "Ah, you see the women in those days were as dress crazy as many of them are today, for the men of Elizabeth's time were also togged out like a bunch of peacocks and the gay girls had nothing on them in the glad rag line. You have one statement in your letter Gladys, which has simply put me in a state of collapse. You say "I don't think a girl ought to notice a boy until she gets twenty-five." Now Hester, how the mischief could you accumulate a bunch of boy admirers without noticing them until they totaled up to twenty-five. Your letter seems to imply that twenty-four kid admirers would not stagger you, and in fact you would not be conscious of their presence until the twenty-fifth one appeared on the scene. For a girl not to notice twenty-five admirers until she had that number of male scalps and hearts tucked neatly under her belt is quite a record in the heart smashing line. As a rule even one admirer makes a girl extremely happy or exceedingly uncomfortable, and love-born boys are usually so aggressive and such a delight or such a nuisance—in whichever light you wish to regard them—that it is impossible to ignore their existence. For a girl to pay no attention to her male admirers until a whole army corps of them were congregated in the front parlor, holding down the front stoop, crawling down the chimney, swinging on the garden gate and generally behaving like flies around a molasses barrel, and threatening suicide if not immediately accepted, seems an achievement utterly impossible of accomplishment. Oh, thank you Mr. Goat, I am so grateful to you Mr. Goat for putting me wise to just what Hester did mean. Hester it seems meant us to understand that not until she was twenty-five would she notice a boy. You can notice them a little earlier than that, Hester, and don't hate a boy at any time. If a boy is absolutely bad, pity him but don't hate. Hate is a nasty word, and to hate all boys good or bad is very uncharitable and not the act of a Christian. There are plenty of good boys and a good boy is as good as a good girl. Good is good, and evil is evil. Learn to distinguish between the two. There are plenty of evil things that you can hate, but remember most boys that are bad are not innately bad, but are bad from lack of proper parental care, guidance and instruction and proper education. The education of the child should begin not only with the parents but several generations back, then we would have very few boys that you or anyone else would want to hate, and we'd have very few teachers who would allow you to be smothering your letter with small f's where there ought to be large ones. Nearly all the sin, crime and wickedness in the world is due to ignorance and ignorance is largely due to the avarice and greed of those who monopolize the good things of the earth and control the world's government and care little about how the masses fare as long as all their needs are satisfied. Learn to love, not

to hate. I don't mean mushy love, but fill your heart with that love which enables the one who loves and makes him determined when he sees a wrong or an abuse, not to stand idly by and hate and revile the wrong but to go out and fight it, correct it, overcome it, and make the evil into good, for all things in this world that have an atom of goodness in them can be developed and made better and better if we have only the love, the patience and the earnest desire in our hearts to bring out the best in them and everything. Remember God is love, and the more love we have in our hearts the more godlike we become. Remember, however, I'm not referring to the kind of mushy demoralizing love that makes girls of thirteen brides. I'm talking only of the love that exalts and glorifies and makes human beings like unto the angels and the Father in whose image they were created. P. S. I can't tell whether your name is Hester Childers or Childress—you've written it so carelessly.

HICKMAN, R. R. 1, TENN.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Is there any room on your lap for a poor, uneducated son of the soil, who digs the dirt to earn his bread? I am five feet four inches tall, weigh one hundred and forty-eight pounds, have blue eyes, light hair, and fair complexion and will be old enough to vote in November. My mother died when I was thirteen years old. I being the oldest of the six children, had to keep house for my father until he married again, which was only seven months.

Uncle Charlie, I never had the chance to get an education. My parents were both uneducated. My father said: "Just so you can read a little and write your name is enough." And that was about all I got.

I went to school in a little loghouse, built on a very rocky hillside. Our playground was about twelve by thirty feet. Our school generally began the first Monday in August and ended in November.

I would start to school the first day and go about three weeks, then I had to stop and work in the hay one week, go another week stop to pick peas, go another week and stop to gather corn and sow wheat, and that was all of school I saw until the next August. I have not been to school for seven years, but I have studied at home, and have read all the best books and papers I can get.

Uncle, I love to live out here in the country and work in the fields among the flowers where we can commune with nature and learn music from the songs of the birds.

I greatly enjoy your talks and "a few words by the Editor." I enjoyed your Easter sermon very much.

Cousins, I have had a camera eight years and make pictures when I have time. It is a good way to make "spending money."

With best wishes to all, your cousin and friend,

WILL NABORS.

Yes, Will, there is always room for any son of the soil, especially a boy of your sturdy qualities. I want to grip your hand, and tell you that from the depths of my heart that I honor and admire you. You are one in a thousand. Your letter is practically faultless, and yet you have scarcely had any show at all to obtain an education. Under circumstances that would have discouraged not only the ordinary,



COUSIN MARY CUTTELL, ODELL, ILL.

shipwrecked on the rocks of poverty. The world is full of human driftwood, tossed hither and thither by every vagrant tide. That is why the country is in such a deplorable condition today. The thoughtful, clean living, intelligent fellows of the Will Nabors' type are in the minority; the thoughtless, indifferent, shiftless, shallow minded in the majority. The precious, priceless thing that Will Nabors has acquired he had to struggle hard for, and it's the struggling that develops character and makes the man. Nature has ordained that we can get nothing in this world without a struggle and the harder the struggle the greater the victory, and the more credit to those who do the struggling. It is Abraham Lincoln stretched on the log floor of a humble log cabin poring over a few tattered volumes that comprised his scanty library by the fitful light of a pine log fire, and not the opulent well-fed Mr. Taft, hiking to Yale in a Pullman that stirs our imagination and thrills us with admiration. Things that we get without effort we do not appreciate, but it's the things for which we have to strive and make sacrifices that we prize. Those are the things that mean something to us and are precious in our sight. I hope all you boys will take a leaf out of the life book of Will Nabors. Study when you are in school, and don't miss an opportunity to go to school, and when you leave school, read, study and observe. Have some definite object in view and strive to attain it. Don't drift and don't waste your time. Don't concentrate all your thoughts on either making money or having a good time. The so-called successful business man is too often but a mere slave driver and a money hog in disguise. A man who thinks only in dollars and cents, a man whose heart is a cash register, and a man who has sold his soul to the devil of gain and gold. Strive, rather to be a real man, a man of high ideals and impeccable honesty, an enthusiastic worker in every cause for the uplift of humanity, setting an example of right living and right thinking to all within the community in which you live. It is far better to be a real man, a man that everyone can respect and honor, a man whose life is an inspiration, than to be a successful business man or to be President of the United States, and have your name boosted for a second term in a convention where two thousand policemen are needed to preserve order amongst your adherents or antagonists. Will, I thank you for your letter. I am glad to have the opportunity of meeting you, and of holding you up as an example to the millions of young folks who read COMFORT.

RAYMORE, MO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Will you make room for a sixty-three-year "young" aunt, in your C. L. O. C. circle? I have been taking COMFORT twenty years, and this is my first attempt at writing for publication. So Uncle Charlie, I will kindly ask you to pardon, and correct my mistakes, as I failed to get an education on account of an invalid mother and helpless little children. I never went to school a day after I was seventeen years old. Nieces and nephews, though Uncle Charlie's answers to your letters are comical, causing us to shake with laughter, yet every line is better than gold to you. Why, he's the best teacher you ever have had, or ever will have. He teaches you correctly in all things.

Just think of it! Out at Topeka, Kans., a few weeks ago, they had a spelling contest just amongst the teachers, and out of one hundred and twelve teachers, ninety-two of them missed the word villain, over fifty tripped at the word victuals, and so on until over one hundred words were missed. Isn't that a fright for teachers? So one and all, listen to our dear Uncle Charlie, he is with us today, but we cannot count on always having him. Then what would COMFORT do? I have Uncle Charlie's book of poems and his book of songs. The poems do good service for my grandchildren, as they all learn pieces from it, and recite them at school. I could not do without it. The books are all simply grand.

Love to dear Uncle Charlie and all the nieces and nephews.

MRS. ANNIE MATTHEWS.

Delighted to have a sixty-three-year-old young lady join our magic circle. Mrs. Matthews has been reading COMFORT for twenty years. The people who make a success of life are those who recognize a good thing when they see it and hang on to it. Keep your eyes trimmed for the good things of life. COMFORT is one of them. It's lovely of you to want to make a cake for me. Mrs. Matthews (the part of your letter offering me the cake is not printed, because I have lost it), and even if the cake does not materialize I shall be just as grateful, for my cake eating days have been over now for some time. I am glad, dear friend, that you appreciate my efforts to improve the spelling of the thousands of young folks who write to me yearly. The spelling of the youth of this country is simply atrocious. I get hundreds of letters from people over seventy years of age, and when it comes to spelling they have the rising generation skinned to a finish. The teachers of several normal schools in New York and other states where young women are prepared for a scholastic vocation, were recently given a spelling test. The result was simply paralyzing. Young women going out to instruct the youth of our land, scores of them, were unable to spell simple words. If the young folks only realized what a tremendously important part spelling plays in this workaday, business world of ours, they would not be so scandalously indifferent to this vital branch of the educational tree. Probably seventy per cent. of the world's business is done by correspondence, and when we get a letter from a man or woman which is smothered with misspelled words it's impossible to do otherwise than size the writer up as an ignoramus or a mental light weight. Poor spelling is a sign of deficient powers of observation, carelessness, sloth and ignorance. I am frequently asked by those around me how to spell certain words. My reply is always the same: "There are five dictionaries in this flat, go and look the word up, or write the word incorrectly and let the person you are writing to smile contemptuously at your ignorance." When you find a fly in a bowl of milk you yank it out immediately because it spoils the whole appearance of the milk and suggests typhoid germs as well. I misspelled word in a letter has just the same effect on a person of education. This is a reading age and our eyes pass over certain words thousands of times in the course of a year, and if we have any powers of observation or any gray matter in our think tanks we ought, particularly when writing a letter for publication, a letter which we know millions will see, take a little pains to see that the spelling is correct. Heaven knows dictionaries are cheap enough, and there is absolutely no excuse for bad spelling except among the very young and those who have been robbed of a chance to go to school. I know a business man who is smart enough to employ a clever, well-educated stenographer. This man is in the real estate business. His stenographer happened to be away one day and Mr. Real Estate man, who had had all the usual advantages of a public school education, had occasion to write to a client about a certain piece of property he was trying to sell. He wanted to tell the prospective buyer that the house was near certain street car and elevated lines, in other words that it had good transit facilities. He however wrote it thus: "This property has excellent transom facilities." You can bet the man who got that letter had a fit, and must have felt that he was dealing with a bone head. Think too, of the man who in writing about the death of his wife said she had: "Gone to the grave beyond." He meant Heaven of course, but he was actually consigning her to a fireplace. What am I to think of a high school graduate who writes me that she has a soar throat? Evidently she is trying to convert her throat into a flying machine. I could give hundreds of instances of this kind. Physicians especially, spell atrociously. I have, or had, a collection of medical certificates, the spelling of which ought to have caused the writers to have retired into the wilderness and have hidden their heads in shame forevermore. If country doctors don't know any more about medicine than they do about spelling, it's a

wonder all the country folks are not dead. When hundreds of doctors can't even spell cat, is it any wonder that children have bad spells? Professional men at least ought to know how to spell. Fancy trusting your life to a medical man who writes Md. after his name. That means Maryland, instead of Doctor of Medicine. Some people think spelling is too small a matter to bother about. I know a young lady who is trying to make a living by writing stories. She is clever girl with bright ideas, but she sometimes has three misspelled words in one sentence. Carelessness and indifference, nothing else. To try and teach children algebra, Latin, geometry, biology and all sorts of other difficult studies, when kids can't even spell cat is like trying to put a chimney on a building before you have dug out the foundation. Pay more attention to your spelling boys and girls. The ability to spell correctly may mean everything to you as you grow up in life. It may mean success or ruin to you from a business point of view, and remember bad spelling exposes ignorance and often makes one the jest and laughing stock of others, for badly spelled letters are usually passed around for other folks to laugh at. My criticisms of the cousins' letters are constructive and not destructive. They are educational, and I wish you all appreciated the fact as much as Mrs. Matthews does, and I am glad to say most of you.

MT. VERNON, IND.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:

Here I am again. I knocked on your door sometime ago and you did not let me in. I hope you will admit me this time. I am one of a family of four boys and two girls. My youngest brother got married and I have to dance in the "hog trough," but I would rather dance on the vaudeville. I am pretty handy at dancing and getting off funny jokes and I sing coon songs. I traveled with "Long-Brothers Show." I had the part of a black man and brought down the house with a roar.

Here is a riddle: "Be good to me and I am everybody, scratch my back and I am nobody." (Let me see, that's mirror, isn't it?—Uncle Charlie.)

O, yes I have a trade. I'm a block setter and make good wages. As to myself I am five feet three inches tall, weigh one hundred and sixty pounds, with black hair and dark gray eyes and am twenty-five years old.

With love to you Uncle Charlie and the cousins and success to COMFORT, your nephew,

EDWARD J. MARLETT.

I am sorry you did not gain admittance the first time you knocked at my door, Edward. I am always in, and I can't dodge a visitor not even if I wanted to, so your knock must have been a very slight one or I would have heard it. You say that you would rather dance on the vaudeville. Why do you want to dance on the vaudeville? Vaudeville is a harmless sort of amusement and I don't suppose it ever did you any injury. You must have got a grouch against vaudeville or you wouldn't want to dance on it. I am sorry we can't see you dance, hear you crack your funny jokes and listen to your rendition of coon songs. You are evidently quite an artist in your line, and every man ought to be an artist in his line whether it is a clothes line, or a street car line. I've no doubt if you were engaged in either of these lines you would display talent of a high order. I'm sure all our cousins will be interested to know that you traveled with the Long Bros. show. There is one thing sure the Long Bros. ought always to be able to pay salaries, as under no possible conditions could they ever be short. We are also much interested to know that you had the part of a black man, but it would have been far more interesting still if you had only told us which part of the black man you had. It seems to me instead of being a theatrical show you were with it must have been an anatomical exhibition. Did you personally dismember this particular black man or did you raid the dissecting-room of a hospital and appropriate the parts that you especially required for your public exhibition? Under the circumstances I am not surprised that you brought down the house with a roar. As a matter of fact it is not possible to bring down any house without a roar unless the house is made of rubber bricks. The next time you appear in public, Edward, I would advise you to give a demonstration of your ability in the open air, then there would be no danger of any house falling, though the heavens may show their appreciation of your talents by weeping and sending you and your audience home in a moistened condition. I am delighted to hear that you have a trade, and especially delighted to know that you are a block setter. After bringing the house down with a roar it must be a blessing to the manager of your company and the proprietor of a disintegrated theater to have a block setter handy to put it together again. I don't know exactly what a block setter is but I suppose he is something in the building line. Billy the Goat says that a block setter is half brother to an Irish setter, and distantly related to a Gordon setter. I don't, however, take much stock in the light Billy has shed upon this highly complicated and technical matter. The most remarkable setter I ever knew was a hen who sat on three China eggs, and after considerable effort and application on her part, managed to hatch out a laundry. I am glad to hear, Edward, that you get good wages and hope that you will set aside a part of your earnings to remunerate that poor colored man for appropriating a part of his anatomy.

PLEASANT VIEW, R. R. 2, TENN.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am sure you will need at least three lawyers to help you read my letter.

I live in the country and like country life fine, don't think I would like the city. We live about ten miles from the depot. I never ride on a train in my life, but have rode on street cars. The first time I rode on a street car it made me almost sick.

Cousins do you all like flowers? I sure do, and have several different kinds. I like to have geraniums in bloom in cold weather, they make a home sweater, I think.

How many of the cousins enjoy going to school? I had to stop school last year to help my mother cook for some boarders and I don't know whether I will ever go any more or not. How many of the cousins like music? We have a guitar, two dulcimers, and a fiddle. We all can play a little.

I can milk, make up beds, sweep floors and am a splendid cook and you that don't believe it can come and eat some of my cooking.

I am sixteen years old, about five feet and four inches tall, weigh about one hundred and thirty-six pounds, have light hair and light complexion and blue eyes.

Well as this is my first attempt to write to COMFORT I guess I had better not stay too long.

"When your earthly work is ended, and your path of life is trod, May your names in gold be written in the autograph of God."

Your loving niece and cousin,

FANNIE BELLE HEAD.

You say I will need three lawyers to help me in deciphering your letter. Thank you, dear, for your suggestion, but I have as little to do with lawyers as I possibly can, and I suppose it is lawyers you mean? I am simply nauseated, wearied and disgusted with lawyers. Nearly all the social unrest, discontent and disgust with things in general is due to the fact that lawyers have swarmed over this country as locusts swarmed over Egypt, and the lawyers, like the locusts, when they get through with the country, there is mighty little left for anybody else. For some reason or other, the only man it seems in this country who is ever elected to office or given a job of any kind worth while is a lawyer. This isn't so in any other country on earth, and I'd like to

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The purpose is completed by the delivery of the biscuit in perfect condition, some in packages with the famous In-er-seal Trade Mark, some in the familiar glass-front cans, and some in the attractive small tins,—thus giving perfect biscuit because perfectly made and perfectly delivered.

It requires more than flour and sugar, more than butter and eggs, more than nuts and spices, more than fruits and flavors to produce perfect biscuit. It requires the skill and the eternal vigilance of the National Biscuit Company.

By buying the best of flour, of sugar, of butter, of eggs, of nuts, of spices, of fruits, of flavors—by always buying the best and rejecting all else—thus is the quality gained and maintained in the perfect biscuit of the National Biscuit Company.

Perfection begins with the selection of the materials and continues through every stage of the making. It is not enough to bake perfect biscuit. Much depends upon keeping them perfect by packing them

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At the grocery store you will find many varieties of biscuit baked by the National Biscuit Company. Each variety of biscuit—sweetened or unsweetened—whether known as crackers or cookies, wafers or snaps, cakes or jumbles—is the best of its kind.

The extensive distributing service of the National Biscuit Company extends from Coast to Coast. This means a constant supply of all the perfect biscuit of the National Biscuit Company delivered to every part of the United States.

Wherever biscuit are sold, there you will find the perfect biscuit of the National Biscuit Company.

**Buy biscuit baked by
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY**



Creatures of Destiny; or, Where Love Leads

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Laurence Harding, a handsome fisher lad of sixteen, living in the village of Ravensford, is interrupted while reading by an old wizened-faced man, a gypsy, who questions him as to Raven Castle, and its owner Lady Marie Celestine Denleigh, and the nearest road to reach it. Laurence wonders who the man can be and his business. Knowing the short cuts he gains the castle terrace long before the man, who gives the name of Snapper, reaches it. In the dining-room of the castle, Mr. Wharton, the family lawyer, is closeted with Mr. Sherborne, the legal adviser of the Belmaynes and Mr. Wharton relates the romance of the two families. The late earl, Lady Marie's father, was the sweetheart of the late Marchioness of Belmayne. There is a separation and the earl marries Lady Normandyke and his first love becomes the wife of the Marquis of Belmayne and the mother of Mr. Sherborne's client, Lord Belmayne. Still loving each other they make an engagement between their children, Lady Marie, now a beautiful girl of twelve, and Lord Philip Belmayne, who suffers from a lameness scarcely perceptible. Going on the terrace Mr. Sherborne looks over the battlement and sees a young girl, her hair fastened by a diamond clasp. Leaning over the parapet she could nearly touch Laurence Harding, who lies in wait. He knows the gypsy, calling himself Snapper is there. He detects him swoop upon something. Laurence throws himself over the wall and clasping him on the throat demands what he has stolen. There is a flash of steel and Laurence feels a sting on his arm. Throwing the man to the ground Laurence recovers the diamond clasp. Voices and footsteps are heard. Laurence releases his hold and the Snapper disappears. The two men come running to him. Lady Marie discovers the loss of the clasp and Mr. Wharton shaking the lad demands it. Fellow, the butler discovers that Larry is cut and the knife is found. Lady Marie is anxious to know how badly he is hurt. He gives the clasp to her and disliking a scene Larry makes his escape and enters Belmayne Park where he meets the young marquis, Lord Belmayne, who questions why he is there. Discovering blood stains he reluctantly tells the story and the marquis grateful for what Larry has done for Lady Marie, declares him his friend.

CHAPTER IV.

THE GYPSY'S ESCAPE.

WITH his hand still tingling with the grasp of the marquis, Larry went home. A light was burning in the one living room of the mill cottage; and Reuben Payne, the miller, looked up from a book over which he was bending, his hand thrust in his thick hair, powdered with age and the fine flour dust. He eyed Larry smilingly; but as he saw the blood stains the smile gave place to a look of anxiety.

"You're late, Larry—and what's that?"

Larry stifled a groan, for he saw that he would have to go through the story once more. He told it succinctly while Reuben examined the hurt.

"Yes, it's only a cut, as you say," the miller remarked, with a breath of relief; "but it might have been worse. Sounds like a gypsy—from your description, lad. And he was lurking about the castle, eh? A daring thing to do, seeing the way the place is watched, and the number of servants. An old man, and bad-looking?"

"An evil-looking beast," said Larry, attacking the bread and cheese laid out for him.

"There must be a camp of them out in the hollow," said Reuben. "They don't come here often. It's too remote—not houses enough to buy their brooms and crockery. They're honest, as a rule, the gypsies; but I suppose he couldn't resist the temptation of such a haul as a diamond ornament. No, they don't come often," he added thoughtfully. "I don't remember any since—oh, for a matter of eighteen years. Speaking of gypsies, there used to be a gypsy girl at one of the Hall lodges—a handsome girl; she came just before I left home." He pondered for a moment or two. "I think I remember having heard that she married a sotter—yes, his name comes back to me—John Grey. He was drowned in the bay one stormy night. There used to be many wrecks before we built the lighthouse at the point. Yes, his name was John Grey, and hers was Miriam. Strange thing, memory, Larry! I haven't given a thought to the man or the girl for years, and this business of yours brings them back to me."

Larry stifled a yawn as he munched his bread and cheese. The past had not much interest for a lad of sixteen; it is the present and the future that most concern him.

"I'll go up to the hollow tomorrow morning, and see if a camp is there; if so, the Snapper—as he calls himself—and I will have a few words together," he said, after a pause. "And so you saved the Lady Marie's clasp for her? It's an adventure, Larry. What was it Dirrell said? 'Adventures are to the adventurous.' Yes, that's right enough. But they're costly things, and the less one has of them the better. Peace is the only joy, Larry. And yet—yet—ah, well, youth must have its fun! I've had mine, and you must have yours. And his young lordship shook hands, eh? That's an honor, Larry. But, mark you, there's danger in unequal friendship. 'Put not your trust in princes.' That's sound sense, as well as good Scripture. There can't be much in common between a marquis and a fisher boy. But he's a sweet-spoken lad, and plays the fiddle like an angel, poor boy! Larry, it's time you went to bed. Why, you're asleep already."

He rose, and gently shook the slumbering boy, and Larry, scarcely awakened, stumbled up to his tiny room above the wheel. No dreams came to break the deep sleep of exhaustion as he lay stretched out and motionless. It was the young marquis at the Hall who lay awake and tossed from side to side, as he pictured the scene on the castle terrace, and envied the principal actor.

The Snapper, who exceeded in the gentle art of effacing himself, found no difficulty in evading the bewildered servants who sought for him. He simply lay among the bracken until the search had ended; then he stole into the shadows, climbed the wall of the home park, and, still keeping among the trees that bordered the road, gained the hollow.

As Reuben had suspected, the gypsies had camped there. It was scarcely a camp, for there were only two tents and a van containing the usual brooms and wicker chairs, tin pots, and mats which form part of the gypsy's stock in trade.

The man went to one of the tents and called softly:

"Miriam!"

No answer came from inside; but a moment or two after a woman came out of the wood panting, as if she had been running. She was a fine-looking woman, middle-aged but handsome still; and the red shawl around her head heightened the effect of her black eyes and hair. There was a certain anxiety and suspicious scrutiny in her eyes as the Snapper came up; but she gave him no greeting, and waited for him to speak.

The Snapper, after having looked round cautiously, signed to her to follow him to a clump of trees, and she obeyed, still with the anxious, suspicious expression.

"Where have you been?" he demanded, with an oath.

"Only for some wood," she replied, fighting

By Charles Garvice

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with her uneven breathing, and covertly wiping the perspiration from her brows.

"I'll have to leave here, Miriam," he said, his soft, silky voice scarcely above a whisper. "I've had bad luck tonight."

The expression of anxiety deepened in her eyes, which she fixed on him expectantly.

Half in the gypsy's patrol, half in English, he gave her an account of the "bad luck"; but, bad though it was, a look of relief crept into her face.

"They'll be here tomorrow, surely, searching for me," he said, "and it will be a serious business; case of stabbing. Curse the young hound! Why didn't I go for him? I can feel his hand on my throat." His own hand went up to his scraggy neck, and touched it gingerly. "He hung on like—like a young wolf. But I'll be even with him some day," he muttered malignantly. "I'll teach him—What's that?"

"One of the horses stirring," the woman said, in a hushed voice. "We'd better all be moving tonight."

"Yes," he said shrewdly. "We couldn't travel fast enough; they'd catch us before we'd gone a dozen miles. No; I must go alone. I can get off early enough, trust me! You'll stay on here till Monday; then join me at Market Stretton fair. There's some gin in the bottle; get me a drink." His hand went to his throat again.

"That young whelp! He shall suffer for this; he shall taste what my fingers feel like at his throat! Yes, if it's a dozen years hence. But for him, I'd have done a good night's work up there."

"At the Hall? You have been to the Hall, too?" she asked, with a catch in her breath.

The Snapper eyed her with a cunning leer. "It was at the castle, but I've been to the Hall, too. Oh, yes," he said, in a whisper and with a sinister smile; "naturally, I wanted to get a sight of his young lordship. He's looking well, you'll be glad to hear, my dear; very well. Lame, still, of course."

She put out her hand. "You—you saw him, spoke to him?" she said thickly.

"No, no," he retorted, with a chuckle. "Why should I? Time's not ripe, Miriam. Don't pluck your fruit while it's green; let it rest on the tree till the sun's burned it golden—golden! Yes, that's it! Bab, you're trembling, my dear Miriam! You're as white-livered as the Romanies. If I didn't know you were my daughter—Get the gin!"

She went to the van and returned with a bottle. The Snapper took a long drink and sighed the sigh of satisfaction.

"I'll cut myself a stick," he said, as he felt in his pocket. Then his face darkened, and he set his teeth on an oath. "The knife! I left it there! That's bad. It's evidence—good evidence. Yes, this time I paddled the hoop. Stretton Fair, on the tenth."

With a word of farewell he glided among the trees and disappeared. The woman stood for a moment or two looking into the darkness which had swallowed him up; then she sank onto the ground, and with her hands tightly gripped round her knees gazed before her with her black and brooding eyes.

Quite early in the morning Mr. Wharton was at the camp. He came alone; there was no policeman in Ravenford; indeed, none nearer than Travella, the market town, nine miles distant; for Ravensford was as innocent of crime as Arcadia; and the handsome gypsy woman met him with a respectful courtesy and an impassive countenance.



They won't smart you so bad if you put them in your mouth, Lady Marie.

the woman came out of her tent and approached them.

"Shall I tell your fortunes, pretty gentlemen?" she said, with an ingratiating smile that went, however, no further than her lips. Her eyes were fixed on Reuben's with covert watchfulness. "Cross the poor gypsy's palm with a piece of silver!"

Mr. Wharton shook his head.

"No, no, my good woman," he said, with mock severity. "I am a lawyer and a magistrate, and I ought to send you to jail."

"You wouldn't be hard on poor Leah, the gypsy, sir," she returned.

Reuben, who had been looking at her intently, said quietly:

"What do you say your name is?"

"Leah, good gentlemen," she replied fawningly.

"You have been here in Ravenford before?"

said Reuben.

She shook her head, her dark eyes blank of all expression.

"No, sir, this is the first time. It's not the place for us. There's no trade. We shouldn't have stopped, only one of the horses fell lame."

"You had better move on," said Mr. Wharton sternly; "we are not fond of gypsies here, and after last night's work we shall be still less favorable to them. You understand?"

"Yes, good gentlemen," she responded. "We're going today or tomorrow. There's no rest for the like of us."

The two men walked away together.

"Of course the man was one of this gang," said Mr. Wharton, "and this woman was lying."

"Very like, sir," asserted Reuben, touching his hat, and preparing to turn off to the mill, but Mr. Wharton stayed him with a gesture.

"That boy of yours, Larry," he said; "he behaved unmistakably well last night. If there is anything I can—her ladyship would like me to help him, I am sure. Something to give him a start in life, eh, Reuben? What?"

Reuben Payne stood, his head bent thoughtfully.

"I thank you and her ladyship, sir," he said; "but—I don't know. The lad's happy—as happy as the day's long; and with his fishing, and the hand he gives me at the mill, he earns his living. Would he be any the happier if he went out into the world? I don't know. I doubt it. I've been there—Thank you, all the same, Mr. Wharton, and if, at some future time; well, I'll remember your kind offer, sir."

"Well, well," said Mr. Wharton, with a smile, "perhaps you're right. Happy as the day's long!" The successful lawyer sighed. "Gad, I'd change places with him! Good morning, Reuben!"

CHAPTER V.

LADY MARIE GOES FISHING.

Larry slept late that morning, and started awake with a novel sense of strange happenings and exciting experiences. He bathed in the mill pond, and found his breakfast ready for him; but Reuben was not yet returned, and Larry, with the last slice of bread and butter in his hand, and his lunch in his bag, hurried to the beach, for the tide was going out and he must catch it before it receded too far to permit him to launch his boat. He glanced up at the castle, glittering in the sunlight, and something thrilled through him as he remembered the scene of last night. The thrill deepened as he heard the clatter of

Hoofs on the road behind him, and his name called. He knew who it was before he glanced round, and saw the Lady Marie on her pony, her dark hair flowing in the air.

"Boy! Larry!" she called. "Stop, please; I want you."

Larry did more than stop. With a bound he was up on the road beside her, his cap in his hand, his eyes intent on her face, which was flushed by the ride, her eyes all aglow with child-like energy.

The groom, mounted on a tall Irish horse, had pulled up within the regulation distance.

"Then you're not hurt?" she said, leaning forward. "You weren't badly stabbed? You were a very brave boy last night; but you behaved very foolishly. Why didn't you speak at first? why were you frightened?"

"I wasn't frightened," said Larry, with a touch of boyish resentment.

"Then why did you stare with your mouth shut tight?" she demanded. "I was going down to the mill to ask after you."

"You were?" he said, reddening.

"Of course. It was the proper thing to do, and I wished to know," she added naively, "Where are you going?"

"On the sea—fishing," he said.

She motioned to him to go on, and rode by his side, eying him with steady, unembarrassed gaze.

"What do you do with your fish?" she asked.

"Sell them," said Larry, tolerantly.

"You shall send them—all you catch—to the castle. Do you hear?"

"Thank you," he said hesitatingly. "No, I can't do that."

"Why not?" she demanded imperiously.

"Because there are the people in the village; they would have none; and there's none fishing but me."

"I see," she said. "Then send all you can't sell. Is that your boat? It's pretty."

"Just painted," remarked Larry, eying his beloved boat with the possessor's pride. "She's a good sailor."

The girl rode right down to the beach beside him.

"It must be nice to sail a boat," she said reflectingly. "How long are you going to be?" Larry looked at the tide and sky. "A couple of hours," he said.

"Oh!" she commented thoughtfully; then she leaped from her pony and caught up her short habit skirt. "I'll go with you."

Larry's face flushed, and his eyes sparkled; but the groom's severe countenance lengthened with apprehension.

"Beg your ladyship's pardon," he said, touching his hat, "but your breakfast, my lady; and—Lady Merston!"

Lady Marie looked at him over her shoulder.

"Edwards, you are always making a nuisance of yourself. I don't want any breakfast. Ride home and tell Lady Merston I've gone sailing with Larry, the boy who got my clasp back for me. And, Edwards"—as the man turned the horses—"you can say that you did your best to stop me. He's a very nice man, Edwards," she remarked to Larry, "but he's so serious. He always thinks I'm going to fall and break my neck if Sally—that's the pony—stumbles, or that I'm going to make myself too hot or too tired. I hope you won't be nervous about me," she added severely, "and won't think I'm going to be drowned all the time I'm in the boat."

"No," responded Larry; "I'll take care you're not drowned, while you're out with me."

"How are you going to get the boat into the sea?" she asked, as he shipped the anchor and neatly coiled up the rope.

"This way," he said, and he put his shoulder to the bow and ran the boat down the incline. As he did so, he winced and changed his shoulder.

"Let me help you!" she cried; and she lent a feather's weight to the task.

"Don't do that," said Larry; "it will rub off the paint on your habit, Lady Marie."

"Dear me, you're awfully afraid about your boat," she said scornfully. "Oh, my habit! What does that matter? I've four, five, six of them. Oh, here is the water."

"Yes, stand back, or you'll have it over your shoes!" said Larry warningly, as he entered the boat.

"But how am I to get in, you stupid boy?" demanded her ladyship. "I shall splash myself up to my knees. Look at you!"

Larry laughed brightly. There was only one way out of the difficulty, and his innocence, and



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Write your questions plainly on one side of the paper only; give your full name and address, and direct your letter to COMFORT'S MODERN FARMER, Augusta, Maine.

Bigger, Better Potato Yields

By this time most of our readers will be able to tell what is to be the per acre yield of their potato crop. What will the harvest be? In most places it is going to fall away below 200 bushels to the acre; in many the crop will not exceed an average of 95 bushels. That probably will be the case even in the greatest potato producing state of the country, Wisconsin, which yields upwards of 22 million bushels a year. In a few instances the crop will return more than 300 bushels per acre. Eugene Grubb of Colorado, who has made name and fame for himself as a potato grower says that he never produces less than 380 bushels to the acre; but his land is particularly well adapted for potato raising and he has splendid irrigating arrangements. In Germany the average potato crop is about 200 bushels to the acre. On the Earl of Roseberry's Dalmeny Home Farm in Scotland the average crop of seed potatoes is between 600 and 700 bushels per acre. It has been alleged that 2000 bushels have been produced on one acre on this renowned farm; but we have no corroboration of that assertion at this writing. It is certain, however, that we are not producing nearly the maximum crop of potatoes on our average farms, even in the great potato regions of America. The per acre yield might be doubled on most farms, in a majority of districts. Were this the case we would not each year have less potatoes than are needed to "go round" in our big cities. We produce annually over 300 millions of bushels of potatoes. The big drought cut down that yield last year and we had to import 25 million bushels from Europe. We need more than 45 million bushels for seed alone. How may the crop be improved and made to yield better? In the first place nobody should plant poor seed potatoes. He should plant a known sort, free of disease, treated with formaldehyde, known to be of good germinating qualities and suitable for the district in which they are to grow. Then the land should be suitable, rich, well-worked so that there will be a deep, friable, mellow seed bed and kept full of moisture and free of weeds by frequent cultivation during the growing season. These things, however, will not suffice. Potato bugs must be kept down and blight prevented. Paris green, properly applied and often used, makes the bug danger slight; but many a man loses the results of all his labor by neglecting to spray several times with Bordeaux mixture for the prevention of early and late leaf blight and rot. It is made as follows: Copper sulphate, five pounds; fresh stone lime, five pounds; water, 50 gallons. To make it destructive also of bugs add Paris green, one pound, or lead arsenate, three pounds.

Making Bordeaux Mixture

According to Prof. L. R. Jones of the Wisconsin station the best way to make Bordeaux mixture is to slake the lime (five pounds) and dissolve the copper sulphate (five pounds) in water in separate vessels. Strain the lime water into a barrel and add water to fill the barrel about half full. Dilute the sulphate solution with several pailfuls of water and strain into the barrel, stirring promptly and thoroughly and adding more water as needed to fill the barrel. Add the arsenical poison and use at once. Remember that both lime and sulphate solution should be diluted with water before combining and the mixture well-stirred. If the mixture is allowed to stand long it settles to the bottom of the barrel and is, therefore, less effective and more likely to clog the nozzles of the spraying apparatus. If used in larger quantity than one barrel, "stock solutions" of both lime and the copper sulphate should be made up in advance, and often used, makes the bug danger slight; but many a man loses the results of all his labor by neglecting to spray several times with Bordeaux mixture for the prevention of early and late leaf blight and rot. It is made as follows: Copper sulphate, five pounds; fresh stone lime, five pounds; water, 50 gallons. To make it destructive also of bugs add Paris green, one pound, or lead arsenate, three pounds.

The Relation of Feed to Soil Fertility

How much better in dollars and cents is it for the fertility of the soil if the farmer feeds his grain and hay to live stock and sells the stock rather than sell the grain and hay direct? This is a question which few farmers regard at all, yet it is of the greatest importance if the fertility of the soil is to be maintained. It must be remembered that when crops raised on the farm are sold instead of being fed thereon a large amount of soil fertility is sold with these crops which must be bought back again in the form of commercial fertilizer or else the land soon becomes exhausted.

Now how much will it cost us to buy back the fertilizer which goes with it when we sell feed enough to produce 1000 pounds live weight of mutton, pork or beef?

Roughly speaking, it takes 5000 pounds of feed to produce 1000 pounds of pork—10,000 pounds of feed to produce 1000 pounds of mutton and 15,000 pounds of feed to produce 1000 pounds of beef. While these figures will vary greatly with conditions they will serve for comparison and to illustrate the point we wish to make.

At the same scale of prices for fertilizers given in our article on "Soil Fertility and Meat Production" the value of the fertilizer in the feed required to grow 1000 pounds of hogs is worth about \$20.00, that for 1000 pounds of sheep \$34.00 and for 1000 pounds of beef cattle \$50.00. In the 1000 pounds live weight of the animals themselves we have already shown that there are less than \$4.00 and \$5.00 worth of fertilizing elements respectively. If we consider a thousand pounds live weight and the feed necessary to produce it the farmer must get \$16.00 more for his feed than he does for his hogs, and \$45.00 more than he does for his cattle in order to break even and buy back the soil fertility that he sells when he prefers to grow grain and hay for market rather than feed it to live stock.

These facts constitute the very basis of the argument for the conservation of soil fertility, by the production of live stock, and should be very carefully considered by every farmer.

Succulent Foods

The fact that succulent foods are absolutely necessary for the health of animals at this time of the year is being most plainly demonstrated all over the country. From the corn stalk fields come reports of loss of both cattle and horses, and while some of the loss is due to the disease known as "corn stalk disease" (cerebro-spinal meningitis), it must be concluded that many of the cases of alleged corn stalk diseases are really nothing more or less than impaction due to lack of moisture in the stomachs and intestines. In summer the effect of taking into the stomach a large quantity of food is rendered harmless by the fact that the food is succulent and the supply of drinking water ample or helped out by heavy deposits of dew upon the grass.

In winter-time the animals do not care to drink so much water and food is dry when in the state of hay, fodder or grain and is never wet with dew or other moisture. It has an astringent effect in the digestive organs and after the feeding has been carried on for some time the secretion of digestive juices seems to become inadequate to the work of moistening and digesting the dry mass of food. If at the same time the supply of drinking water is deficient the effect is more severe and impaction with its train of other troubles ensues. When the stomach becomes over-loaded with dry food and water or succulent food is not given in sufficient quantity to moisten it

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Why not be your own landlord and employer in a land like this? I have said nothing about suit because that's too large a subject for this space. I am not selling land. I merely want to send you the booklets the Santa Fe has prepared about this wonderful valley and the possibilities for homeseekers here. We will tell you all about the country—its roads, schools, soil climate, irrigation works and products. Then if you like we will tell you how to get there and see the land for yourself.

The booklets are free, and surely you ought to read them and see if you will be better off in the San Joaquin Valley. Ask any special questions, and if the books do not tell, I'll answer free too. Address C. L. SEAGRAVES, General Colonization Agent, A. T. & S. F. Ry., 2392 Railway Exchange, Chicago.

thoroughly, the stomach becomes paralyzed and the mass remains inert, or commences to decompose and set up inflammation, or give forth gases which cause bloating or are absorbed and poison the system. Farmers have been in the habit of attributing the trouble to smut on the corn and some veterinarians have even made the mistake of supposing that ergot on corn was the cause. While smut has been proved to have nothing to do with the trouble and ergot is not a vegetable parasite of corn the conditions giving rise to the appearance of smut and ergot are favorable to conditions assisting in the cause of impaction. At the same time both ergoty hay and smutty corn have been fed in large quantities along with other sound food and have caused no disease or inconvenience so long as plenty of water or succulent food were supplied along with the ration. From what has been said it will be seen that in order to counteract the constipating effects of corn stalks, fodder, hay and grain in winter feeding, farmers should make it a point to provide a full supply of succulent food for winter use. As roots, while valuable, are difficult and expensive to raise in most instances, a supply of silage should be prepared for winter use. This is a cheap and easily saved food and there is not the slightest excuse for not having a silo and full supply of silage to add to the dry foods which every winter cause great loss on the farm. Where silage cannot be supplied, care should be taken to keep the cattle and horses out of the corn stalk fields or to allow them to roam there for a short time daily and when not in the fields to give them an abundance of other food and a full supply of fresh drinking water. As animals will not always drink the amount of water necessary to moisten properly the large amount of dry food they consume in winter, they should be given more salt at this season of the year than any other and this, by creating thirst, will lead them to take the necessary amount of water. Salt has also an opening effect upon the bowels and at the same time prevents decomposition and formation of gases. In the winter feeding of all pregnant animals the supply of succulent food is also of prime importance. If dry fodder be used in addition to corn there is a likelihood that the animal will become fat and sluggish and animals in such condition come to the time of parturition in improper condition to endure the trial successfully and supply their young with a full flow of milk. In breeding ewes a lack of succulent food is the cause of great fatality every year and breeders are beginning to learn from experience that roots are a useful addition to the other foods of the farm for the feeding of pregnant ewes in that they keep the bowels open and prevent the laying on of too much inside fat. Salt should not be supplied in large quantities to pregnant ewes as it tends to cause abortion.

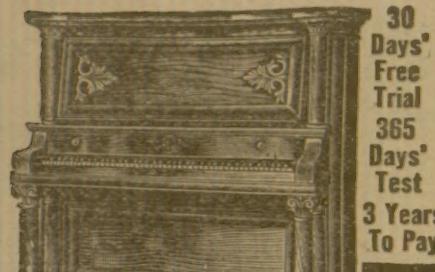
Alfalfa and Corn for Fattening Hogs

Extensive experiments at the Nebraska station show that corn and a small proportion of Alfalfa are the most profitable feeds for the fattening of hogs in that state. Many rations were tried. The results of one test indicated that a bushel of corn was worth as much as a bushel and a half of cane seed when fed with Alfalfa for fattening hogs. The Alfalfa is the source of protein in feeding hogs. Protein is the dear ingredient to supply. It is scarce in corn and corn alone will not suffice to fatten hogs and keep the animals strong on their legs. The puzzle in many districts is where to get cheap protein. Concentrates and mill stuffs cost money and increase the cost of feeding. Alfalfa, wherever it can be grown, will supply all of the needed protein and supply it cheaply. Either cut or ground Alfalfa hay may be given along with corn. A ration three fourths corn and one fourth Alfalfa produces greater gains than when one half Alfalfa is fed. Where Alfalfa is raised on the farm, and when there is no particular need to hasten the growth in pigs, a ration one half Alfalfa hay and one half corn may give cheaper gains than when the heavier corn ration is fed. Hogs that have been raised largely on Alfalfa pasture will learn to eat hay in winter without cutting with a machine and to depend largely upon it where only a limited grain ration is fed, but a ration wholly Alfalfa does not seem to give economical results. Chopped Alfalfa gives better results than Alfalfa meal. Either chopped Alfalfa or Alfalfa meal can be substituted for shorts at the same price in fattening pigs. In this connection let it be remembered too that Alfalfa hay is a splendid winter feed for broad sows. Combine it with roots and allow practically no grain or meal and sows will come through the winter in fine shape and have little if any difficulty at farrowing time. Such feeding, combined with abundant exercise also insures strong pigs and plenty of milk for their sustenance.

Buying a Horse

See the horse in his stall. If he is trotted out action may keep you from noticing lameness, and especially the indications of chorea (St. Vitus' dance) and slight straithalt. If a horse has either of these diseases, and they are practically one and the same, he will jerk up a hind leg once or twice as he is backed out of the stall and the tail will elevate and quiver and a quivering of the muscles of the hip be noticed. This sort of unsound horse is termed a "shiverer". He is unfit for breeding purposes, as tendency to the trouble is hereditary. The ailment is mostly seen in tall, narrow horses. Such horses are objectionable in every way. The narrow horse has poor chest capacity for accommodation of lungs and heart. He will be likely to prove a poor keeper, lacking endurance. The excessively tall horse, over 17 hands in height, is hard to sell in the market and brings less than an equally sound horse that is of average height. Such an abnormally tall horse cannot be easily matched and so he is destined to work in a single cart, or to be sandwiched between two other horses in a big coal wagon; and woe betide the poor horse

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 29.)



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Creatures of Destiny

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

"I—I don't know," he said. "You are a story-teller!" she said. "You called it after me!"

"There's more Maries than one in the world, Lady Marie," he said suddenly. She laughed at him openly.

"I'm afraid you're a very impudent boy," she said, with childish hauteur.

Larry got up with a jerk, pulled out a knife, and began to scrape out the name painted so laboriously but a month ago. She watched him for a moment or two; then she said with an air of condescension which barely concealed remorse: "Oh, don't trouble to scratch it out. Perhaps I don't mind—so much. But I think it would have been better manners to have asked me first. I might have said yes. Do you hear what I said, boy? Leave the name alone."

Larry put up his knife and returned to his line. Presently came a fish, and Lady Marie shouted gleefully:

"Oh, isn't it pretty? Poor thing! How strange it must feel! It must be very unhappy. I think I'll have it put in again, please."

Larry stared at her aghast; and with a shrug of her shoulders she yielded to the mute appeal.

"Ah, well, I suppose if you come fishing you must—fish. But put it where I can't see it."

She stuck manfully to her oars for a minute or two, when she rested from her splashing, and sighed:

"Oh, how hungry I am! I wish I'd had breakfast before I came."

Larry glanced at his basket, in which his lunch reposed, but said:

"I'll pull you back, Lady Marie."

"No, no," she rejoined. "I'll stop for two hours. It's very nice, and I'm enjoying myself. But all the same, I wish I'd taken the milk Selina brought me before I started."

Larry fished up his basket and opened his package of bread and meat and marmalade sandwiches, and her young ladyship eyed them with covert eagerness.

"But—but it's your dinner!" she remonstrated.

"There's more than I want," he said, with a cavalier air; "ever so much more. Meat 'r marmalade?"

"Oh, marmalade—no meat."

"Let me come to the oars," he said, and he changed places with her. She was unused to the motion of a boat, and she would have stumbled if he had not put his arm round her which he did with perfect unconsciousness and sang-froid; and she leaned back and munched with childish abandon.

"Oh, look at my hands!" she exclaimed, with her mouth full, and she held out her pink palms. "All the skin's gone off in places!"

Larry grunted.

"Always like that the first few hours; then they get hard, like this." He held out one brown palm.

"Horrid!" she remarked.

"I dare say. But they don't hurt like yours. I'm sorry, though," he said, a moment afterward. "They won't smart so bad if you put them in your mouth, Lady Marie."

"It isn't large enough," she said, after a trial. "Now I shall have to hide them from Lady Merton, or no more sailing in a boat for Marie."

"Do you want to come again?" asked Larry. "I'll pull up that line—no, no, not that way!" He bent forward and snatched the line from her hand and landed a couple of mackerel. This time Lady Marie viewed the spoil with complacency.

"After all," she remarked, "fish were made to be eaten. Yes, I shall come again—often. I like it. I feel—I feel so light, so comfortable. Besides—with a taunt in her eyes and her smile—"it's my boat. It's got my name on it."

"That's so," said Larry. "Well, I'd like you to come, Lady Marie." As he spoke he pulled out his pipe.

"You horrid boy! You're not going to smoke?" she exclaimed.

"No, oh, no!" he said hurriedly and shame-facedly. "I—I didn't remember you were here."

"Oh, it isn't that I mean," she said. "I like it—I think. Yes, I do. But you're not a man, you're too young to smoke. You're only a boy. How old are you?"

"Sixteen," said Larry.

"And I'm twelve. Yes, you are old. Well, smoke!"

Larry shook his head, but she stamped her foot.

"Do as I tell you. Smoke this moment! You must always do as I tell you. Always; do you understand?"

Oh, Larry boy! in the after years how often that childish speech was to haunt you!

Of course he obeyed. Fortunately the wind was blowing away from her, and the strong tobacco did not reach her.

"I suppose all fisher boys smoke," she said, as she let her fingers dabble in the water. "I once saw a woman smoke a cigarette. It was in France, in Normandy. I go there sometimes. I'm Norman—half Norman, rather."

Larry pulled slowly, his eyes intent on the smiling, piquant face, over half of which she had drawn the soft tam-o'-shanter. "But I'm English, you know. I was born in England—at the castle here; and you were born here, too, Larry?"

Larry nodded assentingly; but his brows drew together and his well-cut lips closed reticently.

"And we're both orphans!" said Lady Marie. "Fellows said last night that your father and mother were dead. And Philip—the marquis, you know—he's an orphan, too. Fancy three orphans in one place. We ought to pity each other, and be kind to each other, because it's so bad to be an orphan, isn't it?"

"I—I—don't know. Yes, I suppose so," said Larry. "My father and mother died when I was quite a baby, Lady Marie."

"Oh, did they? I am sorry. You don't remember them. I can remember papa. He was always sad; so was Philip's mother. She was very beautiful. I've heard papa say that she was the most beautiful woman in the whole world. Was your mother beautiful, Larry? I suppose she must have been."

"I don't know. Why?" asked Larry, with pardonable surprise.

"Because you're such a handsome boy," replied Lady Marie, with sublime candor. "Mr. Wharton said so last night."

"Oh!" said Larry, placidly, for he was not a vain boy.

"I'm like my father—he was very handsome," remarked Lady Marie, as one who states a simple fact. "But I've got my mother's hair and eyes. Do you think they're pretty?"

Larry regarded them critically and at some length.

"Yes," he said at last. "I'm glad you like them—though you were a long time making up your mind—perhaps you like girls with yellow hair and blue eyes. I don't."

"No, I don't think I do," said Larry jocosely. "I like yours best, Lady Marie."

She nodded approvingly, and yawned.

"I'm so sleepy!" she remarked. "It's getting up so early to come with you. Half an hour makes such a difference. And, oh!" She sat bolt upright and tugged at something in her pocket. "I've got something of yours—two things. Guess!"

Larry pondered and shook his head. "Couldn't it be?" he said.

She laughed.

"It's a book and a knife. Fellows picked them up on the terrace, and I got him to give them to me. The book's yours because it's got 'Laurence Harding' written on it, and the knife belongs to you because—oh, well, it does, because that wicked man stabbed you with it. Here they are."

She tore her pocket getting them out, and handed the cheap but neat little edition of "Munro Park" to him.

No Money Down No Deposit No Obligation

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30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

Take this machine into your home; use it as your own: try all its attachments, and if it is not exactly all we claim for it in every respect: if it is not handsomer, better made, more easy to run, and if it does not do better work than any machine three times its price, we will take it back and you will not be put to any expense whatever. Try it a month **absolutely free;** then, if satisfied, **make your own terms.**

Take All The Time You Want

Take your own time to pay. Take a year, two years, or two and a half years to pay, if you want to. It's all the same to me. You can have the KING MACHINE for about one-fifth as much as other high-grade machines rent for. This same machine formerly sold through dealers and agents for \$45. to \$65. Now offered direct from our factory to you on easy payments at about one-third its old price. We have cut off our wholesalers, jobbers, dealers, and agents, giving you their profits.

Save \$25.00 to \$35.00

in buying from the only manufacturers in the world who sell high-grade sewing machines direct from factory to family. It costs you less to buy the KING than to rent any other high-grade machine from a dealer or agent. The KING won the Gold Medal, First Prize, highest award at the Alaska-Yukon Exposition. The judges officially declared it to be the "World's Best Sewing Machine."

Our 20-Year Guarantee

means if the machine proves defective in material or workmanship during twenty years of service, we will replace it or refund your money. Our half-million dollar factory stands back of this guarantee.

Gold Medal Winner!

Strictly ball-bearing; has the newest drop head automatic lift; is easy running and sews a perfect lock-stitch. Among the operations it performs are: Adjustable Curving, Hemming and Sewing on Lace, the French Seam, Frilling, Tucking, Binding, the French Fold, Braiding, Darning, Quilting, Ruffling, Plaiting, Ruffling between two bands. Edge Stitching and Piping and Shirring. We positively guarantee that this machine is superior to any other in the world. It cannot be duplicated by the attachments of any other family sewing machine in the world. The machine is complete and includes all the attachments. Try it 30 days free. Then, if you wish to keep it, make your own terms. Write to-day for our free 64-page catalogue and full particulars of the most liberal sewing machine ever made.

KING SEWING MACHINE CO.

BIG RANO STREET BUFFALO, NEW YORK

Larry took it.

"I'd have been sorry to lose that," he said. "Reuben gave it me, and it's a fine book."

"I know. I read some of it last night. I like adventures. I'd like to be a man and go into unknown countries and fight with animals, and tame the natives and reign over them, like they do in the books. Oh, I wish I were a man! Some day, when I'm quite grown up, I mean to run away, all by myself—and—and be a savage queen with feathers in my hair, and big gold bracelets on my arms and legs, and carry a spear to lead my people to battle—" She yawned. "I'm dreadfully sleepy. Here's that horrid knife! I'd throw it in the sea if I were you."

Larry took the knife. It was an old one, with a single, long blade that hinted at murder; the sides were covered with strange figures and forms. He eyed it with interest, and raised his hand to toss it overboard; then he checked himself—it was too interesting to throw away—and put it in his pocket. "I'm so sleepy!" she announced again.

Larry shipped the oars, took out the stretcher and made a couch of two tarponails and the coat.

"Lie down there, Lady Marie," he said. "There! That will do for the pillow. It's the sun and the movement of the waves that's made you sleepy; it always does till you're used to them."

"Do they? I feel deliciously rock-a-bye!" she murmured. She coiled herself up, and in another moment or two was fast asleep.

Larry pulled very gently and softly. She lay close to him; indeed, her warm face was leaning against his cool, bare legs, and while reaching forward for the stroke, he bent over her—protectively, as he half-unconsciously felt—and his eyes rested on her face musingly. Until today Larry had regarded girls as an unnecessary and quite superfluous item in the scheme of creation; as inferior beings who carried dolls and pretending they were babies; who cried if they were hurt or were late for school, or did not know their lessons; and who were cowards by nature, and—

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This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, assistance, encouragement or sympathy.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to print letters requesting patterns, quilt pieces, etc., for the purpose of, or with the expectation of receiving the equivalent in return, for this is not an exchange column.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting donations of money. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to COMFORT Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, Care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

WITHOUT doubt the intemperate use of liquor is prompting more women to seek equal suffrage than any other question at issue.

Hundreds of letters have reached the Sisters' Corner denouncing the use of liquor, but few have given any definite line of argument as to why it should not be used. Arbitrary teachings count for naught with the young; sound, specific reasoning must be forthcoming. Thus it would appear that a certain amount of knowledge relative to the injurious effects of liquor should be acquired by parents, before they can show to their sons and daughters that there is good cause for the growing objection to its use.

What I shall write are simple facts which any boy and girl can understand and should be taught. The observations of the majority of people lead them to regard the effects of liquor as something that temporarily works havoc with the brain, causing untrustworthiness of speech or action, when in fact it permanently injures the mind, brain and body.

It is not to the drunkard I have reference, but to the so-called moderate drinker. That even one glass of beer a day will leave its mark on a man's acuteness is proven in the training of an athlete, when even this small percentage of alcohol is absolutely forbidden by the trainer. Many a boy's career has been ruined by the use of light beers because it affected his manual skill and ambition just enough to keep him at the "foot of the ladder."

Germany, a beer-drinking nation, is making a tremendous effort to reduce the amount consumed, and together with France, a wine-drinking nation, are following in the footsteps of America in a widespread educational movement against the use of alcohol.

Major C. S. Crawford of the British army says that "alcohol, by its action on the tissues of the body, renders those who habitually use it more liable to attacks of various forms of disease. It is one of the strongest predisposing causes of tuberculosis, and regiments in which the greatest amount of alcohol is consumed have the largest percentage of men suffering from this disease. Drinkers, furthermore, get well only slowly after severe injuries or operations."

Tests have been made showing that lines committed to memory on days that alcohol was used, say the amount contained in two or three glasses of beer, were shortly forgotten. The same test, made two months later by the same person on a day when no alcohol was taken, showed the impression was much stronger, as the lines were learned more readily and the mind retained them indefinitely.

Responsible business houses will no longer employ a "drinking man" for years of experience has shown such to lack persistency, accuracy, judgment and other qualities which go to make the type of man that in this age of competition the wide-awake firm calls for.

Did you ever observe how difficult it was to get the attention of a person under the influence of alcohol, and then how slowly he will associate ideas?

This is because the alcohol has weakened his senses and reduced him to a state where he may become silly, sentimental or quarrelsome, committing acts that his best friends find difficult to overlook.

All these results should be pointed out to boys and girls before they are offered that first glass of light beer. Also impress them with the fact that a larger number of those found in our criminal, charitable and reformatory institutions are there through the poisonous effects of alcohol.

It is the educational, not the prohibition movement that will save our young.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

As you are always doing good and looking around for ways to do more good, I do not think my letter will be amiss.

Now to my subject, I saw a call for a little boy to be adopted by a family with one child, in your last issue. This is a word of caution, not advice. Parents may know better what they are doing than I. Parents whose circumstances make it imperative for them to let someone adopt their child, should make a rigid investigation of the morals, and temper of the parties who are going to adopt their child. There are very few mothers a child is not better off with, no matter how poor. With the help of the Lord and their mother love, they will find a way to rear their child. The adopted parents may love the child, but not with that love of a mother, which impels them to go through anything for their child, and endures forever. Now when there is another child, the adopted one will have to be second. It is human nature. No matter how much one tries to not show partiality, and be just, that love which God has instilled in every mother's breast will give their own a little the best. Again some people adopt a boy or girl, simply as a help, and the heart does not enter into it. The child gets more rebuffs than praise. If the parties adopting are the right sort, they will court an investigation, and parents are criminal who do not investigate and look into the welfare of their children.

Now for my reason in writing this, and I would like for the party to see it, as I told him I would give names if it occurred again. A neighbor of mine has an adopted boy. He is a handsome, manly little fellow of ten years. He is smart and exceptionally energetic. He has to carry water from a spring, two hundred yards from house on account of repairs to

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I will put this Celebrated ADLER Piano in your home without any money down. Try it for a whole month. Then, when you're satisfied to keep it—

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I have originated a wonderful new method that is revolutionizing Piano selling. My idea now known everywhere is the "Adler Plan" has now made it possible for every home to enjoy the delights of a pure toned, Celebrated Adler Piano of exquisitely handsome design, and construction so durable that it can be guaranteed for 25 years.

Every Adler Piano is shipped direct from the great \$500,000 Adler Factory to home at lowest wholesale factory price. I can save you half your piano money.

I Will Save You Half On A Celebrated ADLER Piano

Free 30 Day Home Trial

My *Celebrated Adler Piano*, like my Adler Organ, must sell itself after a free trial in your home. You will be the judge. I cannot afford to have a single dissatisfied customer. If I require you to send me money in advance I would seem to be trying to bind you to some agreement. But I will not do this. I will take all the risk.

Let me ship a *Celebrated Adler Piano* to your home at my risk. Play on it 30 days—if it does not prove all I claim for it return the piano to me. I will pay the freight both ways and your trial costs you nothing.

Your Own Time To Pay

When you are convinced that the *Celebrated Adler Piano* is the best piano in the world at any price, I will arrange for you to pay for it in small convenient amounts.

After you have played it for one year if the *Adler Piano* does not live up to my every claim, you may return it and all you have paid will be refunded. Isn't that the fairest, squarest, most liberal offer you ever heard of?

Ask about my Special Autumn Payment Plan—of great interest to all who depend on crops for their income.

C. L. ADLER, Pres. Adler Manufacturing Co., 4037 W. Chestnut St., Louisville, Ky.

25-Year Guarantee Bond—It's the biggest and best and strongest guarantee ever put on any musical instrument. This is a *Guaranteed Bond* paid for 25 years, giving you the right to keep this money in your pocket, and the *Celebrated Adler Piano* not only gives you a piano equal in tone quality and real value to any piano with a great name of the past.

Remember, I am the man who made the *Adler Organ* famous. My wonderful success with the *Adler Organ* induced me to apply the same liberal methods in placing my *Celebrated Adler Piano* before the music loving public.

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

to work well. The Progressive party as a whole undoubtedly believes in it. We do not attempt to dictate what any state should do in this matter, for we know that the needs and the feelings of the states vary; but we do cordially commend the matter to the well-thought-out judgment of the people of each state—both the men and the women. Women should make the fight within the Progressive party.—Ed.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

For several years I have been reading the good letters in COMFORT and often thought of writing, but somehow I always lacked time or courage, but this beautiful Sunday afternoon I will now try my hand at scribbling.

As most of the sisters describe themselves, I will state that I have dark hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, weigh one hundred and sixteen pounds and am a few inches over five feet in height.

I am a school teacher in the elementary schools, and like my work fine. I have my school for this coming winter and it is close enough for me to stay at home.

Here in Ohio we have eight months of school and our teachers get forty dollars per month. I don't think there is anything grander than a good education. Some people will say to give a boy an education, but teach a girl to do housework, sewing, and so forth.

Now right here I disagree. Give your girls the same chance you do your boys, and sometime they will thank you and repay you for your trouble, as well as your boys will.

Any girl with an education can use it eight months out of a year in teaching the "young American" and still have four months and all the nights and mornings of the year left in which she can learn to cook, sew and take care of a home.

I wish Mrs. H. J. Wagner of Detroit, Mich., would write again and send her games for young people. I should like very much to use the "Mysterious Lunch" in connection with some good games to entertain some young friends.

I am nineteen years old and live on a farm with my mother and brother, my father having been dead twelve years.

I would like to hear from some of the sisters about my age.

With kindest regards to our editor, the sisters and for the success of COMFORT, I remain,

MISS ALTA M. SNOOK, Hamden, Ohio.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT READERS:

I have just finished the letters in July COMFORT and so many as you speak on a subject very near my heart—vis. adopting a little orphan, cannot some of you help me find one?

I have two boys aged fourteen and eleven. We lost our dear baby boy aged eight in February, with meningitis; Our hearts are sore and arms so empty. I feel if I only had some little one to care for in his memory it would ease the pain so much. I wish all mothers could know and understand (without the experience) the awful heartache we have in losing our children. How much more careful we would be; so much more kind and considerate, too, if we knew they would only be here a little while. Many of us mothers say "no" to their little questions when we are busy, when with a little thought, we could have said "yes" just as easy and made their little boys glad. It takes so little to make a small boy happy.

I was always busy, but if I had only known last Christmas was to be the last one my family would enjoy together, oh, how much more it would have meant to them. Oh, mothers be even more patient and loving for every cross word will be remembered and every little request that you have refused will stand out plain in your memory.

Dear sisters forgive me for lecturing, I didn't mean to. I hope though you will never know what heart aches I have. If any of you will tell me of any means of getting a little girl between the ages of two and four years I will be so very glad.

Even if you do not know of one, will not some of you who have already taken children write me and tell me what means they used, etc. Thanking you all in advance.

I am sincerely yours,
Mrs. A. KASTRUP, Thurber, Erath Co., Texas.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Will you admit a little shut-in sister into your cozy corner? I read the dear old COMFORT and think it is the best paper published. I enjoy the Sisters' Corner very much and trust and believe you will not deny me the pleasure of chatting a while with you this lovely, but lonely afternoon.

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Why Shouldn't You Buy As Low As Any Dealer?

More than 250,000 people have saved from \$25 to \$125 in purchasing a high grade organ or piano by the Cornish Plan.—why shouldn't you? Here Is Our Offer. You select any of the latest, choicest Cornish styles of instruments—we place it in your home for a year's free use before you need make up your mind to keep it. If it is not sweeter and richer in tone and better made than any you can buy at one-third more than we ask you, send it back at our expense.

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Take Three Years to Pay If Needed. The Cornish Plan, in brief, makes the maker one-third what other manufacturers of high grade instruments must charge you because they protect their dealers.

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It is the most beautiful piano or organ catalog ever published. It shows our latest styles and explains everything you should know before buying any instrument. It shows why you cannot buy any other high grade organ or piano anywhere on earth as low as the Cornish. You should have this beautiful book before buying any piano or organ anywhere. Write for it today and please mention this paper.

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others in the neighborhood had fine currants. We are raising a few cultivated strawberries and with good care they do well here.

The nicest vegetables one could ever expect to see can be seen right here every fall at our county fair, and our county ranked third last year at the state fair, so you may know that it cannot be too bad.

My husband and I just returned from a trip to the home of relatives who live at Benedict, Hubbard county, Minn., seven and one half miles north of Walker and twenty-two miles south of Bemidji. The country there is rough, stony in places and a great deal of brush land, but the soil is good and it seems to be equally as good producing land as this. We liked it there too, and were told that there was an occasional forty to be taken as a claim yet, though they charge a dollar and a quarter an acre when one proves up. For one who likes fish it is certainly the country, as there are any amount of lakes and streams. Benedict used to be called Kabekona, but the name was changed recently. It is still marked Kabekona on the map we have.

If one can come in here with a few hundred dollars and have any kind of luck, we can't see why they cannot succeed. Of course it requires what our editor has been asking us to write on, patience, perseverance and hard work, but we feel confident that we shall have a fine country here in time, and though everybody might not be satisfied, we are, and we mean to win out unless stopped by bad luck of some sort, but we feel that our chances are as good here as anywhere. One has to have a certain amount of determination and "stick-to-it-iveness" to make anything anywhere.

Oh, yes, the timber here is Jack pine, Norway pine, white-pine, tamarac spruce, some poplar, a few maples, small ones, also a few small oaks. We also have Balm-of-Gilead. There was some cedar but most of that has been cut and sold as ties and posts. About two and a half or three miles west there are more hardwood trees than pines. There is stone here in places.

We came here with nothing and we have managed to live and make enough to keep encouraged most of the time.

We never saw snow here eight feet deep, though we have had some deep snow during the winter, but the roads have never been closed for long as many of the neighbors have snowploughs and they are not afraid to clear them, so we have as passable roads as any country most of the time during the winter. Summer roads are not of the best in places, but they are improving all the time and the time is coming when we can feel reasonably proud of our roads.

I am most sincerely your COMFORT sister,

Mrs. I. O. ARNEY, Bagley, Minn.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a silent reader of dear old COMFORT and find many helpful hints in it.

Will some of the sisters please tell me how to put up the big sour pickles, such as we buy at the grocery store?

I live in town and have a good garden and raise poultry, yet I like the country best.

As my birthday is October 2nd, am going to ask you for a shower.

As I am alone so much at night and get lonesome, I find COMFORT so much help in passing away the long hours, I could not do without it.

I am a sufferer from bronchitis and find taking dry sulphur helps me more than anything else.

I enjoy reading about the sisters' homes and homesteads. I have lived on a homestead and know what it is like. Would like to hear from some of the sisters about the South, where land is cheap. Land is high here and a poor person has no chance to own a farm.

Mrs. E. M. ROBERTS, 1706 Hiram St., New Castle, Ind.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I am sorry I cannot write a personal letter to each of you who have asked about homestead land in this section, but I must for the present answer you this way, as I have lots of work to do and am slow at writing.

There is not much good land to be taken up again any more, not near here but there may be yet in Colorado. We live right in the Rocky mountains, where the air is light and pure, and the water is soft and pure. We have lots of snow in winter but it does not get as cold as in other states, and our summers are not so hot.

We irrigate most all our crops, our principal ones being hay, grain, and potatoes.

Mancos is on a narrow gauge railroad and freight rates are very high. Cattle and horses are high, so are groceries. I would advise anyone wishing to come here, or going to another new country, to go and see it before selling home anywhere else.

All kinds of stock and poultry do well here. This year there is a large variety of fruit being raised.

Most all of the land has to be cleared of either sage brush or oak. We have an abundance of pine trees for wood. There are also two coal mines near here. There is a flour mill, creamery, two nice banks, seven stores, two drug-stores, three blacksmith shops, two churches and no saloons; also a fine high school and opera house.

Mancos is in Montezuma Co., in the southwestern corner of the state.

Mrs. P. E. Abbott and Mrs. May Thornton, glad I was to hear from you. It showed to me how good COMFORT is as it brought a message from old school chums.

Sisters, I met Mrs. Goldie Bopp not long ago and she is fine and a true COMFORT sister.

We always have lots of rain in July and August.

My husband came home in April and we have improved our place lots since then. We were glad to have him home again, but I expect he will go away this winter as it takes lots of money to improve a homestead.

I enjoyed all the letters and some were so friendly and nice.

Yours COMFORT sister.

Mrs. LILLIE EVERETT, Mancos, Colo.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a subscriber to COMFORT for about seven years and like it very much, especially the Sisters' Corner.

We live in the northwestern part of Ohio on a farm about four and one half miles from our nearest town.

Miss Waddington, I also agree with you on the subject of literature for our young people. I also have had some experience as I was a public school teacher for four years previous to my marriage. I have seen children that read so many five and ten cent novels that they could not concentrate their minds upon their studies, and especially if they had any studying to do out of school hours.

I will also say a few words about parents visiting the school. Parents do not visit the school as much as they should. It is a great encouragement to the teacher as well as the pupil to know that parents are interested in their progress. The mothers should get acquainted with the teacher to see if she is capable of the moral as well as mental training of their children. And never uphold a child in mischief at school.

I have been married five years and have two children, Verona and Carl.

Sisters, try my recipe for mustard pickles. They are fine.

I will close and make room for someone else. I would like to receive letters from you all.

Mrs. IVA B. MCKEE, Hicksville, R. R. 1, Ohio.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

As I am receiving letters asking for information in regard to our country I thought I would write what I know and send it in for the benefit of those who are thinking of coming to Minnesota.

But first allow me to make a little correction in my letter which was printed in the July number. My husband did not cut the timber on our eighty, but a company that he had sold the timber to cut it, and we boarded the men.

Now for the information, that is, what little I feel competent to give.

There are no more claims left here. All are taken, but land can be bought very reasonably, and if one goes far enough north there are claims to be taken yet, but I am not qualified to speak of the country there as I have never seen it. There is Company land for sale around here, and one can get it cheap considering the price one has to pay for land in the more settled regions of Minnesota. It is not going to be long that one can get land here as cheap as at present, for it is steadily increasing in value.

The best way for one who thinks of coming here, is to take a trip and see for themselves, then if not satisfied they are only out the cost of the trip.

The land around here is sandy in places mixed with clay; that it can produce clover and Alfalfa is a well-proved fact, and there is no better soil anywhere for the production of vegetables. It is a fine soil for potatoes. Rye does well here and some are raising flax with success. We have an acre and a half of corn and we expect most of it to ripen. In any event it will make good fodder and as we keep cows there will be little frost even if we should have an early frost. We had ripe corn last year. As for frost I do not remember having them every month during the summer that did any great harm, though I admit that we often have late frosts in the spring and early ones in the fall. However when one has become accustomed to the country, they understand about when to plant to obtain best results and can avoid a great deal of trouble.

I have currant bushes, but as they were transplanted this spring they did not bear, but my mother and

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Poultry Farming for Women

BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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Fall and Winter Ailments

ONLY in rare instances does poultry require doctoring, yet it is well to be prepared with sufficient knowledge to recognize the symptoms of approaching trouble. A few small coops should be kept in some dry, sheltered outhouse, to be used as quarantine quarters. Empty dry-goods boxes turned on their sides, with half the front boarded across and a door of wire netting to close the other half, make good coops for individual patients. They should be covered all around, sides and top and bottom, with roofing paper, to insure freedom from draft. The boxes may be any size, but I like them about eighteen inches wide and high, and about two and a half feet long. To avoid dampness, and for convenience in attending to the birds, it is well to elevate them on legs or stand them on a shelf or bench. Before using, or whenever they are vacated, they should be disinfected and the inside thoroughly painted with whitewash. The enameled cups without handles can be attached to the side of the coops by wire loops.

Cholera

In the majority of cases the so-called wholesale destruction of flocks from cholera is not cholera at all, but the work of lice. On some farms where the hens hide away at night here and there, for want of some kind of suitable shelter, the trees, woodpile, sheds, and under the barns, will be swarming with lice; and dead hens may be found every morning, being literally eaten alive by myriads of lice, the cause being attributed to cholera or some disease, because the owner cannot comprehend how lice can be so destructive. On such farms there may be also found an apology for a henhouse, the floor of which will be covered for a foot or more with droppings, being the accumulation of years; but the house will be found useless, as the hens will prefer exposure to all kinds of weather rather than venture in the pest hole filled with lice and called a poultry-house. Some farmers wonder how it is that they get no eggs, and they naturally ascribe their failure to there being "no money in chickens"; when the fact is that if they were as negligent of their horses, cows, sheep and hogs as they are of their hens, they would go into bankruptcy the first year. Before undertaking to cure cholera, examine for lice, as in many instances the lice are at the root of all difficulties.

Genuine cholera is a disease that exists, however. It is shown by great thirst, greenish, profuse droppings, and prostration. It can be distinguished from indigestion or roup, as it kills the bird in twenty-four to forty-eight hours, or else recovery ensues. There is no lingering illness connected with it. The best remedy is carbolic acid. Add twenty drops to a gill of water, and with the water mix together meal and shorts, slightly parched and browned, and force a tablespoonful of such soft food down their throats twice a day. Give no water to drink at all. If it is given, however, add ten drops of the acid to each gill of water. Keep the sick birds in a dry, warm place, and separate from the others.

Every poultry keeper should cultivate the habit of scrutinizing his or her flock at mealtimes. A suspicious looking bird should be caught and removed to quarantine quarters immediately. The symptoms of cold, influenza, canker, diphtheria and roup are in the earlier stages almost identical—watery eyes, sneezing, discharge from the nostrils or the nostrils being stuffed up (the nostrils are the two small holes at the base of the bill.) When the bird is noticed to have anyone of these symptoms, open the bill and look down the throat. Should there be no signs of trouble, you may be sure that there is nothing but an ordinary cold to fight, which a few days in hospital will cure.

Give light and easily digested food, such as stale bread soaked in scalded milk and squeezed almost dry, or cornmeal which has been well steamed. Put ten drops of spirits of camphor in a half pint of sugar; then dissolve the sugar in a half pint of water and use in the drinking cup. If, however, examination reveals yellow spots on the mouth or in the throat, or a thick, slimy discharge from the eyes and nostrils, it is a serious case of catarrh or rousy cold, which may, if neglected, develop into malignant roup. Throughout the entire range of cold and rousy diseases there is no special odor until malignant roup is positively developed. Then there is a most offensive and unmistakable odor.

Treat all diseases which overstep a common cold as roup, and you will err on the side of safety. In the last and most malignant stages of roup, the face and eyes or head are likely to be severely swollen, and if things have progressed to such a condition before the bird has been removed from the flock, it is well to take the precaution of disinfecting the drinking and feeding dishes and generally clean up the poultry-house, and add a disinfectant to the drinking water for a few days. Permanganate of potassium is what I generally use, because it is cheap and most effective as a germ killer. Dissolve one teaspoonful in a quart of warm water, and you will have such a strong solution that for all ordinary purposes can be diluted again at the rate of one teaspoonful to five of water.

Treatment for Roup

First wash off any discharge which may have accumulated around the eyes and bill with warm water and permanganate; then fill an atomizer with diluted permanganate solution and thoroughly spray the throat and nostrils. Repeat night and morning as long as there is any necessity. Keep the light diet as recommended for common cold.

Indigestion and intermediate stages up to acute gastritis and liver complaint, all spring from the same causes, and will succumb to the same remedies, so we will consider them connectedly. They are caused by indiscretions or excessive feeding; mash which has been allowed to become sour; an excess of bread, potatoes or fat in table scraps fed to the birds, lack of vegetables or sharp grit, condition powders, egg foods, and such condiments. If given frequently, will affect the digestive organs and bring on indigestion.

At first the sufferer looks mopy and stupid; the comb is pale. At this stage a few days in hospital and a dose of magnesia and reformation in diet will work a cure. Put about a third of a teaspoonful of sulphate of magnesia in a cup of drinking water. Feed a mash composed of three parts of finely cut clover hay, which has been thoroughly steamed, and one part each of coarsely ground corn and oats. If you haven't clover hay, use wheat bran instead.

Correspondence

A subscriber to COMFORT—Will you please tell me what all my young ducks and goslings? At first they seem to get weak in the back and legs and can't

walk only at times. Then they act as though they had the straddles, then they get up and walk and eat, and then sit down in the yard, and you think they are asleep, when really they are dead. They get so sick, can't hold up their heads, and then sit for a couple of hours and get up and go again. And they die so quick; sometimes I can feed them and in an hour go and pick up three or four dead ones. It always takes the biggest feathered-out ones, and some of them act as if they were crazy at times. They have been dying for a month back like that, and goslings act the same way and die, only when they sit down, they straddle out their legs more. They have the range of yard and pasture to run in, and ponds to swim on, and are sheltered at night in a clean, dry henhouse, and have sand. I have been feeding milo dings; about two parts, and cracked corn one part, and wheat one part, and sometimes soak bread and air in. Have fed poultry powder to them, but they die just the same. They were nice and strong at first, until about six weeks or two months old. Have fresh water in yard to drink and swim in every day. The old ducks are no relation to one another. At first I fed them soaked bread and wheat and corn meal. I had ducks act similar to this once before, for they would eat hearty and then go to the dish to drink and sit there and die with a crop full, and that's the way these do die—with a crop full—most of them. Now you can tell me the cause of my ducks and goslings acting like this, and what it is, and what to do for them, through COMFORT, and as soon as possible? One more question about my little turkeys: When they were two or three weeks old they would miss a meal, and by the next meal they were dead: no sooner, no later, nice and thrifty ones. The ducks have no life or bowel trouble, either. Now could you tell me what my turkeys had? I feed them hard-boiled chopped eggs and stale bread crumbled up dry, and sweet milk and water to drink. The old birds are all strangers to one another. I had them with the turkey hen in a large coop, and changed it every day or so to a clean spot, and they were dry and had pasture and a field to range on. Will be greatly pleased to find out what ails them, the cause and cure. Please let me know as soon as possible, through the columns of COMFORT, which certainly is a nice paper.

A—I don't believe in allowing young ducks to go on ponds; they eat too many weeds, and such things. We never allow any of our ducks to go near swimming water till they are over six months of age. As both your ducks and goslings get weak in the back and legs, I am inclined to think that it is a constitutional weakness. The breeding stock which is to be used to furnish eggs for hatching should be at least two years of age, and must be fed vegetables and animal food during the winter, when the natural supply is cut off by frost. For unless breeding birds have animal and vegetable food, their offspring is sure to be lacking in strength. It is the same with old turkeys; if you want strong youngsters, the old ones must have a perfectly balanced ration during the winter. Young turkeys are very apt to overeat, and then refuse food and die. The rule must be little and often. Cottage cheese, mixed with chopped green onions and cracked oats or wheat, is a better feed for young turkeys than chopped eggs, especially when they are at large and can pick up all the insects they want. Mix fine sharp grit with all feed for ducklings, goslings and young turkeys.

C.—I am a new subscriber, and I like the magazine very much, and now I am coming for information. I bought two White Leghorn pullets ten months old this spring. They had just commenced laying and were beauties. After I had had them a few weeks I noticed one of them walking lame. I examined her to see what was wrong, and I found a lump growing on the web between her toes. It was hard and kind of red. I let it go for a while, thinking it would break or do something, but it didn't; it just kept a growing. I opened it with a needle a couple of times, but nothing came from it but a little blood and water. The hen seems in much pain, and grew very thin, but still she would eat hearty. She finally got so she could hardly get around, and as I did not know what to do for her I had her killed. A few weeks after I noticed the other one lame. I found her just like the first one. Now she is limping around with a hard lump as big as a small marble between



A GOOD, PRACTICAL HOME MADE OF SLABS, AND HAVING A MUSLIN FRONT, COST SIX DOLLARS AND WINTERED TWENTY PULLETS IN IT LAST YEAR. THEY NEVER HAD A COLD AND LAID SPLENDIDLY.

each two toes, and I suppose I will have to have her killed also. If you could tell me what is the matter and what to do for it, you will be doing me a great favor.

A.—The trouble must have been started by the hens hurting their feet in some way. Cactus thorns and splinters getting embedded in the feet, might cause an irritation which would bring about the condition you describe; or there may have been broken glass or some such material round where the hens scratched. A small wound caused by anything of that kind will allow dirt to get under the skin. Try bathing the foot thoroughly in warm soap and water, to remove the dirt; then cut the lump open with a lancet or sharp pocket knife. Press out any pus that may be present, and bathe again in warm water, to which carbolic acid or peroxide has been added. Bandage the feet and keep out of the dirt and put the bird in a small, clean coop, the bottom of which has been covered with clean hay. Don't put up a perch, and the bird will be compelled to rest its foot by lying down. Repeat the bathing every day, and apply carbolic ointment to the wound, and I think you will accomplish a cure within a week or so.

J. A. G.—I have four Plymouth Rock hens that appear to be hardy, and they would be good layers under proper management. I intend buying a cockerel and raising a few. Please tell me what kind of house to build; how large; advise a convenient home, and also feeding. This climate is mild; winters short.

A.—A house 10 by 10 feet, front eight feet high, back six feet, with plain slanting roof, would be ample large enough for five birds. A pint of mash in the morning; at noon, half a pint of Kafir corn, oats, or millet, scattered on the floor of the house, so that the birds will have to scratch for it. At night, feed one pint of whole grain, half corn, half wheat, except when the weather is very cold—then omit the wheat, and give all corn. Chop up any lean meat and vegetable scraps left from the family table, and mix with a little ground oats and bran, for the morning mash. If you don't have sufficient scraps, steam about a cupful of clover hay, and add two teaspoonsfuls of meat meal, and a cupful of stock food (oats and corn ground together) for the morning mash. If you use table scraps, and there is much bread or potatoes amongst them, dispense with the ground feed, and increase the animal and vegetable food. There is no hard and fast rule for feeding. Make up a balanced ration of whatever is cheapest and most convenient, remembering always that bread, potatoes and corn are very fattening, and must be used carefully, except when the weather is very cold. Green vegetables and animal food must predominate in the rations for laying hens. Clean water and sharp grit and oyster shell should be before them all the time.

M. S.—Will you please tell me what ails my turkeys? They are two months old; seem well in every respect, but they have a puffed place under their wings, and I can cut the skin and the air will escape from the place; when then this place gets well, it is as it was before it was cut. This doesn't make them look drooped. They have running water to go to. I feed them egg bread, and they wander over the fields from morn till night. Please tell me what to do for them by mail or through COMFORT. My neighbors' turkeys are the same way.

A.—You did right to prick the air puffs. It is all you can do. It is not a serious disease, and will

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THE USURPER

By Ruth Halcyon Stocker

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IT was time to say good by, and Milly clutched Ward's arm tightly, experiencing the rush of feeling and forlornness that parting so often brings.

"I don't want you to go—oh, I don't want you to go," she murmured for the hundredth time.

"You must not think solely of yourself, Milly. Think of what this journey means to me—to us. In America everyone grows rich."

"As often as I deem best," the man answered, and had it not been that he was embarking upon a long, and what seemed to Milly a perilous journey, the girl would have shown resentment for his tone of patronage, even though she possessed a loyal and loving heart.

He kissed her good by and cheerfully ran up the gang plank of the great steamer which was to bear him across the sea. Milly stood on the dock and waved her handkerchief until the vessel was so far away that the face of the man to whom she waved was no longer distinguishable. She had come to Southampton to bid her lover adieu and to wish him Godspeed in his pursuit of fortune. Her object accomplished, she returned with rather a heavy heart to the quiet village where she lived alone, with only her flowers and books for company.

Milly was an orphan, very pretty—likewise very poor. Her father, whose death had shortly followed her mother's, had been one of those easy-going individuals who glide serenely through life, somehow always managing to gratify their own wants and pleasures, and calmly closing their eyes to the wants of others. Thus at his death his only child found that he had quite forgotten to provide for her; a circumstance for which she could not find it in her heart to censure him, as he had always been so gentle and sunny tempered.

Lace making was Milly's one accomplishment—for there had never been money enough to even think of an ornamental education—and when earning her own living devolved upon her, she put her single accomplishment to the test. The test proved successful, and as a result of this success she forwarded a package to London every month, in turn receiving a recompense which, though modest, was sufficient to maintain her little home. Once she had run up to London herself. There in one of the largest shops she had seen her handwork artistically displayed under the nomenclature of "Real Renaissance Lace."

Milly had smiled, but it was well for her peace of mind that she did not know the elaborate prices great ladies paid for the "Real Renaissance Lace" manufactured in the garden adjoining her tiny house.

Until Effingham Ward came into it, Milly considered her life a very uneventful one. After he had declared his love for her, she often found herself wondering in a vague and dreamy way, as girls will wonder at such times, just what quality of hers Effingham had admired to such an extent that he should wish to make her his wife.

When they had been betrothed several months the wonder faded, and had it not been that loyalty was one of her strongest virtues, she might have wondered in that same dreamy way what quality she had seen in Effingham that she should consent to become his wife. To be sure, he was good looking, if one overlooked a certain heaviness of countenance. He was also amiable, provided his wishes were deferred to, and his vanity treated in the proper sort of way. On the whole he and Milly got along nicely, as Milly was only too willing to do everything in her power to please him.

Their engagement was a long one—for Effingham Ward was a person who believed in perfect understanding before marriage. He told his betrothed that he needed time to study her character, and that she must have time to study his. At the end of two years he was still deep in his study, though Milly had long ago given up, for the reason that her stock of material was seriously depleted.

On the second anniversary that marked their betrothal, Effingham appeared before her suddenly, his eyes alight, his cheeks flushed, his whole manner indicative of some unusual excitement. The story he told was brief. Three years before a friend of his had gone to America. He had left England a poor man; now he was counted rich among men. Effingham found it difficult to account for this sudden change of fortune, but he was certain it had something to do with "wheat." He had strong faith in his own capabilities. What others had done he could do—if only he could set foot on that wonderful American soil. He talked to Milly in this strain for hours, and her pretty face grew flushed and sparkling. Then and there they made a resolve that all weekly pleasure excursions must cease, and the money they usually cost laid away for a journey across the sea. Milly began the manufacture of "Real Renaissance Lace" in quantities involving more work than was beneficial for her big gray eyes. Effingham did not deny himself his favorite brand of cigars, but as a check on this extravagance he bought no more bon bons for his betrothed. These small economies helped wonderfully, and the following spring Ward was ready for the journey across the ocean.

"We'll be married sometime within the next three or four years," he told Milly confidently, and in answer to the murmured word "loneliness" from her, he patted her shoulder reassuringly. "You were alone before I met you, but there is no need for you to be really lonely now. You will have the thought of a long life with me to look forward to."

The first letter from the traveler was both a novelty and a delight. To Milly, unfamiliar with her lover's handwriting, the envelope itself was a revelation. She admired the firmness of that M with which her name began. The writing seemed to whisper of character undreamed of before. Somehow it was not the writing she would have pictured belonging to Effingham. She retreated to the solitude of the garden, endeavoring to create an atmosphere of romance while she perused her lover's epistle.

"Dearest!" She studied every letter of the word with which, had she been consulted, she would most have desired her first love letter to begin. No matter what other words were in the letter—for in the inmost recess of her heart she feared the missive would be as dull and commonplace as her lover's conversation—that one word would remain. Her eyes dwelt upon it until there was not the vestige of an excuse to linger longer. She knew every little turn and twist. Heaving an unconscious little sigh, she bent over the paper.

"Dearest: The days since I parted have seemed long and endless. They would have been unbearable to the man who loves you and is so far away from you, had he not been able to bear your voice low and sweet, beyond the deep and turbulent voice of the sea. The thought of you will carry me on to victory—to fame, perhaps. I had hours and hours in which to dream of you, hours and hours in which to resolve to be in the future all that the man you honor with your love should be. My first letter to you—the first time I have ever had to think that you are miles and miles away from me! Can you wonder that my thoughts are curiously scattered?"

The color crept into Milly's cheeks, her eyes grew misty and far away. To be loved like that! How she had wronged Effingham by thinking him commonplace—even dull. It was she who should strive to be worthy of the man who honored her with such a love. She kissed the missive more than once during the long afternoon.

When the next letter came she did not waste a moment in gazing on the envelope. She hoped

this communication would be similar to the first; but if it was not, she would not allow herself to be disappointed. A man cannot remain on the heights always.

"Dear one: With your picture before me, your eyes gazing upon me so tenderly, it is not easy for me to keep my thoughts on the letter I am writing. But I whispered words to a picture will never reach the one for whom I intend them. 'One day nearer Milly.' That is what I say to myself every night. 'A day in which to work for Milly,' is my first waking thought. Have you ever pictured the home we two will have in the years to come? It will be small and cozy, with a great stone fireplace in the library, and books, books, books. We will have flowers, too, because you love them. I wonder if you can see it all as I see it."

Could she see it all? Yes, Milly could see it, and the sight brought a happy throb to her heart and colored her little world with the rosiest of tints. It was such a beautiful thing to be loved as she was loved. It was through these letters that she was beginning to know the real Effingham Ward. How strange that in the past she had never seen more than a large young man, with a heavy countenance and an alarming amount of egoism.

Correspondence progressed. Every week Milly received her letter, and in a return missive she poured out all that was in her heart, a thing she had never been able to do when Effingham sat beside her in the garden—but in those days she had not known the real Effingham.

The first year went by with but a single change. Letters were now written in diary form; they had even fallen into the habit of jotting down, the time of day at which they wrote. It seemed to enhance the bond of sympathy between them.

"You ask me why I never allude to the dear old days when we were together," one letter ran. "Dear, it is because I am forging ahead. Always I see you a little beyond me, beckoning me on. If I looked back, I might lose sight of you, and you have come to mean the world to me. Perhaps you wonder how my time is spent these days, but that is my own little secret. I will tell it to you only when I have achieved success, and, dear, sometimes success seems to hover very near. And then—but dreams of the future are sweeter than any of the words I write. All I ever become will be due to you—and to you alone."

"Do you know," he wrote on another occasion, "that to me Millicent is the most beautiful name in the world? I often wonder why I ever consented to call you Milly. In the future you are Millicent to me."

At this Milly smiled. She had never known any other name, but, since Effingham preferred Millicent, Millicent she would be. Indeed, she grew into a girl far different from the Milly who had waved good by to Effingham Ward that morning on the dock. Then she had been pretty, with just one accomplishment to her name—"Renaissance Lace." Now she was Millicent, who read carefully the books her lover advised her to read, and thought with sweet seriousness on all matters in which she felt he would like her to be interested.

Her life was very full and beautiful until one day there came a terse little note.

"Mr. Ward is ill and unable to write."

What if this illness should prove serious? Milly's heart almost ceased to beat. What if death should claim the man she had learned to love and to lean on, far away though he was? The girl had but one thought—to go to him. He needed her and she would go. She borrowed money for the journey from a man she had known since childhood, packed her small trunk, and sailed for America.

Milly knew where Effingham Ward lived. He had written her of the boarding-house, and of the kind woman who conducted it and mothered the young men who boarded with her. Finding the house was a simple matter—for there were plenty of people on the streets of New York whom she might ask—and Milly climbed the stairs, her heart beating wildly. The motherly landlady admitted her, and in answer to Milly's breathless question, was quite reassuring.

"Mr. Ward is much better—almost himself again. Come right in, my dear, and I'll call him." She hustled about the room, and when she had made her guest comfortable, vanished.

A moment later a young man with clear-cut features and fine gray eyes stood in the doorway. Milly had never seen this man before, and she could not account for his start on seeing her and for the pallor that overspread his countenance.

"I came to see Mr. Ward," she murmured. "Millicent!" the man exclaimed in a low voice, taking a step forward.

The girl was plainly puzzled.

"You appear to know me," she said slowly, "but I do not remember you. I came to see Mr. Ward."

"Millicent," he said again, and his voice was strangely hoarse, "can you ever forgive me? I am Mr. Ward."

A little perplexed furrow marred the smoothness of Milly's white forehead.

"I want to see Mr. Effingham Ward," she repeated, at a loss to understand this strange young man's behavior.

The stranger hesitated barely a moment.

"Effingham Ward is dead," he said very gently.

"No, no," cried Milly. "Only a moment ago she told me that he was better—almost himself again. Let me go to him."

"Effingham Ward is dead," repeated the stranger, scarcely above a whisper. "He landed in America on the tenth of April nearly two years ago." He broke off, a look of pain on his countenance; but Milly's questioning gaze forced him to finish. "Two weeks later he died of pneumonia, due to a cold he had contracted on shipboard."

"But—he has written me many times," protested Milly.

The stranger clenched his hands, again that spasm of pain distorted his features.

"I always knew this day would come," he murmured helplessly. "Look," he said, and he drew a letter from his pocket.

The envelope bore her name in the handwriting she had grown to love. She did not yet understand, but she broke the seal and glanced at the pages within. Then she recoiled with a start.

"He has been dead for two years, and this letter was written today!"

The man nodded.

"Perhaps," she faltered, her lips white and trembling, "you will tell me—why—you did it."

It was an unusual story, and Milly sat through the recital, still as though she were turned to stone.

"For one year," began the stranger, "I have been as miserable as man can be, and at the same time as supremely happy. I met Effingham Ward on shipboard, and our acquaintance began mainly through the coincidence of having the same surname—even the same initials. I am Edward Ward. When we landed we sought the same hotel, and there Effingham Ward was taken sick. He told me of you, at the same time requesting me to write a letter to you in his name. At first I declined; but he persisted, and I yielded because I did not want to augment his fever. That was the beginning of the tangled web. It was awfully presumptuous of me," he stammered confusedly, "but—well, it was rather an unusual communication that he dictated. Romance seemed sadly lacking and—so I tried to put myself in his place. One week later he asked me to write again. He had shown me your picture and had told me of his ambitions. My web grew a little more tangled. I studied your face and wrote, forgetful at the time that I was doing an

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other's man's correspondence. A few days later Effingham Ward died, and somehow I couldn't bring myself to write you that he was dead. It seemed a brutal thing to do. I sent off a letter, determining to think out a way to tell you—one, which would be less of a shock to you. But the way never occurred to me—and I just continued to write.

The day came when I had to acknowledge to myself that I couldn't give up your letters. They had become the brightest pages in my life. I pictured you in my mind—in my heart. My web grew more and more tangled, but I couldn't end it all. I even closed my eyes to the fact that your letters were written to Effingham Ward and not to Edward Ward. Yet all the time I knew my mad dream must some day end. I planned the way at length in which I would untangle the threads. When success came to me, I determined to go to you, to tell you the whole story of my deception—and to tell you, too, of my love for you. Millicent," he said very earnestly, "do you think that you could ever bring yourself to forgive me? I'm only a usurper, I know. I took for myself what you meant for him."

Milly regarded him long and steadily, her emotions curiously mixed. She believed she hated this man who had practiced such a deception upon her for two long years, and yet, what was that feeling that filled her heart? Yes, surely she despised him, and she rose, determined to leave him alone and unforgiven.

"Before you go I want you to take this." He drew a little volume from his pocket. "The public has praised it," he said very simply, "and you were my inspiration. I used to write with your picture before me. You made my book successful, Millicent; but I'd give everything that has come to me through it to be able to win your love, or just to hear you say that you forgive me."

Milly walked towards the door. To forgive was impossible. She would go back to her home and take up the threads of life once more. She would sit in her garden and—but what would there be to life in the future? There would be no more letters, no more dreams. The end of everything had come. Tears of self-pity filled her eyes. It was such a beautiful life that she had learned to live, and now

Swiftly she faced about and took a step toward the stranger.

"No," she said

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Creatures of Destiny

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

flying." She was rather proud of this word and nodded over it. "Oh, why can't we? Larry, I wish you were a gentleman."

Larry tightened the sheet.

"Oh! Why?" he asked.

"Because I'd marry you," she said serenely.

"Then we could go sailing where we liked and be real pirates."

"That's nonsense!" he said rather roughly.

She looked at him reproachfully.

"Nonsense! Why?"

"There are no pirates," he said, "and I'm not a gentleman."

"No," she said regretfully. "Oh, I'm sorry. What's become of them all—the pirates, I mean? And you're very like a gentleman, Larry. Never mind, you can't help it, can you? Perhaps some day you will be. You never can tell. And all sorts of things happen, don't they? You may go into battle and be knighted by the king, with a big sword, and he will say: 'Rise, Sir Larry!' That sounds rather nice, doesn't it? 'Sir Larry'—I should be 'Lady Larry' then, shouldn't I?"

Larry met this effort of imagination with a somewhat discouraging silence; but Lady Marie was not discouraged.

"Yes," she said, as she leaned forward, her chin on her disengaged hand, "all sorts of things might happen like they do in books. I suppose"—she paused a moment—"I suppose you wouldn't like me to wait for you; to wait until you were made a knight or a lord? If you'll like me to very much I think—yes, I think I'd promise."

Larry laughed, but his face, as he turned away to do something unnecessary to his sail, was very red, and his lips were pressed closely together.

"You're too young to—to talk about marrying," he said, with the air of a Methuselah. "And you're letting her get out of the wind. There! We nearly went over that time. Give me the tiller. There is something to eat in that basket."

She went for it eagerly. "Why, Larry, there are cakes!" she exclaimed joyously.

"Yes, they are for you," he said shyly. "I—I thought you might come."

"You know you really are very thoughtful, Larry," she said, after she had been munching for a moment or two. "I'll give you a kiss, if you like."

Larry crimsoned, but drew back. "I hate kissing," he said; "besides—"

She looked up at him with relief and admiring sympathy.

"Oh, so do I," she cried. "I hate it ever so. And I'm so glad you don't expect me to. I only said it because it was the proper thing to say, and Lady Merston would like me to. Kissing is a foolish thing; and it is very good of you to say no. Why, Larry, there is a boat! Look! Just round the bend of the rocks there!"

Larry shaded his eyes and looked.

"A strange boat," he said. "Wonder who she is—who they are. Out fishing. They're foreigners, and they're watching for something."

"Perhaps they're smugglers?" hazarded Lady Marie, in a hushed voice.

Larry shook his head.

"No smugglers now. Ah, I know! They've come for water. That's their brig; I can sight her now, round Lanyon Head. She's making toward the boat. Yes, it's water they have come for."

He lowered the sail and ran the boat ashore, and carried Lady Marie carefully and tenderly to the beach.

"Thank you, Larry," she said. "I have enjoyed myself so much. Do you mind shaking hands? Don't if you mind very much, you know."

He took her small hand and held it, looking at her shyly, the color showing in his face, his eyes resting on her wistfully.

"It's nice shaking hands with you," she remarked. "You've got such a—a hard, strong hand. I don't like soft, namby-pamby ones. Good by, and oh, Larry!" she called back, "when you take me again bring some more of those cakes; they were good."

Larry watched her as she went up the path and was lost to his sight, then he turned quickly at the sound of oars. The strange boat had drifted close in. There were two men at the oars, and a third was in the stern with a boat cloak round him, its collar drawn almost up to his eyes. But Larry caught sight of the eyes, and his heart leaped with a sudden thrill of anger and—apprehension.

It was the Snapper, and he was looking at Larry with a sinister smile. Larry heard the man at the first oar say something, caught the words "the boy," then the boat rushed up the beach and the two men sprang out.

"Can you tell us the way to Ravenford?" asked one who looked like a Spaniard, and had gold rings in his almost black ears.

Larry turned to point in the direction of the cottage, but before he could speak something was flung over his head and the light of day was shut out.

He struggled and fought like a wildcat, but he was only a boy, and the two men laughed as they pinioned his arms, and, lifting him bodily, flung him into the boat at the Snapper's feet.

CHAPTER VII.

NINE YEARS AFTER.

Nine years later—nine years is a lifetime to the young, a brief span to the old—the castle carriage drove through Ravenford from the station and was eagerly waited for and watched by the village folk, for Lady Marie was returning from London, where she had been the belle of

the season, to spend the autumn months at her house on the Cornish cliff.

She was returning, like a victorious young queen, from scenes of triumph which might well have turned an older and a wiser head than hers; but the beautiful girl who leaned forward in the barouche and looked round her with an eager light in her gray eyes was the same in heart and mind as the child who had gone a-sailing with Larry on the eventful day on which he had been torn from his native land.

The promise of beauty had been fulfilled, and London and Paris had set their seal upon the reputation of her loveliness, but, though the pride of her race revealed itself in her eyes and the curve of her lips, and she was known to her many admirers as "My Lady Disdain," she was coming back unsullied by the world that had cast itself at her feet; and there was something childlike in the open delight with which she recognized old landmarks and familiar faces.

"Look, Meadows, there is the old signpost with all the names worn off. And there's the church and the schoolhouse! Oh, they must have given the children a holiday, for they are all out there at the gate to welcome us! Tell James to pull up a moment. Children, how are you all? Oh, I am so glad to see you!" she cried, with a little break in her voice as the children thronged round the carriage shouting: "Welcome home, Lady Marie!" and throwing flowers into her lap.

"Oh, my dears!" she said, laughing and half crying. "You must all come up to the castle to tea! I'll speak to Mrs. Manners about it. And the pretty flowers! Oh, thank you; thank you all very, very much. Yes, it's good to come home where—where people love me." This was rather hard upon the many who loved her so much and had been left behind to mourn. "Yes, there's no place like Ravenford, and no children half so nice and sweet. Must we go on? Good by till tomorrow. Mind, you must all come! I'll send the carriage for the tiny ones."

The carriage drove on amid the delighted shouting of the children; but once more Meadows was told to stop. They had reached the inn, and Lady Marie had caught sight of old Reuben standing in the door of the cottage, his eyes shaded by his hand, as if he were waiting for a sight of his young mistress. The smile died away from Lady Marie's face as she saw him, and a certain gravity, like that cast by the cloud of memory, shone in her eyes. She motioned the coachman to stop and, alighting from the carriage, went up the garden to him with her quick but graceful step, and, holding out her hand, said:

"Well, Reuben; you, too, were watching for me?"

"Yes, my lady," he said, the sunlight pouring on his head, white as flour itself now. "We all heard your ladyship was coming back from your travels. You're looking well and—bonny," he added. "The air of the town hasn't stolen all the roses from your face, Lady Marie, and those that have gone the sea breeze will soon bring back."

Lady Marie nodded and smiled at him.

"And you're well, Reuben?" she asked.

"Yes, my lady," he responded quietly. "I feel the years—but I mustn't keep your ladyship; they'll be anxious for your coming at the castle. It was good and kind of you to stop and speak to me—but you were always kind and thoughtful; and it's good to feel that you haven't forgotten us."

"No; I've not forgotten," she said with a smile; then in a lower voice, and with her eyes downcast, she added:

"And—and Larry, Reuben? Have you heard again from him?"

The miller shook his head.

"No, my lady," he replied; "only once since he left us."

His hand went to his breast pocket, but to his side again as if he were ashamed of his weakness. But Lady Marie, with a quick gesture of appeal and command, signed to him.

"I have never heard—never knew what the letter contained," she said. "I was in France when it came, you remember, and only learned from Lady Merston that you had had a letter."

He took out an old pocketbook and drew from it a letter creased and thumbed with much reading.

"It's not long," he said wistfully; "and it does not tell much, for the reason he gives. Perhaps your ladyship would care to read it."

She held out her small, exquisitely gloved hand and took the letter and read it. As Reuben had said, it was not long, and her eyes ran quickly and yet with evident interest over the few lines:

"DEAR REUBEN: A man on board has undertaken to get this in the post if I promise him not to mention the name of the vessel, or how I was kidnapped, and by whom. He is a good fellow and kind—I don't mean the man who took me—and I think he will keep his word. I am quite well and strong again. The man who seized me dealt me a blow with the boat stretcher, and I had fever and was weak for some time. But I am strong again now, and I can work with the rest. I mustn't tell you where we're bound; that's part of the promise, but it's a long voyage. Dear Reuben, I was very unhappy at first; but I've got to think that, perhaps, it is for the best—I mean that I've started in the world now, and perhaps I may make my way. I think of you and Ravenford all day, and dream of you often at night; and I long to come back. But I won't till I've made some money, and can come back different. I mean to make my fortune, Reuben, and come back rich to share the money with you. Remember me to all kind friends. Your faithful LARRY."

"Good bless you, Marie, and—and guide you right!" she murmured faintly.

Lady Marie returned the embrace, her lips parted with a question, but Lady Merston shook her head, forced a smile, and left the room.

Marie surrendered herself to Meadows, but while she was being dressed she looked out of the west window, at the vast and opaline sea, and then out of the east panes of the great square window, at the swelling uplands, dotted by the farms and homesteads; and she smiled with infinite pride and infinite pleasure. She was mistress of land and farm in Normandy and in Spain; she had a villa at Maggiore—all beautiful places—but her pride was never so much in the ascendant as when she looked upon these miles of English fields, these English pines, the trimly kept parks, the prosperous farms. She could savor for a time in other places, and play the young mistress at Normandy, where they hailed her as queen; could spend a few weeks in the sensuous beauty that surrounded her villa on the Italian lake; could fit for a week or two to Ravenford, every house of which—one almost wrote every human being in which—belonged to her, that held her young heart and stirred it with the pride of possession.

"Oh, it is very beautiful!" she murmured, as she turned from the window reluctantly and once more resigned herself to the almost frantic maid.

"And it is mine, my very own!" she added mentally. Then her mind swung round to Lady Merston's strange manner, and still stranger hints and innuendoes.

What did she mean? Marie smiled as she asked herself the question. She was too happy to be apprehensive, to have presentiments.

have to learn it that way, like the rest of us!"

Lady Marie sighed, and her eyes grew still more absent and dreamy.

"And you haven't discovered who it was that carried him off?"

"No, Lady Marie. It's still a mystery. Though every inquiry and search was made, as your ladyship may remember, nothing was discovered.

You see, we didn't miss him until the next day. We thought he had slept on the boat to catch the morning tide, as he'd often done. We lost all those hours—"

She nodded.

"I remember. Oh, yes, I remember—every-thing," she made reply. She started slightly, as if she had also suddenly remembered those who were waiting for her. "I must go, Reuben. If you get another letter, hear anything, you will send up to me? I will come down at once. Foolish boy!"

She gave him her hand again and went down to the carriage. She was very silent and thoughtful as they drove along the sea road, and her eyes were set to catch a glimpse of the beach and the strip of sand across which Larry had carried her. Often in the whirl of her triumphs in London, and Paris, and Venice she had thought of the boy with whom she had passed such happy, childhood hours; but inevitably those memories had been fleeting and transient. But now, as she looked at the very spot, with the words of Larry's simple, boyish letter in her mind, the nine years were spanned by a short bridge, and every detail came back to her.

"Why" she thought, with a blush and a smile that made the proud lips tender and wistful, "I promised to be his wife—to wait for him! I remember that. And he has, manlike, forgotten, I'll be bound!"

The carriage climbed the steep hill, and wound under the avenue of trees, and pulled up at the entrance thronged with servants in the claret and gold livery of the house; and Lady Merston came down the steps with Mr. Wharton following her, his head bent, a smile of deferential welcome on his wrinkled face.

"Dear Marie, you are late!" said Lady Merston, enfolding her in a loving embrace. "But how well you look! Not a bit tired! And such a journey! Does she not look well, Mr. Wharton?"

"She does indeed," he said, bending over the hand Lady Marie gave him. "But her ladyship always looks well. It's the great privilege of her youth."

The servants made a lane and murmured a respectful welcome, and Lady Marie spoke to Fellows and the housekeeper, and one or two of the older servants—the few words which are so little and count for so much—and so, lingeringly, went up to her room.

"Oh, it's good to be home again!" she exclaimed, for the tenth time that day, as Lady Merston, jealous even of the maid's hands, helped her to remove her jacket and hat. "All the way from the station, directly I caught sight of the house, I have said that I would never go away again. And yet I have had a splendid time!" she added, with laugh and sigh.

"Lady Barrafard was good to you?" Lady Barrafard was the lady to whose chaperonage Lady Merston, on account of her health, had been compelled to resign Marie.

"Good!" laughed Lady Marie gratefully. "She was an angel to me. It was like parting from you, dear, when we said good by this morning. She was a second mother to me—for you come first, of course."

"Dearest!" murmured Lady Merston, gazing at her beautiful ward with moist eyes. "And she is so proud of you! Oh, but I have her letters! And they are all full of the stories of your triumphs and successes—a record of broken hearts and black despair. But I'm glad you have come back heart-free, dearest. You have?"

There was a note of anxiety in her voice which caused Lady Marie to look at her with surprise.

"Why, yes," she assented, with a nod and a blush. "But why are you glad, dear Lady Merston?"

Lady Merston was silent a moment.

"I think I must leave Mr. Wharton to tell you that, Marie," she said gravely. "That is why he is here—though he would have come to welcome you in any case, of course. It is your birthday, Marie; your twenty-first birthday."

"Yes. As if I had forgotten! And the lovely presents! I haven't given you a kiss—a separate and especial one for the beautiful necklace. You shall have it now. There! And all the rest of the exquisite things. But I'm going to scold Philip when I see him. Did you see the tiara he sent me? Yes? And you didn't stop him, you wicked woman! Oh, yes, I must read Philip a lecture on extravagance. Why, Lady Barrafard declared that it was the most magnificent she had ever seen." She paused a moment, then went on with a shy hesitance: "Do you think he ought to have given me so grand a present, dear?"

Lady Merston bit her lip softly.

"He shall make his own excuses, Marie," she answered. "He will be here tonight, after dinner."

"After dinner? Why not to dinner?" asked Lady Marie, with no great eagerness. She was stepping out of her traveling dress, and did not see the gravity that sat on Lady Merston's countenance.

"Mr. Wharton thought it better so. But you will understand very soon. You must not ask any more questions, Marie. Mr. Wharton will explain. I will go now, dearest, or you will never be dressed." She rose and went to the door; then she came back and put her arms round the girl's soft white neck.

"God bless you, Marie, and

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

for these legal vampires who fatten at the trough of national and individual trouble, men of science, men of business, and men identified with and representing labor—that is men of mind, practical men, men of imagination and high ideals—we should get something accomplished, something done. The practice of the law seems not only destructive of ideals, but it seems to throw a man's sympathies all in favor of wealth and privilege, and it develops in a man the "judicial frame of mind," which seems about the worst possible frame of mind for solving problems of great public policy, and the installing of those reform measures, which this nation so sadly needs. Why have we been agitating and waiting for thirty years for a parcels post? Who has kept us thirty years from having a parcels post? Lawyers! Who is it makes it impossible to get a verdict against the trustee or if we do get a verdict, makes it a farce? Lawyers! Who is it keeps rich rascals from being brought to justice? Lawyers! Who is it that encourages murder by obstructing the avenging sweep of the sword of justice with contemptible, quibbling technicalities, permitting thousands of assassins to go free or die of old age? Lawyers! Who is it that sits at the elbow of every wealthy scoundrel in the country telling him how he may sweat labor, defy justice and heap up illegal profits? Lawyers! Who is it when an estate is put in the hands of a receiver, completes the ruin by piling up an expense bill that robs the creditors of every red cent? Lawyers! Who is it if there is a big fortune or small fortune anywhere, the distribution of which involves a dispute does not stay with that fortune until every penny of it is scattered to the winds? Lawyers! Who is it writes your political platform promising all sorts of things, merely baiting the hooks to catch the easy mark voters and then after a president is elected, laughs at promises, withholds reforms and sees the public get nothing but the usual lemon? Lawyers! You need not remind me that Abraham Lincoln was a lawyer. There is as much comparison between a lawyer of the Abraham Lincoln type and the corporation lawyers of today, as there is between an oil lamp in a fog, and the sun shining in the heavens on a clear day. There are good lawyers of course who are a credit to their profession, but the fact still remains, and everyone who knows anything is aware of that fact, that the arrogance and audacity of piratical wealth in this country, the impudence of privilege, and the gross miscarriages of justice that are constantly occurring, not to mention the utter failure of Congress to give us the kind of government we need and ought to have, is all due to the fact—that lawyers commanding fabulous salaries, are holding down nearly every job of importance the country over, and are constantly at the beck and call of the rich, powerful and unscrupulous, advising and counseling just how the aspirations of the public for better conditions may be crushed, and the public will defeated. The next time you have to elect a man to office, see if you cannot elect some public-spirited, intelligent man of your own class, a man who has your interests at heart, instead of some corporation lawyer, or if he isn't a corporation lawyer a man who will be a corporation lawyer as soon as he gets an opportunity to be one, and who will sell you out to his corporate masters as soon as he gets a chance. If you will insist on electing lawyers to office just because they tell you they are democrats or republicans, and you are herded under one or other of these particular political banners, keep your eye on them day and night for the Lord knows they will bear a whole lot of watching, and no matter how you watch them in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, they will pull the wool over your eyes and fool you before they are through with you. I am sorry, Fannie, that we can't see you when you are cooking for the boarders. Fill the boarders up with soup my dear, then they can't eat so much meat, and mind you keep them plentifully supplied with prunes. No self-respecting boarder will ever stay in a hash house unless he is well greased with prunes three times a day. A boarding house without prunes would be as lonesome as a cemetery without graves. You say you have two dulcimers. Do you play both at once or only one at a time. I have heard of a dulcimer, but never of a dulcamore. Music they say is the food of love, so if you are helping mother keep boarders you are feeding both the heart and the stomach. I hope, however, your gymnastics on the dulcamores, and your ability to extract sweet music from that instrument will not drive thoughts of soup and prunes from your head. Music is all right in its way but when it comes to a toss up between amateur music and professional prunes, give me prunes every time. Thank you, Fannie, for your nice letter. I hope the recording angel may have cause to write in golden letters everyone of our names in the great book of eternity.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
Please let a little Tennessee girl sit on your lap. I go to school at Radnor College and like it better than any school I ever went to. The president gives us a free trip at the end of school and we have all the fun that anyone can have.

The people in Canada treated us better than the people of our own land. We went to the Alma college and they passed around cream and cake. The girls sang one of their songs and then one of our songs.

We had a carriage drive in Ashville, N. C., around Mr. Vanderbilt's home and estate, and it sure was beautiful. And flowers grew everywhere. Thursday night the Ryman auditorium was crowded and the old Confederate soldiers, young men of the army and the scout boys marched in and took seats on the stage. There were two bands and they played until President Taft came in view, then they stopped to listen to him speak. And of course I was there.

I can milk cook and gentle wild colts, crochet, etc., and am a very good nurse, so when you get sick, you will know who to send for.

My home is on the farm and this summer I had a great deal of fun going to parties and talking to the boys.

I am just a little over five feet high, weigh one hundred and ten pounds, have light brown hair and gray eyes and am sweet sixteen.

The boys seem to think that I am pretty but I do not know how true it is, and it's not for me to decide. I must jump off your lap and give someone else my seat but I do not like to leave it.

Hope the cousins will write to me.

With bushels of love, your niece,
GEORGIE DANE. (League No. 35,278.)

I shall be delighted to have you sit on my lap, Georgie, as judging from your weight, it will cause me no physical suffering to support you. You are a lucky girl to be able to go to Radnor College. I don't know anything about Radnor College, but I know such institutions as a rule are filled with a crowd of jolly girls who manage to extract a whole lot of pleasure from life, and also succeed in plucking valuable fruit from the tree of knowledge, which is digested for the benefit of themselves, and future generations. It is lovely of the president to give you a free trip at the end of school. At which end of the school does the trip begin? That president must be an awfully generous man, and if I could only scare up some puffs and a hootie skirt and make a noise like a young girl of sixteen, I'd certainly be in on one of those trips. You say you have all your free trips at the end of school. You might have told us how many times a year school ends, then we could have got an idea of the number of exploring tours you are able to make in the course of a year without having to dig down into your jeans (excuse me your pocket-book), for the masumas. Your president must be a lucky man to have the precious privilege of taking some umpteen hundred girls on a continental joy ride all by his lonesome. He must have a wifled heart and a wifled wad all right by the time he gets home. I am delighted to hear that the Canadian people gave you such an enjoyable time. You say: "They passed around cream and cake." Why didn't they give you some-



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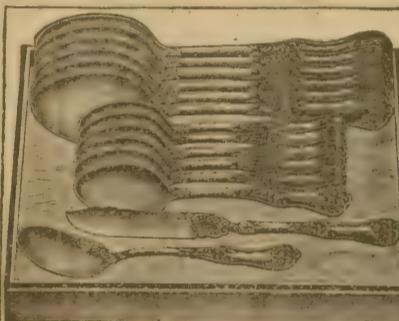
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A Classic Design. With all the beauty of this bed, has never been offered at so low a price. The corner posts and bent top rails are $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch steel tubing of the first quality, while the steel rods are $\frac{3}{8}$ inch and 6-16 inches. Deep, beautiful carvings design the posts, the head and foot end and in the center of the head and foot end; the filling rods are worked into a handsome-shaped, center diamond panel, which is held in place by huge ornamental castings of the most ornate and attractive design.

Beautiful Heavy Enamel in any color desired is baked on under intense heat and fully guaranteed. All parts, including the four end supports are made of the best quality, finely tempered steel of unusual strength. The bed is fitted with smooth running casters, and stands 60 inches high at head end and 40 inches high at foot end. Comes in 4 ft. 6 in. width only, and in any color desired. Shipping weight about 65 pounds. Ready for immediate delivery. Be sure to state color wanted.

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thing to eat instead of merely passing around it. I don't see any fun in passing around cream and cake and letting you gaze at them. The next time you go there I hope they will be more hospitable and less tantalizing and give you something to absorb. I am sorry I could not have been at the Ryman auditorium. There must have been quite some exciting times there. Even President Taft seems to have dropped in for the occasion. I suppose he was touring the South to see if the official steam roller was plentifully supplied with oil, preferably Standard Oil. Speaking of the band, you say: "They stopped to listen to him speak." I have heard musicians stop, and I have heard music stopped, but I never saw musicians when they "stopped." Maybe you mean they stopped. If so I guess quite a bunch of them got kinks in their backs, but if the official steam roller was handy, and I presume it was, the kinks could easily have been straightened out again. Look at the way it ironed out Theodore at Chicago. I think it was very unkink of President Taft to stop the music, for good music is so infinitely preferable to political speeches of the canned variety. You say: "The young men in the army scouts marched in and took seats on the stage." I suppose each of them had one seat. You don't however, tell us how many seats the President occupied, but I'll wager when he stood up he gave quite a lot of people a chance to sit down. Did you ever know that one man could fill a whole theater? Well, he can if he has got the right line of talk and doesn't charge anything at the door. George, you say you can gentle wild colts. Whatever do you mean by that? It is astonishing enough when you tell us you can milk and cook them, but to gentle a wild colt must be a scientific process far beyond the comprehension of ordinary mortals of my caliber. The Goat says he is inclined to believe you mean that you tame wild colts, or make wild colts gentle and well behaved. I hope Billy's elucidation of this perplexing statement of yours is the correct one. I am delighted to hear you are a good nurse, and if you were not so far away I would certainly keep you busy. As long as you don't nurse a grievance or a grudge you are all right. I hope your college days will be happy ones. Georgie, and your life on the farm a period of endless delight. I am sorry you have to jump off my lap, but before you go I'll just whisper in your ear that when I went to school my wife was spelled n-e-e-c-e and not n-e-i-e-c-e. Maybe they don't know this at Radnor College, but if they don't, it's time they did.

WEST LA FAYETTE, OHIO.

DEAR UNCLE:

I wrote once before, but Billy the Goat, most of eaten my letter, now isn't that just dreadful? Now Uncle, please put Billy to bed give him a river biscuit to eat, so he won't get this one. We have taken comfort ever since I opened my eyes in Ohio, can you guess how long that is? I enjoy it very much, but like our page the best of all.

All the cousins' letters are such "dears," some from the pine clad hills of Maine, some from the hills of Virginia, in old "Dixie land," and some from the breezy coasts, and the "golden West." Oh! how I love to hear of it.

Always was anxious to see the "golden West," ride over the prairies, lasso steers and kill rattlesnakes, ugh! But that letter, which a Western cousin wrote, changed my mind considerably. Thanks to you cousin

Uncle, I live on a beautiful farm, and have everything I want, a dear kind father and mother. Do you think I ought to forsake these treasures for the golden West? Ah, no!

I have went to school ever since I was seven years old, and am sorry to say, I am not experienced in domestic work, and am somewhat "spoiled," for I always have my own way. I am in high school now and enjoy my lessons very much. I am an artist, have painted several beautiful pictures. Am also a musician and enjoy my music very much, and am quite an alto singer. Uncle, is there any harm in dancing?

I just love to waltz and two-step. Now please tell me. I never go to a public dance, only private ones.

I am five feet five inches tall, weigh one hundred and twelve pounds, light complexion, blue eyes, rosy cheeks, light curly hair and last but not least my "feet." Oh, mercy, I wear size three and a half, isn't that dreadful?

Uncle, I wish I could "swap" feet with you, for not many years ago, a very large horse tramped on my left foot and mashed a small bone out along the side and sometimes I am very lame. It is impossible for me to wear leather shoes. But Uncle, I can skate just the same, but if I get my foot wet, then I am lame. Your loving niece,

Hazel Norris.

Hazel, Billy says it's no use offering him a river biscuit to eat. He wants something more substantial, a river steamer would be more likely to fill the small hole in his appetite. I'm glad you have got over your wild dreams of being a cow girl. There is nothing even in the West to beat a beautiful farm in Ohio. You are a lucky girl to have everything you want. No, I'll take that back. You are an unlucky girl. To give young people everything they want is to kill their ambition. If you had been left to want a few things, Hazel, you would have made an effort to have secured the things you wanted, and that would have developed your character and brought out the best that was in you, and then it would not have been necessary to admit that you were somewhat spoiled, and also to admit that you always have

your own way, for it's only people who are spoiled or somewhat spoiled who are willing to make a confession of that kind. Parents should be loving and kind to their children, but to gratify their every wish and to be over indulgent is to spoil them and there is nothing in God's world that is more helpless, hopeless or a greater nuisance than a spoiled child—boy or girl. American parents are the most indulgent on earth and as a result the majority of American children of the so-called "better" class are utterly spoiled.

Much as European hotel-keepers love American dollars, you simply can't get them to allow an American child under their roofs. Why? Because they know if they once let these infant terrors into their hostleries the roofs would all be off in twenty-four hours. The children of any other nation on earth are welcome, but American children are barred. The spoiled child is never happy. He is overfed, peevish, irritable and being satiated with every form of amusement that can be provided for him and being allowed unlimited freedom to do as he pleases, he vents his spleen on those who are paid to take care of him, annoys and drives crazy everyone within a hundred miles, and repays the indulgence of his parents by snarling, snapping, whining, and generally behaving like the untamed animal that he is.

What is true of spoiled boys is true in a lesser degree of spoiled girls. Both generally grow up to be a care and a worry to those who raise them, and often break their hearts, for their careers are wrecked before they even have a good chance to make a start in life. Hazel, my dear, I'm only using your remark as a text for a little sermonette. I can tell from your letter that you are far from being spoiled, but I want to tell you you are going to be spoiled and thoroughly spoiled if you don't acquire some experience in domestic work. I read in the paper sometime ago that a whole class of high school girls had gone on strike in a Western city because they were expected to take a course in domestic science and cooking. They said they had no intention of doing any cooking, they left that for the hired girl. Everyone

HOME DRESSMAKING HINTS

New Fashion Sheet Feature

By Geneva Gladding

In order to make our fashion department more and more useful to our pattern users, we have been studying on a plan whereby we can mail you, practically free, an extensive volume of fashion material indispensable to the home sewer.

Owing to limited space we can publish each month only a few new designs but with every pattern we shall hereafter enclose an advance Monthly Fashion Guide showing all the newest and best styles for ladies, misses and children. If you want one of these Fashion Guides without ordering a pattern, send a two cent stamp, it will be mailed at once.

For five cents we will send you postpaid a copy of *Every Woman Her Own Dressmaker* which tells how to make all kinds of garments from a corset cover to a full dress and illustrates over 200 of the most practical styles for ladies, misses and children. This useful fashion book

illustration shows what a charming effect it is possible to secure with this popular embroidery. The flowers, leaves and dots are worked solid, the rest of design outlined, and the punched work done with floss thread. All white, or linen color done in white is very desirable.

No. 11-9-14—Emroidered Four-in-Hand Tie. A very desirable Christmas gift. Ramie linen is one very suitable material for a wash tie, and pongee or soft finished silk for more dressy ones. The figures should be slightly padded and then worked in satin stitch. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5868—Ladies' Overblouse or Coatee. This fashionable and becoming blouse is very popular and adds a dressy touch to an otherwise plain dress. In fact it is most effective made of soft silk, worn over a soft finished wool. Braiding or bandings, makes a pretty trimming, and here a touch of color matching dress may be introduced.

makes a very handsome, attractive one-piece dress. Cut in five sizes, 22 to 30 inches waist measure; size 24 requires three and one half yards of 36-inch goods. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5892—Ladies' Dress. Unusually handsome is this one-piece dress, made with the large square armhole which may be finished with stitching or outlined with any flat trimming. Scant quilling also makes a pretty finish. The small revers which add so much to the stylish appearance of this waist are prettiest made of material to match front panel, which is bands of satin. The skirt is another model when the fullness is held into belt by gathers, instead of being gored out. Each side of skirt panels are inverted plaited which make comfortable walking width. Closing it at left side of front.

Cut in six sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure; size 36 requires nine and one quarter yards of 27-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5877—Ladies' Waist with Applied Yoke. Smartness and becomingness best describe this model. The large armholes make it very comfortable. The yoke fits onto body of waist perfectly and the square tab effect is finished with three rows of narrow braid.

Cut in six sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires two and one half yards of 36-inch goods, with three quarters yard of 27-inch



No. 514. Here is one of the many bargains we offer in women's garments. A bargain that you will appreciate, because it is actually worth almost double.

This coat is made of a dependable quality jet black broadcloth finish. Tibetan in nobby single breasted style. The back is made semi-fitting, trimmed with bias fold and three large fancy buttons, full sleeves, large pocket on either side; side vents. The deep shawl collar and turn back cuffs are of an extra quality rich black caracul. Coat is full 54 inches long, unlined. Comes in women's sizes 32 to 44 inches bust measure. Black only. Be sure to state size desired. Our special price... \$3.95

If upon receipt of the coat you do not find it the best value, you have ever seen, send it right back and we will promptly return your money and all transportation charges.

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eighths yards of 36-inch goods with two and one quarter yards of 15-inch wide flouncing if desired. With the present style of narrow skirts, many of the petticoats are made without flouncing or other trimming. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5518—Misses' and Small Women's Dress, having six-gored skirt. This useful dress can be made of any desired material, and made with high collar or cut square at neck; long or three quarters sleeves.

Cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years; age 16 requires four yards of 36-inch material, and if insertion is used for neck, belt and sleeves, two and one eighth yards will be necessary. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5308—Girls' Dress with Guimpe. For school and general wear nothing is more satisfactory than the plaited skirts and simple waists gathered into belt. The guimpe may be made of contrasting material if desired.

Cut in five sizes, four to 12 years; age eight requires for dress two and three quarters yards of 36-inch material; for guimpe one and one eighth yard. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5300—Children's Yoke Dress. For the little tots nothing is prettier than the straight dresses. They are easily made and laundered. A bit of embroidery for yoke in a simple design is in good taste, or equally good are the plain yokes set into dress with Hamburg heading.

Cut in sizes one half, one, three and five years. The three-year size requires two yards of 36-inch material; three eighths yard of all-over, and if insertion is used, two and one quarter yards. Price, 10 cents.

No. 4784—Girls' Dress. A one-piece woolen dress for school wear that the wearers can put on and take off herself is a great help and convenience to busy mothers. This model opens the entire length of front and waist has a patch pocket on right side. Tucks run over shoulders covering the armhole seam.

Cut in four sizes, six to 12 years, size eight requires three and one quarter yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5923—Girls' One-piece Dress. Another very pretty school dress of an entirely different type is here illustrated. It is extremely becoming and very simple to make. Contrasting material is effectively used for pointed yoke, cuff and belt. The waist and skirt are cut separately, gathered and joined to belt as far as each side of front when the dress is in one piece. When made of sheer white material and the trimming pieces of embroidery, they are pretty edged with narrow val lace, or in heavy materials, outlined with feather stitching.

Cut in sizes six, eight, 10 and 12 years; age eight requires two and three quarters yards of 36-inch material, with five eighths yard of 27-inch contrasting goods. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5531—Boys' Suit. A very comfortable, easily made suit adaptable to cotton or wool materials. The trousers are finished with legbands or elastic.

Cut in sizes two, four and six years; age four requires two and three quarters yards of 36-inch materials. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5886—Children's Night Dress. Closed at front or back. Cut in one year size with drawstring prevents a child from becoming uncovered. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5894—Boys' Union Suit. Cut in sizes four to 16 years; age 12 requires one and three quarter yards of 36-inch material, or can be cut from the good parts of worn-out knitted underwear.

For men, order pattern No. 5897 which is cut in sizes 34 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires two and one quarter yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

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FAITHFUL SHIRLEY

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

CHAPTER I.

A FATHER AND SON AT VARIANCE.

"C LIFTON."

"Sir."

"Where were you last night?"

"I was—out."

"I am aware of that fact; but where were you?"

"At the theater."

"No entertainment lasts until four o'clock in the morning. Where were you between eleven and that hour?"

"I decline to answer."

"You will answer me."

"I—will not. I am no longer a boy to be bullied and threatened; I am old enough now to go my own way without being called to account for every evening that I spend away from home."

"Very well; I admit that you are no longer a boy; you need no longer be bullied and threatened, as you express it; and you can henceforth go your own way, if you choose. But from this day your allowance stops."

"Stops!—altogether?" cried the young man aghast.

The above conversation occurred in a handsomely furnished library of an aristocratic up-town mansion in New York City.

As may be inferred, father and son were the speakers.

"Stop my allowance, did you say?" the young man repeated, with compressed lips, after a few moments of ominous silence on the part of each.

"I did, sir," was the stern response. "Not another dollar of my money will you get to spend until you confess where you were last night, and promise me that you will cut Will Leighton for good and all. More than this, you will give up your club!"

"Give up my club!" cried the young man, a dangerous sparkle in his handsome eyes.

"Yes; it is composed of a set of fast, miserable fellows who are not fit company for you."

"Can't do it, sir," was the curt and rather defiant reply.

"Then, sir, you have gone the length of your rope. As I said before, your income stops, and you may henceforth look out for yourself."

Clifton turned deadly white at those last words, while a lurid light sprang into his eyes.

"I have not a dollar in my pocket," he said, with compressed lips and lowering brow.

"The more shame to you, then; for surely I have not stinted you," said Mr. Vining severely.

"Hang it, father, I know it; but I have got into debt—"

"You have no right to get into debt. What kind of a business man do you expect to make, if you go on at this rate?" demanded his father, with a frown.

"A business man!" sneered Clifton. "What chance have I ever had to make a business man? I wanted to go into the office two years ago, but you would not listen to my request."

"Of course not; your education was not completed at that time. You can have a chance there now if you like, however. I should be highly gratified to have you show a desire to make something of yourself. I'll make a place for you tomorrow, if you'll take it, only I must be obeyed in the matters I have mentioned."

"Father, I declare I will not be treated like a child!" Clifton exclaimed, with passionate vehemence, and flushing hotly. "I am a man grown—in my twenty-fourth year; you have bullied and threatened me all my life, and I will not stand it any longer."

"You are very disrespectful, sir," haughtily responded his father, while he colored angrily.

"And you are certainly a bright example of a most kind and affectionate father," was the mocking response.

"You are the most thankless fellow in the world," said Mr. Vining hotly. "Just think of the money that has been spent on you during the last four years!"

"Money, money; nothing but money! I believe it is all you think of," furiously retorted the young man.

"It might be well if you would give more thought to the labor required to obtain it; you would perhaps be more careful in spending it," sternly retorted his father.

An angry oath leaped to Clifton's lips, and this so enraged Mr. Vining that hotter words followed.

In the midst of their altercation there came a timid knock upon the door, which was immediately opened, when a beautiful young girl gilded into the room and went directly to her father's side, while she glanced anxiously from one angry face to the other.

"Papa!—Clifton!—please don't!" she cried, while she slipped one arm caressingly about her father's neck.

The man's face softened instantly; although he remarked in a gently authoritative tone:

"Annie dear, run away; Clifton and I have business to discuss."

"No, papa, please let me stay," she pleaded. "You and Clif are having trouble; but pray do not be too hard upon him," she shot an affectionate glance at her brother as she spoke, as if thus to assure him of her sympathy, even though she did not understand the nature of their disagreement. "Clif can stand it—or at least he has stood it for a good while; but he is about to jump the traces and get out of the way of it all," said her brother with considerable bitterness, though an expression of keen pain settled about his hand-some mouth as he spoke.

"What do you mean, Clifton?" inquired his sister, bending a look of grave surprise upon him.

"I mean that I have been turned into the streets, and am about to start out on my own hook."

"Papa!" cried the young girl, in a startled tone, while she searched her father's frowning face with anxious eyes.

"Spare your entreaties, my sweet sister," interposed her brother; "you know the parent birds always push their young fledglings out of the nest to teach them to fly; so my honored parent is only following a wise example in trying to make me use my wings. I suppose we understand each other," he concluded, turning his moody face to his father.

"I wish you to understand me, Clifton," Mr. Vining gravely replied, and beginning to feel that the matter had become more serious than he had foreseen, yet determined not to back down from the stand he had taken. "I may have made mistakes in the past, as you assume, in my government of you, but I shall at least be firm in what I believe to be right for your future. I shall give you no more money to enable you to continue in the course you have been pursuing this last year. If you see fit to come to my terms, and desire to enter the office, I will give you a good position with a fair salary, otherwise you will henceforth look out for yourself."

"All right, sir. I think we'll call it quits," was the reckless response and the young man abruptly left the room.

"Oh! papa, don't let him go so!" cried fair Annie Vining in a tone of agony.

"Do not be foolish, dear; he is an ungrateful young rascal, and it will do him good to learn to depend upon himself," said Mr. Vining, while he drew the fair girl into his arms and fondly kissed her trembling lips.

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"But papa, just think what a dreadful way for a father and son to part! Clif will surely do something desperate; pray do not let him go like this."

"I must be obeyed," was the relentless reply. "Ah! but I cannot give up my brother so, and breaking from her father's arms with a sob, the young girl flew from the room and up-stairs to find the disobedient loved one.

She met Clifton just coming from his chamber, in the act of putting on his hat.

"Clif!—oh, Clif! don't go away from home in such a passion," she cried, clinging to him.

"I must, sis; I can't stand being bullied to death any longer. I'd rather starve," was the desperate response.

"But you are not doing right, Clif—you are angry, and you will rush into something that you will be sorry for," pleaded his sister, regarding him with sad but fond eyes.

"Maybe I shall—it doesn't matter much what becomes of such a good-for-nothing, ungrateful fellow, you know," he returned with intense bitterness, his face white with wounded feeling and anger.

"Oh, Clifton, don't!" Annie cried, hiding her face upon his shoulder, and sobbing bitterly. "Where are you going?—what do you intend to do?"

"Don't know, I'm sure," was the reckless reply. "I haven't a dollar to my name, and the governor declared that he will not give me another red. If I can't do any better, perhaps I can get a chance to sleep in a station-house."

"What shall I do?" moaned the girl. "How dreadful to think of your going to such a place! But oh, Clif! I have some money—you shall have it if you will promise to go to some decent place to stay tonight and come back to me to-morrow."

He threw his arms around her and hugged her closely to him.

"You love me, Annie dear, if no one else does," he said, with a suspicious catch in his breath. "You'll not throw me over, if the others do, will you? I could not bear it, graceless scamp though I may be."

"Love you? You do not need to ask that, Clif, and I could not throw you over for anything. But it breaks my heart to have you leave me in such anger; and you know that you are not doing right," the fair girl concluded with gentle reproof.

Presently she became somewhat calm, and bending nearer to Clifton, she searched his face with intense earnestness, while something of hope began to dissipate the look of despair which her own had hitherto worn.

"You seem like an honest man," she said, in a tone which seemed to gather confidence as she proceeded. "But, oh! the world has used me so badly of late, I am inclined to doubt the truth of every human being."

"I will prove to you that I am an honest man, young lady," Clifton remarked, in reply to her observation.

"I will not even inquire your name—I will not seek to know how you happened to be driven to such extremity tonight; you shall preserve the secret of your identity and of your trouble, if you desire; only let me take you to a good woman who will kindly care for you, at least for tonight."

"Who is this woman?" demanded the young girl, with breathless eagerness.

"Her name is Abby Knapp, and she was my own and my sister's nurse during our infancy and youth," Clifton explained; adding: "She is married, and lives in a quiet, respectable street. Her husband is a decent hack-driver in the city, and she helps to increase their income by doing fine washing and ironing. Abby has the kindest heart in the world, and never refused to do anything for her nurslings that does not conflict with her ideas of right and wrong."

"But what would she think to have me—a young girl, in such a plight—come to her house at this unseasonable hour in the morning?" the beautiful stranger inquired, while a vivid flush of color dyed her face.

"She will think just what is true and what I shall tell her—that you are in trouble and need help and sympathy, and she will cordially give both to you," Clifton responded reassuringly.

Again the young girl bent forward and searched her companion's face with an intenseness that was almost embarrassing to him.

Then she remarked in a grateful tone:

"Thank you, Mr. Vining; I will go with you to Mrs. Knapp. How far is it from here?"

"About half an hour's walk, I should think; will that be too far for you?" Clifton inquired with some anxiety, for he did not think it would be possible to find a carriage at that hour.

"No, the farther the better from this dreadful place," she responded, glancing over her shoulder in the direction of Houston Street, with a shudder of aversion.

"If I only had something to put on my head to shield my face," she murmured, with a sensitive blush.

Clifton drew from the pocket of his overcoat a soft, brown felt hat and passed it to her.

"I almost always have it with me to wear in the clubroom," he remarked, then unwinding a silk handkerchief from his throat, he tied it around her white neck. "I wish it was something that had more warmth," he said, "for the air is keen."

"You are very good," the young girl said, appreciatively, "and now, if you please, let us hurry away from this place—I am afraid—I am filled with horror, when I think of all that I have escaped."

With as much courtesy and respect as he would have shown a society belle, Clifton gave his arm to his companion, and turned toward Broadway.

They had not proceeded many blocks when they encountered a cab returning from a late trip up-town.

Clifton hailed it and quickly putting his charge within it, he told the driver where to take them, and then followed her.

Upon their arrival at Abby Knapp's humble home, Clifton paid and dismissed the cabman, and then proceeded about the somewhat difficult task of awakening his former nurse from her profound slumbers.

This was finally accomplished, and, after a brief explanation of the situation, the woman admitted them.

Clifton could see, however, that she regarded his fair companion with some suspicion, but she was too truly kind to make the stranger uncomfortable, and soon conducted her to a tiny but immaculate room, where she helped her to bed, after which she brought her a cup of steaming beef tea, and in less than ten minutes the worn-out girl was sleeping the sleep of exhaustion, with a sense of security such as she had not known for many weeks.

Clifton asked the privilege of resting upon the lounge in the cozy sitting-room, where, wearied out with the excitement of the long evening, he, too, was soon wrapped in sound slumber.

But honest Abby Knapp, who had been so unceremoniously aroused from her rest, repaired to her kitchen. Here, with a very grave look on her homely face, she sat down to think.

Of course Clifton had not been very explicit in his explanations to her. He did not wish to embarrass the girl by going into the details of his adventure before her. So Abby Knapp knew but little, and that little was evidently troubling her; for, she now and then shook her head from side to side.

should have been less than a man if I had allowed you to carry out the rash purpose which you evidently had in mind. Surely," he went on gravely, as she turned suddenly and confronted him with a wondering look on her beautiful face, "you would not have had me allow you to commit the sin of suicide, without making an effort to save you. Rest a moment—get your breath, and then tell me, if you will, what dire necessity drove you to contemplate such a desperate act."

The girl still stood regarding him with unfeigned astonishment.

"Who are you?" she at last demanded in a wondering tone; and he at once comprehended that she had hitherto imagined him to be someone else; someone, perhaps, who had followed her from the house from which she had fled.

"I assure you that I am one who only desires to befriend you," he replied reassuringly.

His companion lifted a pair of large, dark-blue eyes, and studied his face with an earnest but half-fearful gaze, while she began to tremble violently.

Clifton read her thought; she feared that she had escaped one evil only to fall into a worse one, perhaps.

"Do not fear to trust me," he said gently, all his sympathies aroused by that look of fear on her face. "I have a dear sister who is just about your age: do you think that I would see you, or any other young girl, in trouble, and not wish to help her? Pray give me your confidence and let me do what I can for you. My name is Clifton Vining, and I promise you that I will accord you all the friendliness and respect which I should wish shown to my sister under similar circumstances," he concluded, with a shudder of horror at the mere thought of Annie ever being found in such a terrible extremity.

The girl was unmistakably impressed by his words for she bowed her face upon her hands and burst into nervous weeping.

"Saved!" he heard her murmur with a long-drawn breath of thankfulness.

Presently she became somewhat calm, and bending nearer to Clifton, she searched his face with intense earnestness, while something of hope began to dissipate the look of despair which her own had hitherto worn.

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:
I should be very glad to be admitted to your corner, and I think many others should take advantage of this opportunity, for here is a chance to reveal to others the little or much good that is within us.

I am twenty-six years old and have a good husband and four little ones. I have been a reader of COMFORT for over three years and think it is the most helpful paper I ever took, every housekeeper should take COMFORT. I am trying to get some men subscribers.

Here are a few helpful hints.

To remove ironrust from white goods, take a piece of lemon, rub salt on flesh side, then rub the rust spots and lay in the sun.

An easy way to open glass fruit jars is to put the jar (lid downwards) in warm water, for a few minutes before opening.

A large newspaper spread under the stove will keep your kitchen door from getting sooty while stove is being cleaned out.

Mrs. N. P. DEVANE, Broadway, N. C.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for about ten years and think it grows better with every year.

Now, let me introduce myself so you can imagine how I look while you are reading this. I have brown hair, brown eyes, am five feet tall, weigh one hundred pounds, wear spectacles and am twenty-one years old.

My occupation is teaching in the rural schools. Have taught for two terms and love the work. Am aware of the great responsibility which rests on the shoulders of school teachers. On the other hand think of the reward, omitting dollars and cents, we may claim if we mold these young lives right!

Mrs. Hodge. Your incident could and should teach many a mother valuable lesson. Let me tell you of a truth I have found in the schoolroom. A child who is dressed clean, neat and comfortable has the most ambition to study, the best lessons and are the more orderly. Teachers, I think in this respect may do much by a good example. Let me relate another incident.

Alice had started for school. On the way as she had to pass a schoolmate's house, she ran in to wait for her. Mamie was just ready to start. Her mother came to the door, gave the little girl a loving kiss and cheerful good by. Alice looked on hungrily and as they passed down the street she remarked to Mamie, "My mother would kiss me good by, too, if she had time."

Oh! mothers think of it and take time to send the children to school happy. They will do better work while there if their little hearts are at rest.

I am interested in the Sisters' Corner. I am a Methodist and love to do churchwork.

It is almost a year since dear mamma left us for the bright home above. I have three sisters, one older and two younger than myself. We live on a farm. With best wishes to all, your COMFORT sister,

MISS ZULAH M. KELLEY, Berwick, R. R. 1, Ohio.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

A right hearty greeting—one and all—I realize what a large, helpful band of workers you are and how much good you do and if I may be permitted I'd like to tell you a little experience I had recently. It may give some of you a new thought as it did me. Now, like many of the other sisters I am very fond of flowers. But I am the main bread-winner for the family and have little time to devote to caring for them so about seven years ago I started a hardy border. It is not arranged in artistic order but contains such a variety that from the time of the first "daffy" until frost comes I can generally find something in bloom.

Now I have a friend who each Sunday holds a meeting in a hall situated among the tenements in Boston (which is fifteen miles from here) she is much pleased if people bring in flowers and after the services are over gives them to someone present who has a sick relative or friend or perhaps sends them to the hospital.

One Sunday my sister-in-law and I started for the hall above mentioned. I had gathered two large bouquets. She carried one and I the other. We had hardly left the car and started for the hall when we were besieged by a small army of children of all ages, sizes and conditions, but each and all with one object in view. They pressed close about us, with hands outstretched and voices pleading: "Oh, lady, give me a flower—just one—just one little bud. Oh, you have a lot, lady. Please give me one." It almost seemed as if they would capture us and take the flowers by force they were so persistent. I had promised the flowers to my friend and didn't like to disappoint her but you see I had two bouquets so I handed the noisy voices as well as I could and said:

"Now listen, I have promised a lady over to the hall these flowers and I am in a hurry. I would give you one bouquet and each of you might have a flower as far as they would go around but I'm not the time to bother. Now if I gave the bouquet to one boy or girl the rest would be no better off. Who will promise to divide it up fair?"

Cries of "Give it to Jimmie," was my answer and a tiny little chap on crutches was pulled and pushed through the crowd to my side. I placed the largest bouquet in his hands. Immediately we were deserted by the band of flower hunters and little Jimmie was the center of attraction. I almost feared for his well-being, he was so tiny and some of the children so rough, but he held his ground right manfully and distributed the flowers as he saw fit. My sister and I hurried on, a smile on our faces, but an ache in our hearts to think of all the people who were hungry for the beautiful flowers and green grass but compelled to live in the close, hot city, and I never got to Boston empty handed now, but always try and carry flowers of some kind. Even the most common wild flowers you know will be dearly prized, and why not? To me, a field of white daisies and buttercups is one of the most beautiful sights and to this day I love to lie right down among the big red clover tops and drink in their sweetness as I did in the happy days of childhood.

Have I given the sisters a new thought? If so I am glad and hope it may bear—flowers.

Lovingly,

SUSIE S. METCALF, 82 Cottage St., Norwood, Mass.

DEAR SISTERS:

If the sister who asks a remedy for the baby requires a laxative daily, will, instead of that give baby pure sweet cream several times daily. Begin with a teaspoonful. If not sufficient increase the amount. Cream alone is very good but ten or twelve drops of juice from stewed (dried) prunes may be added. When baby's first teeth appear, buy some wheat, clean carefully, removing anything that is not wheat, grind and sift several times and make a gruel (salting just a little), very thin at first, and feed to baby either alone or with milk or cream and a tiny bit of sugar. Have tried this and it worked wonders. You may have to give an enema daily for a while after beginning to use the cream, but don't get discouraged. I think it won't be necessary to do so many days.

Will the sisters who have made a bassinet please write me minute directions at once? I will be very thankful.

Mrs. N. E. BARRE, Marion Center, Ind. Co., Pa.

DEAR MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON:

As I have adopted a dear little baby girl only three months old from the Memphis Orphan Home, I want to ask some advice on feeding her goat's milk. I have tried every other kind of milk and foods and can get nothing to agree with her. Everything causes her to pass blood and mucus; her milk will pass in lumps. I will be so glad to hear from some of the good sisters who have reared babies on bottles and have used goat's milk. I am anxious to save my baby.

Please publish my letter. I will be glad to get some advice on how to prepare her milk.

Your COMFORT Reader,

Mrs. LINNIE MOORE, Brighton, R. R. 32, Box 32, Tenn.

Mrs. Moore.—I believe you can make no mistake in trying goat's milk, at first diluting it one half.

In the September COMFORT, Mrs. W. A. Smith, 1325 Ash Crescent St., Fort Worth, Texas, tells of her success with condensed milk.

May you be blessed and rewarded for taking into your arms this homeless babe.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a subscriber for your dear COMFORT a long time. I think it is rightly named, for it is a great comfort to me.

I am sick most of the time and so lame I can't walk but a block. I go to church when I can. It's one block away and some good sister is always ready to help me home.

I will be seventy-four years old the fifth of November and would be very glad if all will send me a shower of blessings. I am so lonely and am far away

BREAD PUDDING.—Beat one egg, add one cup of milk.

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most attractive place on earth, paying for
itself over and over again by bringing into
your home life that which money cannot buy
—happiness and contentment.Its value cannot be measured in dollars and
cents. Think what a satisfaction it will be to
listen to its sweet music—what pleasure to
sing to its accompaniment the songs we love
with the ones we love best.I firmly believe that if there were an Adler
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farmers, better citizens because of the
elevating power of music and the fact that
it makes it possible for every family to know
the delights of music. I have originated the
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has made the "Adler" a household word;
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now in the homes of the people. The time has
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from my dear ones, among strangers but they are very kind to me.

God bless Mrs. Wilkinson and all of COMFORT sisters and Uncle Charlie too, Mrs. JENNIE MORGAN, 325 Pine St., Fall River, Mass.

Comfort Sisters' Recipes and Every-day Helps

DYING BEANS.—Take nice tender beans, string, wash and put in a kettle with boiling water to cover. Let come to a boil, then take from the fire and drain thoroughly. Lay in thin sheets and dry on the back of stove, being careful not to burn them. Soak well before using and pour off water several times. Good cooked with smoked ham or bacon. Fresh pork can be used, too.

Will some sister send in a recipe for "Mead"? Miss M. ALZINA REICHERT, Pine Grove, R. R. 3, Box 24, Pa.

DRIED GREEN STRING BEANS.—String as to cook without breaking. Take a darning needle with coarse thread and string beans into one and one half or two yard lengths. Hang up in sack, they will keep like apples.

To cook: Soak over night in warm water with a pinch of soda. Rinse and cool till done, then bacon can be added.

CANNED VEGETABLE SOUP.—One and one half gallons Irish potatoes, one large cabbage, two green peppers, one gallon ripe tomatoes, one and one half dozen eggs, one of corn, salt to season. Water enough to fill six quart jars. Seal and cook till thoroughly done. When opened add pepper, fat and thickening.

Mrs. KATHY McDONALD, Leeds, R. R. 1, Ala.

DRIED STRING BEANS.—Gather, break and wash beans as for cooking; string on strings with large needle, place in large kettle of boiling salted water and scald; take out and hang in airy, shady place and they will dry in three or four days. To use—put to soak at night, slip from strings and cook in usual way.

Note—I want to say to the sisters who would dry beans, that it can only be accomplished in the high altitudes in places where the air is very dry and hot. Slow drying ruins the flavor. I only wish we could all use Mrs. Everett's excellent recipe, for the flavor of dried vegetables is finer than that of canned ones. I add this note chiefly that sisters who are unsuccessful will understand why.—Ed.

DRIED PEAS.—Hull peas, cook for a few minutes in salted water, drain and pour out on several thicknesses of cloth and dry in the sun. I have put up lots of these for several years and they are always fine.

Mrs. LILLIE EVERETT, Mancos, Colo.

CRULLERS.—Cream together one cup of sugar and one tablespoonful of butter then add two eggs well-beaten, one cup of milk, three cups of flour with two teaspoons of baking powder and one half teaspoon of salt. Add enough flour to make a soft dough. Fry in hot lard.

I am sure you will like them. I make them to sell in lunch stand.

Mrs. E. M. ROBERTS, New Castle, 1706 Hiram St., Ind.

PRESERVED GRAPES AND ORANGES.—Seven pounds of seedless grapes, one pound of seedless raisins, three oranges, cutting peal fine, three and one half pounds sugar. Cook all together as any preserve.

W. H. BRADLEY, West Pt. Pleasant, Box 26, N. J.

MUSTARD PICKLES.—Wash the cucumbers well and drain. Put a layer of horseradish leaves in bottom of jar, pack the cucumbers in the jar until about one third full, and then another layer of leaves, and so on until full, then cover with vinegar prepared as follows: To one gallon of vinegar use one cup of salt and two thirds of a cup of ground mustard. Let dissolve and pour over the pickles and put a weight on. These should be ready to use in from three to five days. If you must weaken vinegar use soft water.

Mrs. IVA B. MCKEE, Hicksville, R. R. 1, Ohio.

APPLE SAUCE CAKE.—This is a rich, dark loaf cake, one cup of sugar, one half cup of butter, one teaspoon each of cloves and cinnamon, one half a small nutmeg, pinch of salt, one cup of seeded raisins, one cup of sour apple sauce, one teaspoon of soda and two cups of flour. Bake in a slow oven for an hour or until done. Should be moist and nice.

APPLE FOOL.—Peel, core and quarter six large apples, cook them until tender with three or four cloves, a small piece of lemon peel, sugar to sweeten and a teacup of water. Remove the cloves and lemon peel, beat well with a fork and stir in one half cup of sweet cream. Turn into a glass dish and before serving sprinkle thickly with sugar. Serve with sponge cake. Cut the cake in rather thin slices and place a layer in the bottom of a glass dish. Pour over it diluted red currant jelly to moisten, then cover with a thick layer of apple fool. Add another layer of fool and currant jelly and heap the remainder of the fool over the top. Serve a large spoonful of whipped cream, flavored with almond with each helping.

CARAMEL CUSTARD.—Put one cup of sugar in small frying pan until it melts then pour into quart of hot water. When it is dissolved add four beaten eggs and one teaspoon of vanilla. Pour in cups, set in pan of hot water. Bake until set.

WHITE HOUSE SPICE CAKE.—This simple recipe for spice cake was the contribution of Mrs. Roosevelt for the book of Famous Old Recipes published and sold for charity by well-known Philadelphia society women.

Heat to a cream one cup of butter and two cups of sugar. Add one cup of milk, four well-beaten eggs, four cups of flour sifted with two heaping teaspoons of baking powder, a teaspoon of cinnamon and one half teaspoon of nutmeg. Bake in loaf.

BREAD PUDDING.—Beat one egg, add one cup of milk.

MOLETTES PIE.—Nine tablespoons of molasses, three tablespoons of vinegar, juice and grated rind of one lemon, white of one egg beaten stiff, one cup of sugar and one cup of cold water. Stir well together and pour into a pastry lined pie dish and bake in a moderate oven until firm in center. Beat the white of another egg till foamy, then beat in tablespoon sugar, little lemon juice and rind until mixture is stiff, put on pie soon as done, return to cool oven to become firm.

MOLASSES PIE.—Nine tablespoons of molasses, three tablespoons of vinegar, juice and grated rind of one lemon, white of one egg beaten stiff, one cup of sugar and one cup of cold water. Stir well together and pour into a pastry lined pie dish and bake in a moderate oven until firm in center. Beat the white of another egg till foamy, then beat in tablespoon sugar, little lemon juice and rind until mixture is stiff, put on pie soon as done, return to cool oven to become firm.

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The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

Arm Secrets for Wintry Days

WHO wants pretty arms? You all do? Your reply shows that you all have your share of common sense, as short sleeves are still in the fashion, although I cannot guarantee that Dame Fashion may not decree elongated sleeves some fine morning soon. Until that time comes, however, it is the desire of every woman who likes to look attractive, to have white, rounded, velvet-smooth arms.

It isn't possible for everyone of you to have perfectly formed arms, as it is only one woman out of a hundred whose arm measurements would satisfy an artist, but it is possible to so care



ROUND WHITE ARMS ARE A GREAT MARK OF BEAUTY.

for the arms that they will be like alabaster, free from hair and smooth to the touch.

Let me ask you to look in your mirror and take an inventory of your arms. You will doubtless find that the summer sun has bronzed them until they look as if they belonged by rights to an Indian lassie.

What else do you find that does not please your beauty-loving eye? I cannot hear your reply, but I doubt not that your arms are rough-skinned and disfigured here and there either by freckles or hairs. I don't know which is the worst of these two evils, as they both stick by one like glue and require constant treatment if one wishes to get rid of them permanently.

Don't be discouraged because your arms are not everything they should be, however, as the ugliest arms in the world will respond to the right kind of treatment.

Suppose we chat first on different ways of bleaching brown arm tints out of existence, as I think you are probably anxious to get started on some whitening treatment right away.

The best time for you to take this arm bleaching treatment is at night, after you are undressed and have bathed your arms, neck and face, brushed your teeth and taken down and smoothed your pretty tresses.

The bleach that I am going to ask you to use is to be left on all night, as it must have time in which to work its will upon your tanned skin, and even so, it will, in all probability, be necessary for you to use this bleach for six or seven successive nights before you will reach your goal—milky-white arms. I wish I could tell you of a bleach that would be lightning quick, but the day of miracles is past and you must be content to wait while this bleach gets in its work.

The whitening paste that I am speaking of, is made by this formula:

Oil of bitter almonds, three drops; unbeaten whites of three eggs; tincture of benzoin, four drops; ground barley, twelve ounces; sufficient strained honey to make a thin paste.

The arms should be covered thickly with this mixture, after which wind long strips of cotton cloth around the arms, beginning at the wrists and ending at the shoulders. Be sure to fasten ends so securely that they cannot fly loose else you will have your trouble for your pains.

When you get up in the morning, remove bandages and wash the paste off gently with plenty of hot water, then, when the skin is perfectly cleansed, lather the arms with a mild soap, rinse them and dry skin with a soft towel.

You cannot have pretty arms, no matter how plump and white they are, if the elbows are unduly pointed, or worse still, knobby and red.

Those of my readers who are minus elbow beauty must take steps to remedy this beauty ill, and I will tell them how to do this.

In the first place, beauty devotees, do rid yourselves of that foolish habit of digging your elbows into window sills, chair arms and tables, as that way lie knobby, calloused elbow points.

If your elbows are already disfigured by hardened lumps of flesh, treat them to a daily massage with the following cream, as this not only softens the skin but adds flesh to the elbow, and this means that eventually dimples will appear.

Fattening Elbow Cream

Lanoline, five ounces; spermaceti, one half ounce; mutton tallow (freshly tried), five ounces; coconut oil, two ounces; oil of sweet almonds, four ounces; tincture of benzoin, one dram; extract of Portugal, four ounces; oil of neroli, twenty drops.

If you wish to compound this cream yourself, put the fats and oils into a double boiler, or lacking that, set a bowl in a pan of boiling water. Now let mixture heat over a low flame until it can be easily creamed, then add the extract slowly, beating cream with a patent egg beater. At the last, just before cream congeals, add the tincture, drop by drop. You should continue beating cream until it stiffens, when it should be ladled into a porcelain jar.

Another thing you must do, if you are in haste to obtain soft, smooth, dimpled elbows, is to coat them thickly at night with the above cream, and then bandage elbows snugly with short, wide strips of cotton cloth, as this will prevent cream from rubbing off on the sheets as you sweetly slumber.

I cannot tell you exactly how long it will take this treatment to make elbow points presentable, but imagine that this pleasing result will be accomplished inside of two weeks, although particularly obstinate cases may require longer treatment.

There is one thing that the lover of pretty arms should guard against and that is goose-flesh. You know, and I know, that a scaly skin is the reverse of beautiful, and for this reason, if no other, should be gotten rid of in double quick time. My treatment for this beauty ill is simplicity itself, and costs nothing.

I have found that the minute, dried-up particles of cuticle will disappear quickly, if the arms are given a thorough scrubbing, night and morning, with a soft-bristled nail brush dripping with hot sudsy water. This rub-a-dub-dub should be persisted with for several minutes, then the arms are rinsed in clean water and dried with

a rough towel, which should be applied with considerable friction to the flesh.

If a little cream is massaged over the arms, after the night's scrubbing, all irritation and redness of the cuticle will be avoided.

While we are on the subject of soap and water let me ask you, ladies fair, to give your arms a thorough scrubbing every day of your life, whether they be "goosefeshy" or not, as water and soap and friction, will aid you to obtain white, satin-smooth arms. If you are neglectful of the daily arm bath, you will find yourself possessed of yellow, leathery, grimy arms. This is one of the cases where cleanliness is next to godliness.

Hairy arms are my particular aversion so I am going to tell you how to banish these little fuzzers. The treatment I speak of works but slowly, but in the end gives satisfaction in nine cases out of ten. If you are anxious to get rid of a hairy growth, and don't object to waiting months for results, then try peroxide of hydrogen. All you need do is to moisten your fuzzy arms twice daily with this penetrating liquid and continue treatment until roots die and hairs fall out. Simple, isn't it?

Questions and Answers

Miss Anxious, Bertina S., County Lass, Mortified, Molly and others.—So you have a "jolly red nose," little girl. Then I am very, very sorry for you, as a flaming nose is anything but a mark of beauty. My advice to you is to get rid of it as soon as possible. To begin with, see to it that you do not wear your gloves, collars, or cuffs too snug. Then, too, a tight corset has often been known to give one a red nose. Tight shoes and stockings and sleeves that cling too closely to the arms all induce a rush of blood to the nose. A local treatment that will do much to banish the red tint which you so despise, is given below:

Nose Bleach

Powdered calamine, one dram; zinc oxide, one half dram; glycerine, one half dram; cherry laurel water, four ounces.

Shake bottle before using and mop lotion on nose night and morning.

When the skin stays unpleasantly moist most of the time, the only thing to do is to wipe the face frequently with a cloth wet with alcohol. For your height you should weigh about one hundred and thirty-five pounds.

Rose Bud, Elderly Jane, Mrs. S., and others.—No, the two remedies mentioned will not injure the hair. Use the shampoo every ten or twelve days. A treatment that is said to sometimes prevent hair from turning gray, consists in rubbing sage tea into the scalp nightly. Personally, I have not the greatest faith in home-made hair restoratives but a preventive is quite a different thing.

Country Girl.—Since you dislike wrinkles and your forehead creases are caused by your habit of frowning when you are angry, why not taboo anger for the future? There is no use in trying to massage away lines that are caused by silly habits of the facial muscles. The thing to do is to get the facial muscles well under control. Do you want to grow thin? Then you must eat less and walk more and only sleep seven hours at night. The too fat woman or girl is generally a great sleepy-head. Seven hours continued sleep should be enough for anyone. If you could but make up your mind to try the boiled milk diet, you would get thin quite rapidly. I will tell you about this diet. Live entirely or partially on boiled milk for the next two or three months and you will finally possess a sylphlike figure.

Jenny A New Subscriber, Miss Leanness, Anxious T. A. and others.—I agree with you that "there is nothing so pretty as a plump neck." Since yours inclines to leanness and you do not like this state of affairs, I think it would be a good plan for you to massage neck for fifteen minutes daily with warm olive oil, and in addition to this, devote ten minutes, morning and night, to exercising the muscles of the neck. An exercise which generally results in giving one a rounded neck, is as follows:

Neck Exercise

Throw chin up, then tighten neck muscles and repeat head slowly.

As to your arms, an olive oil massage would do them a world of good but results would not come with lightning speed, I am sorry to say. In conjunction with this fattening massage, practice some arm exercise daily, as this will tend to give your arms pretty outlines. I have great faith in internal treatment when one is too thin for good looks. Why don't you drink milk? Two or three quarts of rich milk every twenty-four hours will be the means of putting the flesh on rapidly.

Maggie, The Extra Pound of Flesh, A Farmer's Wife, Hettie and others.—I do not answer letters personally, I am sorry to say. Since you have lost the recipe for the fat reducer, I take pleasure in printing it again. The soap mentioned is ordinary white kitchen soap. You ask if solution is injurious. Not at all and it is effective.

Epsom Salts Reducing Lotion

Dissolve one pound of epsom salts in one quart of rain-water. Shave fine three bars of white kitchen soap and dissolve in one quart of boiling water. When partially cool, beat in the epsom salt solution. Now add two more quarts of water and it is ready for use.

At night rub the preparation on such parts of the body as you wish to reduce, and let it dry in. When morning comes, wash it off. Continue the use of the fat reducer until the desired results are obtained. In addition to this wash, take the juice of half a lemon in a cup of hot water, three quarters of an hour before breakfast. The average reduction in weight is two pounds every week.

M. I. V. B.—Since your skin is so very tender, I should not advise you to use any strenuous freckle remover. Lemon juice rubbed on the freckles once a



DO NOT TOLERATE KNOBBY ELBOWS.

day and allowed to dry on, will fade them in time. I am reprinting the recipe you referred to.

Epsom Salts Face Lotion

Fill a pint bottle almost full with epsom salts, then add one teaspoonful of camphor, five drops of glycerine, and quinine and borax, enough of each to equal in size a pea. Now pour in soft water until the bottle is full. How do you use this lotion? I will tell you. First bathe the face with hot, soapy water until the skin is free from dust and powder, then pour a few drops of this exquisite lotion into the palm of the hand, which should then be rubbed over the face until the pores of the skin have absorbed every bit of the

magic liquid. This lotion is excellent to use in cases of pimply skins, blackheads and sallowness. Should you wish to perfume it, use a drop or two of rose water.

Wild Rose, Summer Girl, Daisy M., Miss E. C., and others.—So you simply must have a strenuous freckle remedy! So be it then.

Heroic Freckle Bleach

Weak solution of ammonia, two ounces; bay rum, two ounces; rose-water, two ounces; powdered borax, two ounces; glycerine, one ounce; distilled water, twenty ounces.

Mix. Great care must be exercised in the use of this lotion. Bear in mind that it is decidedly strenuous in its effects and if it irritates the skin unduly, stop using it. Before applying to the face, test strength on the arm and be very careful not to get any in or near the eyes. This lotion is poison if swallowed. While this remedy generally gives satisfaction, of course it is not infallible. If you refer to my reply to Annette and Betty, you will find the information of which you are in search. I cannot tell what colors would be most becoming to you, as you omitted to tell me the color of your skin and eyes. You are splendidly proportioned, I think. You say you would like to weigh more. Then you should eat heartily of nourishing foods and drink copiously of sweet milk. Do this and you will gradually put on flesh.

Betty and Vanity.—Recipe for a good cream for filling out a hollow face is given just below. It is easily prepared and those who have used it are enthusiastic about it. Massage it into the face for ten minutes every morning and, when bedtime comes, cover the face thickly with it, put on a cotton face mask—so the cream will not rub off on the bed linen—and lie off to bed. If this treatment is persisted with, your hollow cheeks will eventually fill out.

Fattening Cream

Lanoline, five ounces; spermaceti, one half ounce; mutton tallow (freshly tried), five ounces; cocoanut oil, two ounces; oil of sweet almonds, four ounces; tincture of benzoin, one dram; extract of Portugal, four ounces; oil of neroli, twenty drops.

Put the fats and oils in a double-boiler and heat over a low flame until mixture creams easily, then add extract slowly, stirring cream with a fork. Finally add the tincture, drop by drop. Continuous heating cream until it hardens.

Annette.—Judging from what you say your scalp is infected by mean little microbes which it should be your aim to get rid of as soon as possible, else you will lose your pretty hair. Excessively oily hair is caused by the scalp becoming infected with tiny microbes, which, if left alone long enough, will cause hair to fall and scalp to be covered with dandruff. The oiliness you complain of is one of the symptoms. Here is the treatment—and a very disagreeable one it is. I ought to know—because I took it—but if instructions are followed your hair will finally become healthy and excessive oil will be a thing of the past. Every night moisten the entire scalp with the following ointment:

Sulphur Ointment

Sulphur precipitated, fifteen grams; vaseline, fifty grams.

Do not throw the hair over the eyes or rub the eyes with the fingers while giving this treatment; as the sulphur fumes will cause the eyes to smart in a most distressing way. Take this treatment nightly for four weeks, then three nights out of every seven days for two weeks or more. As you near the time to discontinue sulphur ointment disinfest brush and comb every day, as you don't want to reinfect your scalp. Also, I would suggest holding your hair over burning sulphur to get rid of any lingering microbes, and of course you must buy a new pompadour pad, if you wear one. When you have said a happy farewell to the ointment begin moistening scalp nightly with the following lotion for six weeks. It acts both as an astringent and a disinfectant.

Salicylic acid, one part; glycerine, two parts; alcohol, seventy parts; water, distilled, thirty parts.

The best way to apply this lotion is to fill a medicine dropper with it, and then run the dropper hither and thither through the hair.

Western Girl, in Trouble, Texas Woman, Lucy and others.—You are far too stout. For your height you should not weigh more than one hundred and thirty-five pounds. Bathe the feet frequently in hot water, if they are swollen and full of pain. If they perspire unduly, dust them over with the following powder several times each day.

Perspiration Powder

Oleate of zinc, one dram; powdered starch, one ounce; salicylic acid, one third dram.

Perhaps your feet are swollen because the arches of the instep are breaking down. You will not be able to determine this for yourself. It will be necessary to consult a doctor. Frequently people with broken-down arches think their shoes are too tight or that they are falling heir to a bunion. The cause of a bunion comes because, when the arch of the foot breaks down, it naturally forces the joint of the big toe out of place. If your feet continue to pain you without any apparent reason, go to a doctor and ask him to give you a thorough examination. When the arch of the foot breaks down entirely, the sole of the foot rests solidly upon the ground.

Mrs. L. M., Disgusted Ann, Mayme, California Poppy and others.—I am glad you have "derived so much good from the Epsom Salt Face Lotion." In your condition I think it would be hopeless to try to clear up the brown spots. Later on, use the following lotion:

Moth Patch Lotion

Salicylic acid, one half dram; bay rum, two ounces. Mop carefully on spots, night and morning. I am not over enthusiastic about the treatment referred to by you.

Julia P. W., Old Maid, Gertie, Papa's Pet and others.—Is this the hair coloring treatment of which you spoke?

Herb Tea Lotion

Green tea, two ounces; garden sage (last crop), dried, two ounces.

Put in an iron pot which can be closely covered, and pour over the herbs three quarts of boiling water—preferably soft; let simmer until reduced to one third, then take off the fire and leave in the pot for twenty-four hours, strain and bottle. The hair should be wet with this lotion thoroughly every night, then a ten minute massage of the scalp with dry fingers should follow. It would be a good idea to first apply this tea to some combings before moistening the hair with it.

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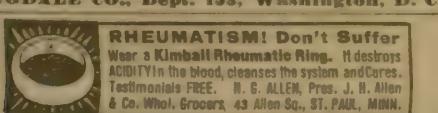


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Children's Jolly Hour

With Uncle John

HELLO little children; climb up on Uncle John's knee, we are going to have a fine time. Look over the pretty things to make, and read the first part of the fairy story, for I promise you it is going to be a good one. The Funny Bugs are still alive and will probably visit us once in a while.

Paul and Prue and the Magic Clock

This is the same little brother and sister that we read about before. Paul, the boy, is now eight years old and his sister Prue is seven. After their many adventures they were quite afraid and never went very far from home.



A HUGE TIGER SPRANG OUT OF THE GLOOM.

One evening about six o'clock, while standing in their front yard they saw a feeble old man passing on the road and just as he got to the gate an old, ragged cloak that he wore slipped from his shoulders and fell into the dust. The bent old man did not notice it and kept on trudging ahead.

Paul and Prue were both very polite and without waiting a moment they ran out and picked up the cloak and shouted to the old man. He never turned around or seemed to hear them.

"He must be deaf," said Paul and running ahead he soon left Prue behind, so far that he could not see her. Try as he might he could not catch the old man, for he seemed like a shadow just a little bit ahead. Paul now began to fear for his sister and paused to wait for her.

Soon he heard a soft, quick footfall, and yelled through the half dark: "Come, sister, come."

Instead of seeing Prue, he nearly fainted when a huge tiger sprang out of the gloom. In desperation he threw up the cloak, and as soon as the tiger's claws touched it the big beast howled like a dog that has been run over and scurried away. Just then the rain began to pour down.

"My sister is lost," yelled the poor boy, and in the same instant Prue crawled out of one of the big pockets of the magic cloak and comforted him.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A Candleholder

Here is a nice candlestick for use at a harvest-time party or meeting. It is simply an ear of corn hollowed out. Select a large, stout ear and flatten it at the base so that it will stand alone. A few heavy pins driven into the base like the spokes of a wheel will keep it from tipping over. Cut off the top with a meat saw and dig out the pith to a depth of at least three inches. The bottom is now decorated with a big fancy bow of ribbon or crepe paper. Any small girl who takes pains can make this candlestick.

The stuff used costs nothing and the time spent will teach you something about the value of little things.

Here is your chance to make a neat and pretty article out of material always at hand.

A Penwiper

Every neat school girl must have a penwiper. It is quite a simple task to make one when you have such plain pictures and directions to explain every part of the work.

When finished it will look like the top illustration. The colors shown are black, gray and white, but you must use bright red, blue and green or white goods. Soft felt or any heavy woolen goods will do. First cut out the large square three and one half inches each way, then the circle three inches in diameter. The fancy shaped center is managed by folding at the dotted lines in 1, 2 and 3. It will then be a triangle like 4. This is cut on the dotted line shown on X. The three pieces are then sewed together at the center with strong black thread.

Every girl who makes one should let me hear from them and I will send them a nice post-



FOR THE HARVEST SUPPER.

LOCKET AND CHAIN FREE

This beautiful Ladies' Neck Chain and Locket is gold plated, burnished in finish with

quaint brilliants in the popular Star and Crescent design. Is

over 1 1/2 inches in diameter and can be engraved on back. Secret

compartments for two pictures. We are going to give away

thousands of these Lockets and we want you to have one.

SEND NO MONEY

A beautiful, sparkling brilliant gem

Ring to those who are prompt, so write at once. Don't delay.

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CLUB OFFER:

for only seven subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents

each for 15 months we will send you one of these

tablecloths at our expense.

Stylish French Lady & Cuddles

A DOLL SENSATION FREE TO GIRLS 2 FINE DOLLS GIVEN AWAY

Prize No. 1 This French Doll is the handsomest doll ever brought to the United States. She is dressed exquisitely and with the very best materials. She has Genuine Eyelashes 1/4 inch long which make her wonderfully beautiful. Her eyes close when she lies down. Her legs, arms, elbows and head are joined in a unique manner, and they move in a wonderfully lifelike way. Doll can be dressed and undressed as often as you wish, she is a big, fine large doll, nearly one-half yard tall.

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Prize No. 2 Cuddles, the real infant doll, is the newest, merriest, rosiest little dear in toyland. See how real she looks, just like a real baby. She wears a rompers suit, which can be taken off and put on, just like your own little sister's. Arms, legs, etc., full jointed. The fingers are 1 1/4 inches long. She won't break or crack. Squeeze her and she "squalls" like a real baby. How to get

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Distribute these premium pictures on a special 25-cent offer among the people you know. They cannot get these pictures at the art store at any price.

When you have distributed the 12 premium pictures on my liberal offer

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[Dolly's] Clothes Line; a new and original toy, both amusing and instructive, consists of 20 feet of best cotton rope, 2 galvanized pulleys and 12 dozen clothes pins. This combination is given free with the 2 dolls.

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NEARLY HALF YARD TALL

Hand Shadow Elephant

It is a nice trick to be able to make good hand shadows. This picture shows the favorite animal of all children, the elephant. You can make it by holding your hands as shown. Put the lamp on the table so that it casts a strong black shadow upon a white wall and with a little practice you will soon have a live looking elephant and can even make him wiggle his trunk.

These make-believe animals afford amusement, not only for the wee ones, but older children.

I like to get letters from the little children who are careful enough to write neatly and to sign their names plainly. Tell me what part of the Jolly Hour you enjoy most. Do you save each month's page and paste it in a book? Would you like to have the story of Paul and Prue long or would you like more Funny Bugs?

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Beautiful Violin, good size, richly polished wood, ebony finished finger board and tail piece, full set of strings, also a fine bow and INSTRUCTION BOOK FREE for selling 24 Jewelry Novelties at 10c. each. Write for them. COLUMBIA NOVELTY CO., Dept. 582, East Boston, Mass.

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This Wife and Mother will tell you FREE How She Stopped Her Husband's Drinking

By all Means Write to Her
And Learn How She did it.

For over 20 years James Anderson of 205 Elm Ave., Hillburn, N. Y., was a drunkard. His case seemed a hopeless one, but 10 years ago his wife in their own little home, gave him a simple remedy which much to her delight stopped his drinking entirely.

To make sure that the remedy was responsible for this happy result she also tried it on her brother and several of her neighbors.

It was successful in every case. None of them has touched a drop of intoxicating liquor since.

She now wishes everyone who had drunkenness in their homes to know about this simple remedy for she feels sure that it will do as much for others as it has for her. It can be given secretly if desired, and without cost she will gladly and willingly tell you what it is. All you have to do is write her a letter asking her how she cured her husband of drinking and she will reply by return mail in a sealed envelope. As she has nothing to sell do not send her money. Simply send a letter with all confidence to Mrs. Margaret Anderson at the address given above, taking care to write your name and full address plainly. (We earnestly advise every one of our readers who wishes to cure a dear one of drunkenness to write to this lady today. Her offer is a sincere one.)



Guaranteed
WATCH AND RING FREE

We give an American made, stem wind and set Watch. Guaranteed 5 years, also find Congo Gem Ring, for selling only 20¢ of our Specialty Selected Fruit, Art, and Religious PICTURES

10¢ each. Books, Pictures, etc. 25¢ each. "No trash". Send for pictures and large illustrated premium leaflet today. Then send \$1.00 and get \$5.00 Watch and Ring and nice Chain will be sent promptly. Satisfaction guaranteed. ALTON WATCH CO., Dept. 1130, Chicago

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Beautiful Gold Adjustable Signet Bracelet, guaranteed 5 years, also new styling Signet Ring, for selling 8 pkgs. of our souvenir post cards. Order 8 pkgs.; when sold send us money collected and we positively send you Bracelet and Ring free. Write for cards today. Address S. M. Wright, Dept. 149, Topeka, Kansas

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Send your name and address and we will send you 12 pieces Oriental Rings to sell at 10 cents each. All the rage in New York. When paid return us \$1.20 and get these four Beautiful Rings. We will pay you \$1.00 for nearly 60 premiums and how to get them. SCHNEIDER CO., 404 Orient St., Palmyra, Pa.

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Kills at 100 yards. Peep sights, lever action, walnut stock, barrel blue-black gun metal. Write for 30 pieces of Jewelry to sell at 10¢ each. When sold, return \$3.00 and we send Rifle. Columbia Novelty Co., Sept. 870, EAST BOSTON, MASS.

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Genuine Weatherproof Garment

Utility Coat for Ladies, Misses and Men

Fashioned after the model of a "Great Coat." It covers the entire person from "Head to Foot," affording complete protection from the weather, be it wind or rain. Made of water-proof rubber sheeting, in two colors, OLIVE DRAB or Tan and Gray with Plaid Lining, every seam is both sewed and cemented, has standing Military Collar, two side pockets and five large buttons.

For walking the coat is none too heavy, for riding it is the greatest rain and wind repellent imaginable.

Of late the so-called "rain coat" has been all the rage, they have proven more desirable than so-called craveted materials, being lighter in weight.

Every person, especially schoolgirls, should be amply protected from the weather, and this coat provides a garment that covers all the outer clothes, providing warmth and keeping everything dry. Such coats usually sell for \$5.00 but we can give them away free for small subscription clubs as we have bought a quantity at great advantage. Read the offer carefully.

Club Offer. Send only 12 subscribers to COMFORT at 25c. each for 16 months for one Coat; same will be sent at our expense. You may select Tan or Gray, and please give size, bust measure, required. Address

COMFORT
Augusta - Maine

Faithful Shirley

Faithful Shirley

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

to side in perplexity, a very anxious look in her eyes.

About seven in the morning, Clifton made his appearance, to find an appetizing breakfast prepared for him; and, as he partook of it, he explained more at length, the events of the previous night, and begged Abby to give the poor girl a home for a time, until some other provision could be made for her.

The woman appeared to be considerably relieved after this conversation, and readily promised to give her protection as long as she should need it.

"What is her name?" she asked, as she poured a second cup of coffee for him.

"I don't know," Clifton replied, with a rising flush.

"You don't know!" repeated Mrs. Knapp, darting a searching look at him.

"No," the young man replied; "she appeared to be so excited, and almost afraid to trust me, that I would not add to her fear by asking her questions: so, Abby, you will have to find that out for yourself and tell me later," he concluded, smiling, as he arose to go.

CHAPTER III.

CLIFTON SECURES A POSITION.

Clifton Vining went out from the home of his old nurse a conflict of emotions within his breast. The adventures of the previous night had made a deep impression on his mind. It seemed a strange combination of circumstances which had conspired to make him instrumental in saving the life of this young and beautiful girl.

He straightened himself with a new sensation of importance, buttoned his overcoat trimly about his figure, drew on his gloves, and then turned his steps toward the office of a well-known broker and a man who had long been upon the most friendly terms with his own family.

He asked to see Mr. Norwood, who soon made his appearance, and greeted the young man most cordially.

Clifton at once stated his case to him in a straightforward manner, told him of the trouble which he had had with his father the previous evening, and asked him if he would give him employment, since he had decided to make a start for himself.

Mr. Norwood was inclined to judge him very leniently, because, being the father of a beautiful daughter, it had long been his secret desire to marry her to the son of his wealthy friend, and he now reasoned that if he could help the young man over this critical period of his life he might be able to achieve his fond hopes the more readily. Therefore he determined to make a place for him, secure his confidence and gratitude, and told him he would take him into his office.

"But," he said smiling, "I shall expect that you will stick to the business and do your best, for I am particular about there being no drones in my hive, from principle, as well as on account of the economy of the matter."

"I am thoroughly in earnest, Mr. Norwood, I assure you," Clifton responded gravely. "Perhaps you may think mine has been rather a spasmodic conversion, knowing as you must what my life has been, and, to tell the truth, I can hardly account for the change myself; but truly I do feel imbued with the spirit of work, and I promise you, on my honor, that I will do the best I can for your interests, as well as for my own."

"That sounds business-like, I am sure, and I will take you at your word," Mr. Norwood returned, while he regarded the young man with unusual interest. "When would you like to come to me?"

Clifton flushed again, then said, with a forced laugh:

"Mr. Norwood, I have just eight dollars in my pocket, and that money really belongs to my sister. So you can understand how a fellow of my tastes and habits must feel with only that small sum between him and starvation. Accordingly, if you are agreeable, I should like to take off my coat and begin work this minute."

"Hew! I shall begin to think that you have some of your father's shrewd business proclivities after all," his companion responded, laughing at his eagerness; "but I like you all the better for your energy, so off with your coat and I'll set you a task without further delay, your salary to be the same as I have been paying for the same work during the last year," and he named the sum.

Clifton had not expected to be treated quite like an old employee, in this respect, and feeling much gratified he removed his gloves and coat, and was soon absorbed in looking over his employer's correspondence and taking his first instructions as a private secretary.

Let us go back to Abby Knapp's tidy kitchen to see what is occurring there.

John Knapp had had his morning meal at six o'clock, after which he went immediately out to his day's work.

Later, as we know, Clifton Vining was served his breakfast, and after his departure the thrifty housewife cleared her table, washed her dishes, and put her room in order, thinking that she would allow her strange visitor to sleep as long as she wished.

It was nearly nine o'clock when the door between Abby's simple parlor and kitchen was opened and the young stranger appeared on the threshold with a timid, appealing look in her innocent blue eyes which went directly to the heart of her kind-hearted hostess.

"Good-morning, Miss," she said, in a hearty, cheery tone, and involuntarily assuming the manner of speech of an inferior, for she instinctively recognized the lady in the fair girl; "I hope you had a good sleep."

"I feel nicely rested, thank you," the girl responded. "I have not slept as well for many weeks," she concluded, with a long-drawn sigh.

"Well, 'tis a good bed, if I do say it," Abby remarked, in a gratified tone. "But I imagine you're beginning to be hungry by this time; sit right down here, and I'll have your breakfast ready in no time. And perhaps you'll be so good as to tell me your name, miss, so that I shall know what to call you," Mrs. Knapp continued, as she busied herself placing a tempting breakfast upon the table.

"My name is Shirley Livingstone," the girl replied, the delicate pink in her cheeks deepening to crimson as she uttered it, for now in the light of that beautiful morning she shrank with a keen sense of repulsion from identifying herself with the rash deed which she had so nearly perpetrated only a few hours previous.

"Hump!" was Mrs. Knapp's inward comment. "that's rather a high-sounding name, I'm thinking, for a girl who came out of Houston Street. I only hope it belongs to her."

When the meal was finished Shirley began deftly to gather up the dishes, remarking:

"I hope you will let me help you about the work. I shall feel so much more comfortable than to sit idle."

"Well, I do not mind," Mrs. Knapp responded, looking pleased at the suggestion, "and maybe you'd like to tell me something about yourself while we're doing it. It seems to me that a young girl like you must have been pretty hard pushed to get so desperate as you did last night. Now, don't get frightened," she went on, reassuringly, as she saw the girl grow very white about the mouth: "you just trust old Abby Knapp, and see if she doesn't prove to be as good a friend as you ever had."

"You certainly have been very good to me already, Mrs. Knapp," Shirley replied, looking gratefully at her, "and I am very willing to tell you the story of my life, which has been a very unequal one up to within the last two or three months."

"My father died when I was a very little girl," she continued. "Our home was in Colorado



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I will send you my BIG confidential letter. It tells why I am willing to send you the sample cases FREE. Get this BIG offer. My company is the biggest of its kind in the world. The National Bank of St. Louis about me. But don't delay. It's yours without a cent of cost.

Send your name and address at once—NOW—THIS VERY MINUTE.

N. MARPLE, Pres., LINRO COMPANY, Dept. 157, ST. LOUIS, MO.

our little home was sold, and all business settled, we started for New York."

"And he took all your money in charge?" inquired Abby, looking rather blank.

"Yes, for mamma had appointed him my guardian, believing him to be trustworthy," Shirley responded.

"That wasn't a very wise proceeding," Mrs. Knapp sagely remarked.

"I suppose it was not," said Shirley, with a sigh, "but he had written such a nice letter, it is not strange that she was deceived."

"What has he done with your money since you came to New York?"

"I am sure I do not know;" replied the young girl, wearily, "and I wonder now how I could have trusted him at all; but he was very kind to me during our journey, exerting himself to be agreeable, until I began to think that though he might be somewhat rough in his exterior, he probably possessed a good heart. At the same time I had a secret fear of him all the way, and a fear, too, of some impending evil. But oh! I never dreamed of anything one half so terrible as the reality which greeted me upon my arrival here in New York," and Shirley covered her face and shivered at this point in her story with an appearance of horror that was truly pathetic.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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No need of cutting off a man's nose or cheek or woman's breast in a vain attempt to cure cancer—no need of submitting to the knife or burning plaster. Frequently one injection, in selected cases, of our Liquid Laboratory Product directly for the cancer or tumor instantly kills it. Write for free treatise and booklet to the Leach Sanatorium, Indianapolis, Ind.

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Dressed Doll & 95 Piece Furniture Set, all FREE

Here is a doll and nearly a hundred other articles that will delight the heart of any little girl. All are given away absolutely free. Dollie is a little beauty, sweet little face, ruby lips and blue eyes, soft curly hair. She is nicely and COMPLETELY DRESSED and makes a perfect little lady. She is jointed, can turn her head, sit down. This is a REAL DOLL. With dollie comes her entire outfit of toy cut-out furniture—95 different pieces. There is complete DAINTY KITTY THE FOX WITH WOODEN HOUSE. Bed room furniture including a big range. Dining room set with china closet and side-board. Parlor furniture including a piano, standing lamp, etc. Bed room furniture complete and lots of little pieces, such as wash-board, duster, kitchen utensils, water-set, foot-stool, etc. etc. Don't fail to get this beautiful and wonderful set.

FREE OFFER

Send us your name and address and we will send you six new beautiful art pictures and six coupons, each good for 25 patterns. Collect 25 cents with each picture and pattern coupon on our big offer which includes more. Send us the \$1.50 collected and Dollie and her complete outfit of 95 pieces will be sent you ALL CHARGES REPAID, at once. You can do this little work IN A HURRY. This is all we ask—just make six 25 cent sales giving with each sale extra beautiful picture and pattern coupon. Did you ever hear of a better offer?

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NEW PIERCED DESIGN CAKE PLATE



Most Attractive Cake Plate Ever Made

Old style high pedestal cake plates with a bail or handle are now succeeded by this new design pierced plate, which we are unable to properly display in the above illustration. This ten inch in diameter plate is very low, the pedestal is not over three quarters of an inch high, the plate itself is but slightly elevated above the table surface, giving the pleasing low effect. A Cake plate ten inches across the top is very generous in size and will accommodate a number of pieces or a few, as necessity requires. There is another very popular use for the pierced design ware; many have plate rails in their dining-rooms for convenience if closet room is limited, also better to display odd pieces of china, silver, etc. Nothing can be more suited to display than this basket, on plate rail or sideboard, and it matters not how much or how many pieces you may have, this especially attractive pierced plate will prove a valuable acquisition to your Dining-Room. For lunches and teas, for dainties and small cakes or cookies and sandwiches this plate

GOLD shell Spectacles \$1 a Pair
Send for catalog. Agents wanted.
Coulter Optical Co., Chicago, Ill.

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of 31 pieces given to you if you join our Dish Club within 90 days. Club limited to 450 members. **WON'T COST YOU ONE CENT TO JOIN.** We also give you **EXTRA PRESENT** with Dinner Set, free of all cost or work of any kind. Simply send us your name and ask for **BOTH PRESENTS.**
MGR. DISH CLUB, Dept. A, Topeka, Kan.

\$100.00 IN CASH

will be paid to those who can correctly count the stars in this ring. This is an honest contest in which there is no element of chance. Count the stars carefully and send us your answer. Send No Money as the contest is free for advertising purposes. You don't have to buy anything. If more than one correct answer is received, Cash Prize will be paid just the same, proportionately. Address P. M. Co., P. O. Box 10972, Phila., Pa.

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Write today for our big free book of wallpaper samples and send the handsome assortment of all sorts of wall paper for all rooms, for all uses. Our wall paper is strong, durable, rich and beautiful, handsomely blended into designs, and is highly recommended by the best paperhangers in the city. We show all the sample papers and latest novelties in wall paper, and will send up to five reams embossed wallpaper from a roll up to 10 yards. Our price to you in any quantity from a roll up are lower than any others. Our paper is made of the finest materials and is very durable. It is a pleasure to use, and it is a pleasure to receive. We offer a great variety of patterns, and we are sure you will be satisfied. We offer a great variety of patterns, and we are sure you will be satisfied.

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Club Offer A club of only two subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months secures four of these Towels.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

HOW do you, my dears, this pleasant month of October? There isn't any finer month in the year, and if you don't do well this month, something must be the matter with you besides the weather. I don't know whether you ever thought of it before, but the weather has a whole lot to do with hearts, and sometimes when girls think their hearts are broken it is only the effect of bad weather. You know this is true because when you have quarreled with the young man on a bright, sunshiny day it is all clouded up, and when you have made friends on a rainy day it is all sunshine. Haven't you noticed that? However, I mustn't be talking so much when there is work to do. So here's to work.

The very first one I come to is in the dark and dreary weather. She is Troubled Heart of Millican, Texas, and she has a beau who comes to see her only once in four weeks and gets mad if she goes with anybody else and there is another who would come to see her a dozen times a week if she would only let him. Now, that is bad weather, isn't it? You know, if I were Troubled Heart I would send that every-four-weeks chap flying and take the other one. Wouldn't you?

Black Eyes, Jacksonville, Ark.—As your parents object and you are not very sure yourself, hadn't you better wait a year until you are of age and can do as you please?

Lonesome, Windham, O.—My dear, you are too much given to thinking about yourself instead of thinking about other people. You don't get along with people because you are expecting things from them instead of making them expect things from you. You even don't care much for your sweetheart, either, because you kind of put him in with the rest. However, as you are only sixteen there is time to turn over a new leaf and you must not wait a minute, but begin to turn at once. Forget all about your own troubles and try to make other people forget them.

Erline, Jonesboro, Ark.—When girls of seventeen have fathers who are inconsiderate and ugly if they seek young company, I think the girls have a right to teach their fathers plain common sense. If you will choose as your associates only the best young people in your community, your father will not dare object because such an objection will be resented by the whole community. Meet the young men therefore and accept attentions from them, whatever your father may say, but be careful to choose only such as the best girls choose.

Weeping Willow, Dothan, Ala.—It was proper of you to invite the young man to dine with you at the picnic and to fix a plate of food for him and give it to him, no matter what your relatives may say. And it is just the thing to do to let your mother read the letters you get from your young friend. Lots of girls would be much happier today if they had shown young men's letters to their mothers. A girl's best friend is her mother.

Subscriber, McMinnville, Tenn.—I'm afraid, my dear, that when he wanted to marry you and you didn't want him then, that you have lost your chance ever to get him now. You don't think he loved you very much or he would not have let you escape without trying again. Of course, if he does not love you, you should not want him.

Down-hearted, Plainville, Wis.—You are not wise my dear, or you would not be crying for what can't be helped, but would brace up and make the best of what you have. You have pleasant people about you, though they are not your old friends, and as they want to make it nice for you, do you get busy and show your appreciation by doing as much for them. Better be dead than have a moping, unhappy spirit.

R. L., Vaughn, Texas.—Don't ask me or anybody what to give your sweetheart on his graduation. Think it out for yourself so that he will know it is all yours and his.

Violet, Ray, Nebr.—Just what a man is before he is married should not be absolute as to what he will be when he marries, for marriage always makes a great change, in a man, if he is not naturally a bad man. If I were you I believe I would ask this man to wait a year and during that time think it over seriously and with your whole heart in it. Let me know a year from now.

Silly Girl, Ardilla, Ala.—I don't see how you can do anything else but forget a young man who deserted you simply because when he was away you accepted some small attention from another young man. You ought to be glad that you escaped in time. A husband like that would be awful.

Pauline, St. Paul, Minn.—Your mother's objection to the young man because he is only a brakeman and poor are not tenable. As to our biggest railroad men started that way. As to your working at your stenography after you are married it seems to me to be just the thing you should do until he has salary enough to save money on. Why should you be idle when you can work and be of so much help for one that is reliable—if that kind can be found at his age. The more you think of him, the less he will think of you.

Anxious, Dover, Maine.—You are too anxious. He has been invited by you and your mother to call and if he does not accept, don't urge him. "The pleasant look in his eyes," that you see when he meets you sounds to me as if he means all right, even though he never does it.

Bonnie Bell, Denham, Texas.—Do you really think knowing that boy as you do, you should continue to go with him? You are both children and allowances may be made, but you are old enough to know right from wrong. Fortunately you had character sufficient not to do wrong. But he had not and do you want to trust yourself to his kind? Be polite to him, but get a better one as a real friend.

Motherless, Newtown, Mo.—My dear, a fifteen-year-old girl should not be so interested in the beau business that she writes me a five-page letter on the subject. See if you can't give as much time to books as to beaus.

Nancy, Royalton, Minn.—You had better go and work out than to marry, feeling as you do about it.

M., Fremont, Mich.—Beware of having a sweetheart absent and a very dear friend present. You cannot do it successfully, and you will have to draw the line, cutting out the dear friend or the sweetheart. I think just now the dear friend is your real sweetheart.

Hazel Eyes, Brooklyn, N. Y.—As you are eighteen and he is twenty, you should wait at least two years, better three, before you marry, and as he is sensible enough to see it that way, I think you should be as sensible and not be in too much of a hurry to get him. To be quite frank I think you are getting a better bargain than he is.

Broken Heart, Jonesboro, Texas.—If he has gone away and says he won't come back unless you kiss him and let him put his arm around you, show him that you are a girl of character by not letting him come back when he wants to. He is not the right kind, and you will find it out if you do get him back.

R. D., Rockford, Minn.—If a girl of twenty-nine and a man of twenty-three love each other right the difference in their ages should not prevent their marrying, but with him a Lutheran and you a Catholic, you will be very sure of each other in other than simple love matters. You may do as you please about it.

Troubled Twins, Rochester, Ind.—Well, I suppose when twin sisters are in love with a young man, who doesn't show any preference, the only way to settle it would be for them to draw straws for him.

Mary, Johnsonburg, Pa.—If as sweethearts you are always quarreling and ugly and jealous, what do you think it will be like when you are married? Does it sound like a happy married life for you two? Now that you have quarreled again and don't speak, just let it remain that way permanently.

Thoughtless, Hornbook, Cal.—You are only sixteen and you want me to tell you what you shall do as he will ask you to marry him as he has not yet, though he writes love letters to you and holds your hand tenderly. Well, all I will tell you is that as he is ten years older than you are he is simply having fun with you and some day he will give you the ha-ha, as the boys say, and flirt some other girl. You let the beans alone until you are old enough to have some sense.

Worried, Marion, Ind.—I don't think being a Christian means that you should marry a man you don't love merely because he wants you to. You are doing right in refusing him, and keep on doing so until he knows you mean it.

Western Rose, Gaston, Oregon.—Don't worry over the post-cards he sends you with girls' pictures on them. That means he has a yellow streak and it is showing now since you have found one whom you really care for. And don't let your family influence you against a good man because he is poor. Money can't buy happiness.

Contrariness, Rosedale, Mo.—Maybe I am wrong, but whenever a girl complains to me about men speaking to her on the street, I can't help thinking that she encourages them in some way or other to do so. Of course, I understand that a bright and pretty girl will attract attention, but I also know that most pretty girls are not spoken to on the street by men they do not know. There is something in your manner that

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HOW FREE: Send your name and I will send you 12 new style wall paintings and 12 coupons, each

invites you to let alone as other pretty girls are by strangers. Men are not given to taking great risks in flirting with girls.

Two Girls, Reno, Okla.—Just to repeat what I have said so many times, to all you girls, don't permit kissing until you are engaged and then not to excess.

Blue, Elgin, Ill.—You may never grow any taller, as seventeen-year-old girls very nearly have their growth, but you will grow wiser and some day you will tell your guardians that this is a free country and they have no right to prevent your making friends in the big world into which you must go, by and by, and live among people after the guardians are dead. They think you are a child, but you are a woman and women have rights that must be respected.

Worried Girl, Cranberry, N. M.—I think a girl could love a man twenty-three years older than herself, and I'm sure he could her, and if they did they might marry very happily, but as this man you love has a wife and children, I don't think if I were you I would take the risk. I don't object to divorced people marrying, but that is enough handicap without the great difference in ages. (2) A man has a right to object when the girl to whom he is engaged will not let him kiss her. That is being silly nice. (3) A mother has no right to see the letters her daughter receives from her fiance. It is all right before the engagement, but not after.

Cousin Hannah, Great Falls, Mont.—My, but you are the silly girl. Here you have a fine man who wants to marry you, and when you are with him you think he is the very best man in the world, but when you are out with him and he is not lively like other young men you know, you think of throwing him over for the lively kind. Did it ever occur to you that when you are married you will be with this quiet man most of the time and not with the lively ones? It is your kind of girls that shouldn't get married, until they know what married life means.

Anxious, Clinton, Maine.—I am quite sure the other girl is the cause of the trouble, as another girl always is when a young man isn't very much in love with the first girl. Even when he is, the other girl can make trouble, and some of them do it just to be making trouble. You have made the mistake of falling in love with this young man before you knew what kind he was and now you will have to take whatever comes to you. My advice is for you to think what an unworthy sort of a sweetheart he is and exchange him for one that is reliable—if that kind can be found at his age. The more you think of him, the less he will think of you.

Anxious, Dover, Maine.—You are too anxious. He has been invited by you and your mother to call and if he does not accept, don't urge him. "The pleasant look in his eyes," that you see when he meets you sounds to me as if he means all right, even though he never does it.

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Silly Girl, Ardilla, Ala.—I think when a young man gives an excuse for not answering his best girl's letters that he is too lazy and too busy having a good time, that his best girl should drop him quick. He is not telling you the truth when he says he loves you, because if he did he would write to you even if you didn't write to him. Don't answer his next letter and see if he will become industrious enough to write again to find out why. I don't believe he will.

Proud Caddie, South Bend, Ind.—It is because he knows you love him and he doesn't care for you that he goes with other girls and likes to tease you about it. If you have the proper spirit, you will break the engagement right now and not tie yourself to that kind of a man for life. It will be worse if you marry him.

Her is part of a letter I want you all to read. It is from Mrs. Rob Hay of Webb's, Ky.—Dear Cousin Marion: "I will have to ask you to send me your heartiest congratulations and best wishes for a happy life, for before this reaches you I will be the happy bride of the best boy on earth. It seems that way to me anyhow. Many thanks to you for your good advice. I wish all the cousins would take it as I did. I am sure all would end well with them as it has

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no capital; free instructive booklet, giving plans of operation. G. F. Redmond, Dept. AA, BOSTON, MASS.

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REMEDY sent to you on FREE TRIAL. If it cures, send \$1.00; if not, don't. Give express office. National Chemical Company, 874 Ohio Ave., Sidney, Ohio.

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YOUR HEART

Does it flutter, palpitate or skip beats? Have you shortness of breath, tenderness, numbness or pain in left side, dizziness, fainting spells, spots before the eyes, sudden starting in sleep, nightmare, hungry or weak spells, oppressed feeling in chest, choking sensation in throat, painful

feeling in left side, cold hands or feet, difficult breathing, dropsy, swelling of the feet or ankles, or neuralgia around the heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms of heart disease, don't fail to use DR. KINSMAN'S CELEBRATED HEART TABLETS. One out of four has a weak or diseased heart. Three-fourths of these do not know they have heart trouble and thousands die who have been wrongfully treated for the stomach, lungs, kidneys or nerves. Don't drop dead like hundreds of others, when Dr. KINSMAN'S HEART TABLETS are within your reach.

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Any sufferer cutting out this coupon and mailing it, with their name and P. O. address, to DR. F. G. INGRAM, Box 862, Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial by return mail, free of charge. Enclose stamp for postage. Don't risk death by delay.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23.)

some wonderful things came to light. All the world had been giving credit to famous financier Pierrepont Morgan for having saved the country during the panic of 1907. He was supposed to have dumped twenty-five million dollars into various banks and restored public confidence. When the late Secretary of the Treasury was put on the stand for examination (and the gentleman in question tried to forget everything he conveniently could) it transpired that the twenty-five millions so generously distributed by the great financier was Uncle Sam's money, your money, taken from your pocket by tariff and internal revenue taxation etc., and turned over to J. Pierpont by our very obliging government without interest, this money, your money, was loaned out by the financiers associated with Mr. Morgan to those in need of hard cash, and these gentlemen got from six to sixty per cent, from those they loaned the money to. That's what transpires when the sailors of the nation have to stand examination, and the same putrid story comes out when anyone else holding an official position is hauled into the lime light and made to tell the truth about the way he runs the people's business. Oh, I tell you there is some great fun when people have to stand examination. Now, Ollie, I hope the examination you went through showed you to be a hard-working, industrious, studious, truthful, modest, admirable young lady. Don't be afraid of examination time. To fear examination is proof that you have neglected your studies and you are wasting your precious time in school. We should try and live so that any time we can be ready to stand examination before any tribunal, human or divine. Work while you work, play while you play, but don't mix work and play. If you do you will learn little or nothing, and when examination time comes, you will want to run away and hide in some hole so as not to publicly make a deplorable exhibition of sloth and ignorance. Learn your lessons, Ollie, they are not half as difficult as you think they are, and oh, what pleasure and satisfaction there is after they are once learned. The way to do a thing is to do it. Mountains at a distance look ten times as high as they really are. As we approach them the towering peaks seem to sink into the ground, and the whole range gets lower and lower. The mountains that looked so formidable at a distance, become mere mole hills when we are close to them and a few hours of sturdy climbing and we have passed over them, scarcely knowing they existed. That's just the way with difficulties, difficult studies, difficult problems, in fact work of any kind. The longer you look at it and think about it the harder seems the task. But into the work with a will and soon the job is done, and what seemed a heart-breaking effort turns out to be mere child's play, so don't fear examination. Be ready for it. Study at school and live after you leave school so that at any moment you are called upon to give an accounting you can do so without a tremor or a qualm. Shakespeare says:

Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just, And he but naked, though locked up in steel, Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

I don't think Billy the Goat would stand examination just now, as it's several weeks since he had a bath. You ask what we all do for past time. What is past and gone is past and gone and you cannot bring it back. You can draw lessons from the past that will teach you how to make good use of the future, but as a matter of fact all that we can claim positively as our own is the present. The past is gone and gone forever, the future is in the hands of God, and the greatest man living cannot buy or claim second of it. It is the here and the now we want to concern ourselves with. Take care of your pennies and the pounds will take care of themselves is an old adage and a true one. Take care of your present and make good use of it and you need have no fear of the future. Billy the Goat says you mean pastime. If that's the case it's very evident your spelling won't stand examination. So you like to take walks in the evening do you, Ollie. Billy the Goat takes all his walks in the country, and finds it much more enjoyable. I'm glad you are such an expert at cooking cake. I'm sorry to say I'm not able to eat cake any more. Maybe you could cook me a nice cake of soap well-flavored with carbolic and sulphur that I could use externally on William. Maybe after you send me that Billy will be able to stand examination.

Membership in COMFORT subscribers and costs them cents, only five cents more than the regular subscriber to COMFORT which is included. The thirty cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. G." a handsome certificate of membership with your name engrossed thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no dues to pay after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

Please observe carefully the following directions which explain exactly

How to become a Member

Send thirty cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS. You will at once receive the League button and our membership certificate and number. You will also receive COMFORT for 15 months if you are not subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended two full years beyond date of expiration, if you remit 35 cents.

If your subscription is already paid in advance, you can take a friend's 15-month subscription at 25 cents and send it in with five cents of your own, thirty cents in all, with your request for membership, and we will send the League button and membership certificate, and send COMFORT to your friend for 15 months. League subscriptions do not count in previous year.

NEVER apply for membership without enclosing three cents to include a new subscription or a renewal.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth. It costs but thirty cents to join, and that gives you at least a 15 month subscription to COMFORT also, without extra cost.

Never could thirty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such a good return. Don't hesitate. Join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All those League members who desire a list of the cousins residing in the several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1299 Park Place, Brooklyn, New York, grand secretary.

Never send subscriptions to Uncle Charlie nor to the Secretary of the League; they bother him and cause confusion and delay.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for October

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Written references from a postmaster or physician will positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Letters unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

Dortha Grigg, Winfield, Ala. Shut-in. Grate-

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ful for any assistance you may care to send to her. Miss Mattie Maisie, Plattsburgh, Box 509, Nebr. Invalid. Dependent on others for support. She needs hospital treatment and an operation at once. Finest references. James F. Essex, Nelsonville, Ky. Helpless invalid for a number of years. Tied in knots with rheumatism. Parents very old and poor. Any help will be gratefully received and worthily bestowed. Henry Larson, Park, Minn. Helpless from spinal trouble. Worthy invalid, highly recommended. Temple Gray, Mabank, Texas. Helpless cripple. Father dead, mother left with family of small children. Highly recommended. An operation might restore the boy to health. Who will help? Lizzie Brooks, Berryville, Ark. Helpless invalid for more than twenty years. Brighten the life of this poor worthy soul. Little sunshine comes her way. Miss Willie Collier, Como, Miss. Helpless invalid. She is suffering greatly for the want of a new mattress. It will cost ten dollars to get her a good new, comfortable mattress. Will someone take compassion on this poor, afflicted girl, and save her the torture she is now enduring. She is a refined and lovely character. Sally Saterwhite, Blairstown, Mo. Crippled all her life, without means of support. Highly recommended. Any sunshine sent her way will be appreciated. Mrs. Annie Brim, Spencer, R. R. 3, Va. Helpless invalid. Confined to bed. Needs money for medical attention. There are two children, too, in need of clothing. Any help will be gratefully received. Fillmore Powers, West Derby, R. R. 6, Vt. Helpless invalid. Body is partly ossified and he is stone deaf. The family is poor and he is in need of many things to make him comfortable during the long winter. Highly recommended. Willard Harden, Proximity Sta., Greensboro, N. C. Poor old man sixty-six years of age, totally blind, needs operation. Will be grateful for any help. Highly recommended. Mrs. Alice B. Fahl, Auburn, Pa. Helpless, worthy invalid. Grateful for any assistance. Brighten her lonely life. Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Glassbrook, Brace, Tenn. Mr. Glassbrook is entirely helpless, his wife nearly so. Send them the sympathy that buys bread. Highly recommended. Mary Kyns, Rosburg, Wash. Helpless since she was a small child. Mother is very sick also. Will our Washington readers take an interest in this poor girl? Highly recommended. Mary Ellen Willis, Barnesville, R. R. 3, Ga. Helpless invalid for many years. Very worthy and highly recommended. Do what you can for her. Mrs. Clud Crow, Pendleton, R. R. Box 37, Oregon, will give a home to friendless woman over forty. For further particulars write Mrs. Crow, J. J. Long (40), Sailes, Ga. Would like cheery letters and postals only. Miss Flora Ammons and sister, Nacogdoches, R. R. 1, Texas. Are left alone in the world with their aged mother. They are both weakly and not able to do hard work, or heavy farm work, though not invalids. Flora's letter shows refinement and education. Can anyone offer a home to these poor girls? Miss Ulaia M. Warden, Booneville, N. C. Shut-in, would like cheery letters and reading matter. Mary Eaton, Duquoin, R. R. 5, Ill. Bedridden twelve years. Wants cards and letters.

We are on the threshold of the long, cold winter months. The harvest has put money in many pockets. Share some of the Creator's bounty with the helpless ones whose names are listed above. There are so few names listed that you ought to be able to keep everyone of these afflicted souls comfortable all through the winter. Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

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Everybody's doing it, and that's a fact. They are all working to get a copy of Uncle Charlie's Poems, a wonderful 160 page volume of the real Uncle Charlie fun, a book that you will revel in and love and enjoy bound in lilac silk cloth. It will keep you happy through the long winter evenings, the most delightful companion you have on earth. Just the gift you want for Christmas. For young or old the ideal present, contains pictures and heart touching sketches of author's life. Every copy autographed. This superb book free for only four fifteen-month subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each. Work for it today!

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If you have a piano or organ in the house, if you have musical friends and want an ideal gift for them at Christmas, get up a club of only two fifteen-month subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each and secure a copy of Uncle Charlie's cracker-jack song book. Twenty-eight dandy songs, songs for every and all occasions, just the songs to make the winter evenings bright and joyous. Both these gorgeous books free for a club of six. The very things you are looking for. Work for them today!

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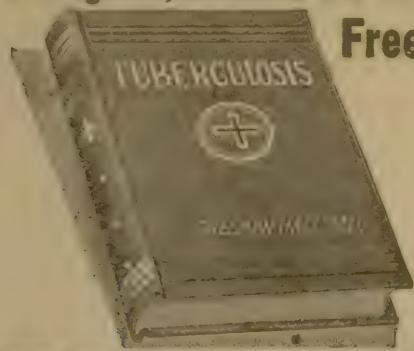
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"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners." —Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT subscribers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Sweet Rose, Mena, Ark.—Your escort should have danced the first dance with you and then danced with his sisters. If you want him to call on you you may ask him to and you may ask him also for his photograph, but don't be too anxious about him. That is bad form and poor tactics as well, if you want to have him come around.

F. W., Asia, Va.—In olden times when there were court customs a gentleman kissed a lady's hand as a mark of his lofty regard for her, but men very rarely do so now, and when they do it is rather as a "jolly" than otherwise. However, when a man does kiss a lady's hand nowadays she should accept it with the old-time formality. (2) We think that a gentleman of sixty-two could love a lady of twenty-eight if she would let him. Some ladies do, particularly if the old gent has a large bankroll. At the same time there are men of sixty-two much younger in heart and much more agreeable companions to young women than men of forty or younger.

Merry Widow, Hobart, Wis.—A widow of your experience should know good manners when she sees them, and you certainly didn't see many in the man whose guest you were and who neglected you as though you weren't anybody much. We do not know how merry a widow you are, but you are a very foolish one. Throw the man over and have no more to do with him.

Honey Girl, Belvidere, Ill.—There is no special reason that a gentleman friend should send his lady friend two post-cards every time instead of one, as far as the etiquette books say, though it may mean that he likes her twice as much as if he sent but one. Nor do we believe that it is a sign his love is growing cold when he sticks a postage stamp on the envelope upside down. (2) It is not a matter of etiquette whether a lady takes her gentleman friend back when he has left her for another girl. She has only to consult her own feelings in the matter. (3) It is highly improper for a gentleman and his lady friend to go to a neighboring town and spend a few days together there, unless accompanied by a chaperon.

Rosebud, Joliet, Ill.—It is no breach of etiquette for a girl of eighteen not to have "steady company yet," and you should not be despondent. Plenty of girls, no better off than you are, are still in good spirits. (2) It is quite proper for a girl to smile when she speaks to a married man, as to any other friend, but she should not encourage any flirtation.

Smile, Jersey City, N. J.—It is proper for a girl to visit the home of her fiance on his mother's or sister's invitation. He should not object to her receiving post-cards from her friends traveling about the country, though she should not object to his seeing them.

Reader, Gypsum, Kans.—It would not only be correct, but delightful, for a mother-in-law to greet her daughter's husband with a kiss and another at parting, provided they liked each other and it was not mere form.

Luella, Great Capon, W. Va.—If you feel that you owe the young man an apology, it is proper that you extend it. It is quite as much a lady's place to apologize as it is a man's, if she is the offender.

Bill, Goffstown, N. H.—A young man may ask a young lady whom he has known only a short time to exchange post-cards, when she goes to her home. (2) Nutting parties are good form in the autumn, but they should consist of more than two persons.

Baby, Farmington, Mont.—Etiquette does not definitely prescribe what a lady should say to a man who makes an insulting proposal to her, but we think your friend's manner of hitting him in the face with her fist is better form than your more polite way of declining to talk to him. There should be more girls of her kind to handle such men as they should be handled.

Worried, Thomaston, Ga.—Obey your mother in her choice of your associates. She knows better than you. (2) It is right enough to ask the man you are to marry to change his place of residence, if he can support you as well in a place where you want to live, but if he is tied up where he is, you should either accept his home as yours, or give him up entirely. To marry him and tag him afterwards to move away, is sure to bring trouble.

Three Sisters, Rush City, Minn.—A gentleman of one nationality has no right in etiquette "to get sore at a lady" because she dances "Ladies' Choice" with a gentleman of another nationality whom she knows equally well. (2) If the gentleman does not wear gloves when dancing with a lady he should hold a handkerchief in his hand to protect an "unwashable" dress. (3) It is very improper for young people to sit in each other's laps notwithstanding it is the habit in your community.

Inquirer, Bonfield, Ill.—A gentleman may walk between two ladies, but be more often walks to the outside of both. (2) A gentleman with a lady meeting an acquaintance of hers whom he does not wish to recognize should do so for the lady's sake and drop the acquaintance later.

Mamie, Corsica, S. Dak.—The custom in Corsica of young ladies not permitting steady company for longer than two months is one that should not be recognized, and if you have a nice young man, stick to him, custom or no custom. Of course, if you want to get rid of him, tell him the custom and good by.

Subscriber, Amboy, Ill.—If a lady does not feel like taking supper at the dance, the proper thing is for her to tell her escort so and ask him to take someone else. Don't eat what you do not want, merely for politeness' sake. (2) In response to a gentleman's thanks after a dance, say that you enjoyed it very much, or anything else you please.

Wife, Swofford, Wash.—Etiquette has no rules applying to husbands who will not tell their wives the truth. If it is carried too far the only place to settle the matter is in court. Can't you reform him?

Green Eyes, Geneva, Ala.—When a young lady introduces herself she says: "I am Miss So-and-so," unless she is a girl too young to be called Miss. (2) The little present to a young man you esteem highly, which will be proper.

Daisy, Campbell, Mo.—If a man of forty-eight and a girl of twenty love each other truly, the difference in their ages should not make them unhappy for life.

Troubled Mother, Reno, Nev.—It would be illegal and no marriage for a son to go through the marriage ceremony with his mother's half sister. That relationship is closer than cousins, and different.

Troubled, Fresno, Texas.—Don't be in such a hurry to propose to the girl. Why not court her a while and lead her up to it gradually? You are not much of a lover to have seen her only twice in six months, and we think she thinks you are not lover at all.

Bright Eyes, Burleson, Texas.—You know so little about social usage, that we are afraid to try to tell you what to do. Ask some good lady in your own town what you should do.

Tiny, Langford, Kans.—Of course, you should marry when the right man comes along, even if you are only five feet tall and weigh only eighty-four pounds. Lots of men like the little women best, and they make just as good wives as though they were ten feet tall and weighed a ton. (2) As you are twenty, don't wear your dresses any shorter than you would if you were a large girl.

Carl, Soudersburg, Pa.—If you love her, what difference if she is seven years older and loves you?

You are much more likely to be happy with her than with one younger than you that you did not care as much for as the older one.

No. 36,999, Centerville, Ala.—When a gentleman is introduced to a lady she may merely bow or she may shake hands. It is much less formal and much more encouraging to him for her to shake hands. Still, all ladies do not shake hands.

Dreamy Eyes, Clarion, Pa.—It is proper for a girl to go buggy-riding with her brother-in-law if his wife has no objections. But no flirting, remember. That is bad manners and bad morals. (2) It is all right to go to church with two cousins and come home with one, if the left one does not object.

Reader, Goffstown, N. H.—If the lady cannot take as long steps as her escort and keep step, he should shorten step to accommodate her. The better way is to be so interested in each other that you won't know or care whether you keep step or not. (2) It is proper for a gentleman to invite a lady to his summer camp for a day's visit, but others must be there.

Brown Eyes, Bull Creek, N. C.—Certainly you should not apologize to a young man for not permitting him to kiss you, and while he should not apologize for wanting to kiss you, he should apologize for trying to put his wish into execution.

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Things the Modern Farmer Must Know

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

that has to work so hitched. He suffers terribly in the hot weather; for he has not only to bear the direct rays of the sun, but also the reflected heat from the bodies of his mates. He is particularly liable to sunstroke or heat exhaustion. If you have to hitch three horses abreast in hot weather change them about to prevent the ill effects we have suggested. Or do not give the middle horse such long hours as those on the outside. A horse with spavin lameness limps on the affected leg when he is made to "move over" in the stall. He also wears off the toe of his shoe. Watch for this in the stable. Examine the horse when he is standing still. If he is foot-sore the sore foot will be "pointed" forward now and then, or he will change from one foot to the other occasionally, to rest the sore foot. If a horse is a "dummy" as the result of an attack of heat exhaustion which has left him with softening of the brain, you can cross his fore feet and he will stand all day in that position, or he will take feed into his mouth and forget to chew it. The feed may be seen as a lump bulging out of the cheek. Such a horse cannot be cured and he is worthless in hot weather. Watch the horse as he moves away, first at a walk and then at a trot, and then returns at those gaits. Every joint should be fully flexed and each foot come down firm and square, regularly and in a straight line. The hocks should be carried fairly close. Wide carried hocks are an abomination. Winging out and "padding" of the fore feet is objectionable and a horse that trails his hind toes, scuffing up the dust, stubbing his toes, or wearing down the front of his toes is unsound in the joints or muscles above the hoofs.

The symptoms of heaves are best seen when standing behind a horse. The breathing is done by a double, bellows-like action of the abdominal muscles. The horse has "bellows to mend." In such cases there is a characteristic cough, in bad cases accompanied by escape of gas from the rectum. Make the horse gallop to see if he wheezes, whistles or "roars." These symptoms indicate incurable disease of the organs of breathing. In some cases, however, the horse may puff and pant with widely dilated nostrils when worked fast and hard after a long rest and heavy feeding. Such a horse may be sound enough when worked down into shape. The horse that grunts when threatened with a whip when standing close against a wall, is not necessarily unsound in wind. He is a "grunter," but that sometimes is the result of nervousness. Always gallop a grunting horse, however, as that will prove if he really is broken in wind. The horse that squats and cringes when pinched in the region of the loins is not necessarily "weak in the kidneys". Indeed kidney disease cannot well be detected in that way. The horse is merely ticklish and nervous, but may have a normally strong back. People are nervous in the same way. Some can stand tickling in the ribs; others nearly go crazy if so tickled. Horses also are nervous. This is technically termed "hypersensitivity" (hyperesthesia). Never buy a horse without carefully examining each hoof. Have leather or rubber pads removed. One does not want to buy "a pig in a poke" (bag). Bar shoes also are suggestive of foot trouble. Examine the eyes. Pupils should dilate when the horse is led into the light. If you suspect that he cannot see well put an obstacle on the road and trot him up to it. He will jump aside or over the obstacle if he sees it. Deaf horses never stir an ear; those that are vicious, highly nervous or deficient in eyesight keep their ears working back and forth. Examine the tail. It should not be a joined on appendage. This also applies to the braided mane and foretop. Beware of highly polished or blackened and varnished hoofs. They may be unsound and "shaped up with the rasp" and blackened and polished to hide the marks and fool the buyer. Always patronize the traveling horse dealer, the "gyp" or the known sharper. It is always best to avoid trades, made on the spur of the moment and to be rude at leisure.

The Questions and Answers constitute one of the most valuable features of this department and we urge our farmer subscribers to read all of them carefully each month, as you will find that they contain much useful information and advice on practical problems that are troubling you as well as those who have asked the questions. Cut them out and paste them into a scrapbook for future reference. This will save you the trouble of writing us and will avoid delay in getting your answer when you need advice on these same matters. It is necessary to expect us to waste valuable space in answering the same questions month after month for the benefit of those who need not have asked the questions if they had read and remembered the answers which we had previously printed.

Questions and Answers

ROPY MILK.—We were milking three fat cows when the milk of one became unfit for use, then another, and in a few days the third cow, which we have kept in mostly and fed, became the same as the others. At first we noticed the cream beingropy, then the milk after setting an hour or two will rope for yards like cooked okra, only worse. After it has soured it isn't any better. The milk doesn't look exactly right when milked. I have tried keeping it in different places but nothing seems to help the trouble. Do you think the cows are diseased and the disease is catching? What can I do for them?

K. L., Dade City, Fla.
A.—Do not blame the cows; the trouble is wholly due to bacteria (bad germs) that get into the milk during milking or after milking, and their source is the milk utensils that are not perfectly scalded and sun-dried, or the trouble may be due to contaminated washing water. Clean up, disinfect and whitewash the stable; perfectly cleanse all the milk utensils and the milk in clean place.

DAIRY ADVICE.—As I am thinking of going into the dairy business I would greatly appreciate and be very thankful to you if you could advise me and answer the following questions: (1) The proper location, number of cows, also number of acres required to clear about \$500 per year; (2) what breed of cows? (3) cost of feeding per head? (4) what crops should be raised for feeding? (5) what branch of dairying is the most profitable butter making or milk? (6) could you suggest a good book for a beginner pertaining to dairying?

P. F., Whitestone, N. Y.

A.—Take our advice and don't start it you do not understand the business. It needs the most expert knowledge and experience for success. If you make an average of fifty dollars per cow a year you will do well. Better work a year with a practical dairyman and then start in the business if you then feel competent. Use a grade of anyone of the dairy breeds. It will cost you about fifty dollars per cow for feed. You will have to raise the crops that best can be produced in the district where you start. Sell whole milk or cream. Butter requires skill and experience in order to succeed. As to reading matter, start with the farmers' bulletins of the Department of Agriculture at Washington and of your state experiment station.

STUNTED PIGS.—If a pig is stunted can you do anything for it? I have some that eat all right but do not grow; they are last fall's (1911) pigs and they were fed too much rye chop for a while which seems to have stopped their growth.

J. B., Summersville, Pa.

A.—Stunted pigs and the little "titman" pig of a litter are not worth bothering with. They eat a lot of expensive food and put it to no good use. Better substitute thrifty pigs and in future try to prevent injury from overfeeding and indigestion.

REMEDIES.—Apply an emulsion of equal parts of olive oil and lime water.

VOMITING.—Castor oil is often the only remedy necessary, as the cause of nausea and vomiting is quite likely to indicate a clogged condition of bowels. Children will take it plain, but for adults, float it in a cup of hot coffee and drink rapidly.

LINIMENT.—Five cents' worth each of ammonia, saltpeter and sweet oil. Mix thoroughly and you have a valuable liniment for rheumatism or any swelling.

MRS. TYRA HUDSON, Neosho, Mo.

COLEA INFANTUM.—Make a spice bag of ground allspice, ginger and cloves, one tablespoonful of each. Put in dish and pour enough boiling water over to moisten and mix well. Put into a cotton bag large enough to cover child's bowels and stomach, and keep moist with brandy. Pure alcohol will do. Keep this on until you see a change, then take off and rest child and apply again.

Mrs. MARGARET HENKLE, Weston, R. R. 3, W. Va.

GALL STONES.—Supplementary to formula in May COMFORT, I referred to the prickly pear or pan-cake cactus, and I used the plant itself, not the seed pods. I gathered it fresh every few days. I am taking it now as a tonic, gathering quite a quantity at a time. I then grind it with a sausage grinder and spread in a clean place to dry. It needs the sun and wind to dry it and should be turned often to keep from souring. When dry I run it through the grinder again to make it fine. It should be kept in a dry place. To use, put a level teaspoonful in a cup, pour boiling water onto it and let stand until cool, then strain and drink. Use four cups a day at any time most convenient. I think the dried is better if anything than the fresh. So many ask how long it would take to cure, but that I cannot tell. I took it two months and a half before I was entirely relieved. Others might take longer. Please do not write to me. I have said all I know.

ELLA TERPENING, Greenwich, Kans.

RATTLESNAKE BITES.—The a tight bandage above and below the bite; if possible make tiny incision, or cut out a tiny piece of flesh at point of bite and squeeze. Pulverize a good pinch of Potassium of Potassium and apply. Two applications will draw poison from flesh of man or beast.

GEORGIA BIERMAN, Dixon, Mont.

RATTLESNAKE BITES.—Use turpentine and soda, placing the soda on a cloth and binding it over bite; pour on turpentine and repeat process as soon as soda green.

LOCKJAW.—Bind pine pitch onto wound.

FELON.—Place finger into a hot kerosene (coal-oil) can be borne.

MRS. TULA STRICKLAND, Swallow, Minn.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

When agate kettles must be set over fire, grease bottoms and the smut will readily wash off.

Mrs. IVA B. MCKEE, Hicksville, Ohio.

Table silverware if washed in plenty of hot soap suds and rinsed and dried thoroughly will require very little cleaning.

To keep silverware that is not in constant use, wrap each piece separately in tissue paper, then all together in old flannel.

Damp air and imperfect drainage will cause silver to tarnish very quickly.

Ivory handles of steel knives should never be allowed to go into the dishwasher as it loosens and discolored them.

To remove fruit stains put a layer of salt on the stain as soon as made and pour boiling water through same as for tea stains.

To remove ink stains: While fresh soak in milk, using fresh milk as it takes up the ink. If the stain has been allowed to dry use salts of lemon, first wetting the spot, then rubbing the salts on and rinsing well with cold water. It may sometimes be necessary to repeat the process.

For grease spots, chloroform, either, turpentine or alcohol may be used; but if very delicate fabrics, naphtha is better than either as it leaves no mark of its own.

To remove grass stains, wash the stained part in alcohol and rinse in clear water. If possible while the stain is fresh.

To remove mildew, rub over the marks with the juice of a raw tomato, sprinkle with salt and lay in sun. Repeat the process if necessary two or three times.

MRS. FANNIE S. COWGILL, Deer Park, R. R. 1, Box 36, Md.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 33.)

How John Quit Drinking

The Happy Reunion
Golden Remedy Did It

Costs Nothing to Try.

Golden Remedy Is Odorless and Tasteless—Any Lady Can Give It Secretly in Tea, Coffee or Food.

If you have a husband, son, brother, father or friend who is a victim of liquor, all you have to do is to send your name and address on the coupon below. You may be thankful as long as you live that you did it.

Club Offer. Send only three subscribers to COMFORT

each month for 15 months for one pair six-inch nickel steel warranted Pliers.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Free Trial Package Coupon

Dr. J. W. Haines Company, 3217 Glen Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Please send me, absolutely free, by return mail, in plain wrapper, so that no one can know what it contains, a trial package of Golden Remedy to prove that what you claim for it is true in every respect.

Name _____

RHEUMATISM

My New External Remedy
So Good That I Take All
Chances on Results

COUPON BRINGS IT TO TRY FREE

I am so sure that my Drafts will bring relief to you, no matter how bad your case, that I want you to try them at my expense.

Send my coupon with your name and address, and by return mail you will get a regular Dollar pair of my famous Magic Foot Drafts to try free. If you could read my letters telling of marvelous cures, you will believe me when I say that I know of nothing so safe and sure for Rheumatism of every kind, no matter where located or how severe, as my Drafts, which are

FREDERICK DYER,
Corresponding Secy.

already in demand all over the civilized world. We have letters even from cases of 30 and 40 years standing saying that at last they have been cured. But it takes very little faith to fill out and mail a coupon and then if you are satisfied after a thorough trial, you can send me One Dollar. If not, keep your money. I take your word. How can you justify yourself for not investigating a harmless remedy so powerfully backed up by tens of thousands of letters from satisfied users, when you can test its merit without cost? Don't delay but send this coupon today—now.

This \$1 Coupon FREE

Good for a regular \$1.00 pair of Magic Foot Drafts to be sent Free to try (as explained above) to

Name _____

Address _____

Mail this coupon to Magic Foot Draft Company, 1036 Oliver Bldg., Jackson, Mich.

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

Total cost only \$7.50 by our Purchase Plan 7 MONTHS TIME TO PROVE TO YOU THAT THIS MAGNIFICENT ROYAL HAS THE SWETTEST, FURRIEST, LIGHTEST AND CLEANEST TONE TO PROVE TO YOU THAT IT IS AS LARGE AND HANDSOME AS THE TRUST MACHINES THAT SELL AT \$25.00—
TO PROVE TO YOU THAT IT HAS THE STRONGEST MOTOR, THE BEST REPRODUCER AND TONE ARM AND THE MOST INGENUOUS DEVICES TO START, STOP AND CONTROL THE RECORDS. SHIPPED WITH A SUPPLY OF 10-INCH DOUBLE DISC RECORDS OF YOUR SELECTION, SO YOU CAN ENJOY THE FINEST ENTERTAINMENTS FOR ONE WHOLE MONTH. RETURN THE OUTFIT AT OUR EXPENSE IF FOR ANY REASON YOU DO NOT WISH TO KEEP IT. DROP POSTAL FOR OUR BIG LIST OF UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIALS. THEY ARE FREE. S. H. DAVIS, ▲ 626101 May St., CHICAGO

FREE FOR WOMEN

I suffered for years with painful periods, leucorrhoea, womb, ovarian troubles, and other female complaints and finally found a safe, simple home treatment that cured me in my own home without medical aid. This is the story told in letters received every day from grateful women who have used MAGNOLIA BLOSSOM. Let us send you some of these testimonials; stories of wonderful cures and remarkable recoveries after years of suffering. It is a simple common sense home remedy and costs you nothing to try it. A FREE TRIAL BOX sent to every woman who writes for it. Address, SOUTH BEND REMEDY CO., Box 4, South Bend, Ind.

ASTHMA CURED Before You Pay
I will send any sufferer a full size bottle of LANE'S CURE on FREE TRIAL. 12 oz. cure, send me \$1.50. If it does not, don't send me a cent. Give express office address D. J. LANE, 285 Lane Building, St. Marys, Kansas.

Engraved Gold Bracelet.
Three Year Guarantee.



14 Kt. Gold Finish
Hand Engraved.

THIS ROUND BRACELET with artistic engraving and unique SPRING FASTENING is the most attractive pattern we have seen this season. Not too large, it fits well and becomes all ages. **WEAR LIKE SOLID GOLD.** There is a demand for bracelets of enormous size, but this style is medium large and nearly three inches in diameter, we consider it a beautiful pattern. Your initial or initials may be engraved on the shield, or not, as you choose. This bracelet is a Summer of 1912 style so you will want one while they are fashionable and as we guarantee fit and wear, you need not hesitate to order.

Special Offers: Send us only one new 15-months subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents for one of these beautiful bracelets free. It positively must be a new subscription. Send 10 cents extra, 35 cents all, if for your own sub. or a renewal.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received from COMFORT subscribers concerning the health of the family that this column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be addressed to physicians, not to us. Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this and all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

G. C. Cushing, Okla.—Reducing weight in as short a time as possible is a dangerous proceeding, which kills some people. It must be gradual and perhaps the best way is by careful starvation. That is reduce your diet to the very least that will keep up your strength and let that be of non-fat producing foods. Stop all sweets, fats, pastry, potatoes, butter, bread, except stale bread dry toasted, fresh meats, parsnips, carrots, beets, cream, milk puddings, water in excess, malt liquors and starchy foods generally. Take vigorous exercise, sleep as little as possible and keep on the jump all the time. It is no easy job to get rid of surplus flesh. Fat people are too lazy to do what is necessary to lessen their flesh.

H. E. Butte City, Mont.—Hydrocephalus, water on the brain, is a disease showing itself in children within a few months after birth, usually, sometimes within a year or two, and rarely later. It is practically incurable and while patients may live for twenty, or in very rare cases as long as forty years, they usually die within two or three years. Possibly if you took your child to a hospital it might receive treatment that would prolong its life, but we can offer no hope of a cure. We are sorry to say this, but you should know the truth.

Troubled, Unionport, O.—Your eyes hurt you when you awake in the morning, they burn and fill with tears when you look intently at anything, and sometimes they swell nearly shut. Yet you say, "I do not intend to wear glasses if I can possibly help it." We are also tempted to tell you that you deserve to lose your sight entirely, for being blind you might see how foolish you are. There are many others like you and to all we say, have your eyes properly treated by a physician and wear glasses gladly rather than lose the most valuable of all human senses.

Mrs. L. G. Notus, Ida.—The ear trouble comes from indigestion, catarrh of the stomach. The mucous membrane of the ear tubes is part of that of the alimentary canal, going clear through the body and that being affected in the stomach affects all its ramifications. Put yourself on a simple diet of milk, eggs, rice, raw cabbage, dry toasted bread, or whole wheat bread, and drink no tea or coffee. Chew every mouthful to a pulp before swallowing. (2) The itching of the head is due to the loosening hair and the bulbs you see at the end of the hairs are the roots. Get a good hair tonic from your druggist and use it according to directions. You cannot make hair grow, but you can prevent its falling out. (3) You are another one of those mothers who thinks she is doctor enough for her own baby. Take your child to a physician who can prescribe properly for it.

A. R. S., New York, N. Y.—If you are now five feet seven and a half inches tall, you might be stretched to the normal of five feet eight, but to add more than that to your stature is doubtful, though we believe some late scientists are announcing that the time will come when man may grow to any height he wishes. The Bible says he cannot, but scientists do not base their conclusions on the Scriptures.

M. C. J., Oakdale, Wis.—The sharp shooting-pains in your chest, arms and between your shoulders are due to neuralgia, which is always aggravated by damp, cold weather. Neuralgia is a nerve affection and thus far doctors have not been able to find a cure for it. A remedy in general use is local application of chloroform liniment,—wet a cloth with it and hold tight down on affected part till you feel it is about to blister, then take off for a minute. Five-grain tablets of salicylate of soda from three to five times a day will help. Take for two or three days only, as too much injures the stomach. As neuralgia is a nervous trouble your present condition may be partly the cause.

Claribel, Appledale, Wash.—As your baby appears to have nothing the matter with him except that his appetite is not what you think it ought to be, suppose you leave it to the baby to eat what he wants and not try to coax him to eat when or what he doesn't want to. He is following nature's course and as long as he is fat and happy on it, let him alone. He knows more about himself than you do. Some babies don't and they suffer all sorts of aches and pains from eating what their mothers think they should eat. Even if you did not live twenty-seven miles from a doctor we would not tell you to take this baby to one to find out what is the matter with him.

R. G., Salem, Mass.—Kidney and bladder troubles are not simple diseases and there are no simple remedies for them. Where patients live near good physicians and fine hospitals we advise that they get the best private treatment and if they cannot afford it, go to a hospital where all will be done that can be done. These diseases may never be fully cured, but much relief may be had. Sometimes operations are necessary and a patient should understand this and submit to it, hopefully, for often an operation will do what all the medicine fails to do.

L. P., Bailey, La.—For constipation, try a heaping teaspoonful of phosphate of soda in a glass of hot water before each meal. Continue it for a month or more. It is good for the liver and aids digestion. Also have a care of the food you eat, avoiding such things as do not digest readily. (2) Eat plenty of sweet and fat foods, drink all the water you can, take little exercise and don't worry, is a good formula to gain flesh. (3) Possibly chewing tobacco does not prevent the teeth from decaying, but it does not produce decay. Authorities differ.

E. H. A., Manor Texas.—The man or woman who can compound a preparation that will make hair grow on bald heads,—naturally bald and not as a result of disease—has got a great fortune in his fist. Hundreds have been hunting for it for years, but it has not yet been found. Nor do we think it will be until somebody has discovered something to make teeth grow when once they have come out. You can get preparations at drug-stores that will prevent hair from falling out but that is the best that is offered thus far.

Mrs. S. S. Libby, Mont.—You are like too many women all over this so-called happy land of freedom, simply worked to the limit of endurance. All your aches are due to overwork more than anything else and you need rest. Just rest, away from the work and the worry that has been yours so long. Too many husbands do not realize what burdens their wives bear and seldom put out a hand to help. If you could get out from your swampy and damp neighborhood and go to the good air and rest for a while you would gather health and strength and be good for a quarter of a century yet, at least. A woman of forty-six is in her heyday, if she is given half a chance as you have not been given. You tired out and worn down women don't need medicine; you need husbands who are more considerate and a good long resting spell. We are more than sorry that we cannot give you these two essentials to your well being.

Worried, Plainview, N. M.—There are various advertising cures of the tobacco habit, smoking, chewing, snuffing, and all of them have actual cures to their credit, but first of all comes the will power of the patient. Without that nothing can be done. The fact that you have failed to break away from snuffing shows that you are weak and when you want the weed you let yourself take it. Instead of bracing against your desire and conquering it, if you really want to stop it, you can, but unless you really want to, you never will. It is difficult, but nothing very good comes easy.

E. O., Sandwich, Ill.—You are another of the weak-willed ones who think that medicine will take the place of character. It will not. As a clerk in a candy store you ought to be able not to eat what you know injures your health, and knowing, you should have the will power not to eat. If you cannot conquer the candy habit where you are, you had better get a

job in a hardware store where you cannot eat the stock.

Miss D. S., Lake Andes, S. Dak.—Don't worry about the spots on your skin. Give them frequent and active massaging with your hand or a soft brush and get the blood to circulating properly where they are. Take before each meal a teaspoonful of phosphate of soda—in a glass of water. This will also act upon the liver and purify the blood. As for the freckles, if they are simple sun freckles they will go away in time, and if they are the permanent kind, you cannot do much with them, but spoil your skin.

Troubled, St. Paul, Minn.—The movements of your bowels when you get up in the morning which have been troubling you lately, are no doubt due to cold. You probably sleep with only slight covering and perhaps where a draft can strike you. This will very often produce such a result, especially in warm weather. If you will wrap a flannel bandage about a foot wide, double thickness, around your stomach, making it secure so it will not come off during the night, you will very likely stop further trouble. Remove it when you get up. If this does not give relief, see a doctor.

Blotched, Hope, Kans.—For the blotches on your skin take a teaspoonful of phosphate of soda in a glass of water before meals, and use a lotion made as follows: Salipho-carbonate of zinc, two parts; glycerine, twenty-five parts; rose-water, twenty-five parts; alcohol, five parts. Apply twice a day, leave on for an hour and wash with cold water.

P. S., Florence, Ala.—There are numerous vermifuges used against tapeworms but the best, probably, are the oil of male fern and preparations of pumpkin-seeds. It is difficult to remove the head of the worm, but it can be done if doctor and patient keep at it. Have your doctor prescribe male fern for you.

Anxious, Abbeville, S. C.—For acidity of the stomach and relieving the pressure from gas, take quarter teaspoonful of soda in half glass of hot water half hour after meals. If you have wind in the stomach, a few drops of peppermint in the soda water will relieve. Relieving the pressure of the gas will relieve the heart pain.

Mrs. E. G. K., Baskin, La.—The remedy for gaining flesh is to take two teaspoonsfuls of the best brand of condensed milk, the sweetened kind, in a cup of hot water every night before going to bed, put a pinch of salt in it and eat a cracker with it. If you want to try cow's milk or cheap brands of condensed milk, you may do so, but don't blame it on our advice.

Mrs. J. O. J., Howard, N. Dak.—A mixture of whisky, glycerine and rock candy is not a cure for consumption, nor is any other mixture, no matter how soon you take it. The only remedy is pure air, night and day, and that is not sure.

Bothered, Enloe, Texas.—So-called wild hairs in the eyes are the loose eye-lashes that work their way in and affix themselves to the ball. They should be removed by a physician and your eyes should be treated and looked after at intervals to prevent their recurrence.

An illustrated book which goes thoroughly into the whole question of the cause, cure and prevention of catarrh will, upon request, be sent you by Dr. J. W. Blosser, 439 Walton street, Atlanta, Ga.

He will, also, mail you five days' free treatment.

You will at once see that it is a wonderful remedy, and as it only costs one dollar for the regular treatment, it is within the reach of everyone.

It is not necessary to send any money—simply send your name and address and the booklet and free trial package will be mailed you immediately

Harmless Smoke Cures Catarrh.

A Simple, Safe, Reliable Way and It Costs Nothing to Try.

This preparation of herbs, leaves, flowers and berries (containing no tobacco or habit-forming drugs) is either smoked in an ordinary clean pipe or smoking tube, and by drawing the medicated smoke into the mouth and inhaling into the lungs or sending it out through the nostrils in a perfectly natural way, the worst case of Catarrh can be eradicated.

It is not unpleasant to use, and at the same time it is entirely harmless, and can be used by man, woman or child.

Just as Catarrh is contracted by breathing cold or dust and germ-laden air, just so this balmy antiseptic smoking remedy goes to all the affected parts of the air passages of the head, nose, throat and lungs. It can readily be seen why the ordinary treatments, such as sprays, ointments, salves, liquid or tablet medicines fail—they do not and cannot reach all the affected parts.

If you have catarrh of the nose, throat or lungs, choking, stopped-up feeling, colds, catarrhal headaches; if you are given to hawking and spitting, this simple but scientific treatment should cure you.

An illustrated book which goes thoroughly into the whole question of the cause, cure and prevention of catarrh will, upon request, be sent you by Dr. J. W. Blosser, 439 Walton street, Atlanta, Ga.

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LOTS OF FUN FOR A DIME

Ventriloquist Double Throat

Fits roof of mouth; always invisible; greatest thing yet. Astonish and mystify your friends. Neigh like a horse; whine like a puppy; sing like a canary, and imitate birds and beasts of the field and forest. **Loads of fun.** Wonderful invention. Thousands sold. Price: only 10 cents; 4 for 25 cents, or 12 for 50 cents.

Double Throat Co., Dept. Y, Frenchtown, N.J.

BABIES' JAP-SILK BONNET

Trimmed with three silk ribbon, double bows, silk cord, two long white strings and lined throughout. This is a fall 1912 style, very attractive and of the latest fashion. Has the very appearance of bonnets costing \$3.00 or more. By ordering in advance we obtain quantity price, of which we give you the benefit. We have these Jap-Silk Bonnets in white only and ages up to 3 years. Complete satisfaction and perfect fit guaranteed or money returned.

Club Offer Send only two subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months for One Bonnet. Please give age required.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

This Beautiful Ring FREE

Set with four Sapphires surrounded with six bright sparkling diamonds. Most beautiful ring ever given and can be had with sending one cent by distributing only four of our large beautiful pictures by our special plan. We send pictures at once, all charges paid, printed in 10 to 17 colors. Send no money in advance. We trust you with pictures until disposed of. You can also earn Watch, Doll, Bracelet or Lace Curtains if you wish. KANSAS ART CLUB, Dept. 39, Topeka, Kan.

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FREE SUIT

This well-known company makes this startling announcement: To advertise our high class made-to-order clothes, we will make you a fine suit to your measure and give you a chance to get it without one cent of cash. Act quick—before someone in your locality gets ahead of you. This suit will be the best you ever wore. Show it to your friends—tell them casually who made it.

We Mean Exactly What We Say

Be wide awake to this big smashing opportunity and send in your name & address. The offer is absolutely on the square. We are a well and favorably known Chicago firm whose word is as good as a bond. If you don't know our reputation for honesty and square dealings, ask National Bank of Republic, Chicago.

We Send 70 Samples To Pick From

—also style charts, measurement blank, tape, etc., without any obligation on your part—just as soon as we get your letter—and we'll send you a full page if we wanted everybody to know about this. Men who have the keenness to find this small advertisement to read it and to answer it are just the type of men we favor. So send your name and address to us at once. NOW.

SPENCER, MEAD CO., Dept. 184, Chicago

P. S.—We desire a few more live hunters to earn \$2 to \$10 a day managing some of our agencies, open soon.



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this Bureau and of all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

F. L. W., Travis, Texas.—You can get at any drug-store hard varnish that you can use on your room floors which will leave them in their natural finish. If you want to paint them, any dark color you like will answer, and you can buy a better paint for the purpose and cheaper than you can make. In asking for paint say that you want it for floors.

Topsy, Trumansburg, N. Y.—A good grammar school education is sufficient for a governess for small children. If you are otherwise qualified by association with polite and educated people. In other words a governess must be a lady. Children learn other things than are in their books. The requirements differ in different families. Your best plan is to advertise in city papers for a position, unless you have friends who know people who want governesses.

W. M. R., Bethel, Ind.—The climate best adapted to rheumatic troubles is one that is perfectly dry. It may be warm or cold, but must be dry. Arizona has it, warm; Colorado, cold. Still, even climate will not always cure rheumatism.

Subscriber, Madison, Wis.—A girl who has not been through public school cannot pass college examinations, unless she has been prepared in private schools. A cooking school, however, does not require so much education, and that is the kind of school which more of our girls should attend. We do not know where such schools are located in your state. Ask somebody there.

M. G. M., Worcester, Mass.—Southern Colorado is a good place for your chronic bronchitis and there are numerous small towns there where there are no consumptive colonies. Just where you would want to locate can only be determined by your going there to find out.

S. W. J., Comet, N. C.—As far as heard from the marks. That is to say they could all read and write. Some of the ablest men this country has produced were in the constitutional convention of 1787 and men who framed the Constitution of the United States were hardly the kind who could not sign their names.

Miss I. S., Springfield, Mo.—Jabot is a French word of unknown origin. In the seventeenth century men wore ruffled shirt fronts called jabots, after the ruffled fronts of certain birds. In these days women wear jabots of a somewhat different pattern. (2) Any bookseller in Springfield can get you French Lessons, and you may teach yourself if you are quick at languages, but it is much better to have a teacher to start you.

M. W. W., Jelton, Tenn.—Mrs. Emma D. E. Neill Southworth is as near as we can get to the full name of the late Mrs. Southworth. Gazetteers do not give more.

Stranded, El Dorado, Oregon.—You are making a mistake in thinking your daughter aged sixteen writes a story that would be worth any money to an editor. Only stories by older writers and well-known bring much money. A great many COMFORT readers have the idea that they can write good matter, prose or verse, but they are wrong unless they can sell what they write. That is the test of literary quality nowadays. Our advice to them is not to try to write until they know where they can sell their product. It is a long, hard road.

H. U. P., The Dalles, Oregon.—You and other COMFORT readers ask us questions concerning pensions and the laws applying to them and we cannot answer satisfactorily or definitely. All such information can be had by applying to the Commissioner of Pensions, Washington, D. C., and more directly to your members of Congress. It is their business to look after such matters for their constituents.

N. D., Porterville, Ala.—The proper pronunciation of Colonel Roosevelt's name is very nearly Rozyvelt. Some call it Roosevelt, and the most pronounce it as spelled. (2) You may secure copyright by sending manuscript to Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., Copyright Division, and enclosing fifty cents. An extra copy will cost you fifty cents additional. Better write for blanks first and get particulars free.

Mrs. W. E., St. Anthony, Ida.—The difference between a trade and a profession is that the latter is a vocation requiring more advanced education, and generally higher mental qualifications. (2) It may be said that a university is composed of several colleges; a college of several academies, and an academy is a private school in which some of the higher branches are taught. A university is therefore a combination of all. A normal school is a college for the especial preparation of teachers for teaching. By the way, every family should have a dictionary as well as a Bible. Have you a Bible? If not, COMFORT offers a handsome one as a premium for subscribers.

Buzzwagon, Republic, Okla.—Farm labor in Oklahoma, Texas, and Kansas during harvest is high and in demand, as it is in all farming sections of the country. What it regularly depends largely upon the kind of a man the laborer is. Some are worth more, some less, and there is no union to regulate prices. Any man who is any account can get all the work he wants on Western farms if he knows his business.

M. F., Ewington, O.—The motorcycle record for one mile is fifty and one fifth seconds, made in 1905 at Blackpool, England, in 1905 by H. Cissac. The automobile record is one mile in twenty-five forty-eighths seconds, made at Daytona, Fla., by Burman in 1911. The word motorcycle is pronounced as spelled.

Troublesome, Lyons, N. Y.—It is commendable in everybody to want to increase his knowledge and we encourage reading all we can, but we haven't space to give a list of books and authors for one to read who has read nothing beyond school books. Get from your town library, or buy a text book on English literature and read that to learn what good books have been written and by whom. Then you will know what books you need. We recommend this to other COMFORT readers.

Silver Salt and Pepper Set SIZE OF ILLUSTRATION

Another triumph of the Silversmith's Art. Beautiful design splendid material and most useful for the whole family. Any further description of a Salt and Pepper Set seems unnecessary, except to say that the quality is excellent, the famous Ever-wear Silver Plate, which is extra durable, and will permit constant use and frequent polishing without signs of wear. Our illustration is practically life size, the Holders are a bit larger if anything, and we guarantee satisfaction in every case. Advantageous buying of a quantity enables us to send post-paid a set of two, for Salt and Pepper for only two subscribers to Courvoisier at 25c each.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



His Hearing Has Been Restored

"Yes, it is I who am speaking." "I can clearly hear every word you say." "No, I am not deaf any more but I used to be as deaf as a haddock." "Yes, I can hear as well as you can now." "I never expected such relief as this: It is a real pleasure to be able to use the telephone under normal conditions." "Of course, I am positive the cure is complete: there's no doubt about it." "Last Sunday I heard the sermon and singing without any straining, and all this week I've been proving to people that my deaf-

ness is gone." "Dr. Contant did it for me in six weeks after everything else failed, without dragging me, without sticking any electrical devices in my ears and without any loss of time. He has a common-sense, self-treatment method that is devised according to Nature's laws. He explains it in a treatise which he will send gratis and postpaid by addressing George E. Contant, M. D., 7 W. Station E. New York City." Legions of testimonials proving remarkable benefit—both sexes, all ages—often after many years of deafness and head-noises.

UNCLE CHARLIE'S POEMS

Unrivalled! Unexcelled! Unsurpassed!!!

Only book of really funny verse ever published. Every line a laugh. Every verse a scream. Irresistible! Charming!! Unique!!! You want it, you cannot do without it. Ideal gift for young or old. Elegantly printed. Beautifully bound in ribbed blue silk. Contains absorbingly interesting sketch of author's life and beautiful pictures of Uncle Charlie. Size 73x25 inches. For a club of only four 15-month subs. to Comfort at 25 cents this magnificent volume will be sent free. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

N. C., Bentonville, Ark.—Coal passers and firemen in the U. S. Navy wear the same uniform as other enlisted men, when on parade. The term of service is three years, and we advise your joining the navy. Write to Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C., for all particulars.

W. W., Guthrie, Okla.—There are negroes in the U. S. Navy. Why not? Enlisted men in the navy do not have to work hard enough to hurt, and they have plenty of time to eat, sleep and enjoy themselves.

A degree of latitude at the pole is 69,407 miles, and at the equator, 68,704 miles; a degree of longitude is 1-360th of the earth's circumference, or about 69 miles.

Family Pictures

Entirely New. Beautiful and cheap. Crescent Portrait Studio, 916 Montana St., Chicago.

68 PHOTOS Art, Actress, Bathing Girl, etc., 10c. A. KING CO., Andover, Ohio.

SONG POEMS Wanted, Cash or royalty to you. NEEDHAM MUSIC HOUSE, 91-5, St. Louis, Mo.

Money \$\$ FOR WISE MEN \$ \$ KEY FREE. J. Warren Smith, Ottawa, Ill.

\$2.00 A DAY earned at home writing; send stamp. Address Art College, LAPORTE, IND.

\$10 Cash Paid PER 1000 FOIL CANCELLED. A. SCOTT, COHOES, N. Y.

MONEY Made quickly by smart men. T. ARTOZ CO., 115 Nassau St., New York.

50 HOT AIR CARDS. "Lots of Fun," 10c. SUN Book Co., Dept. 111, HARRISON, Mich.

LADIES make supporters; \$12 per hundred; no canvassing; material furnished. Stamped envelope for particulars. WARASH SUPPLY CO., Dept. A25, Milwaukee, Wis.

HEIRS Wanted, 60,000 estates unclaimed. Full facts in booklet G. Send Stamp. INTERNATIONAL CLAIM AGENCY, Pittsburgh, Pa.

LADIES Make Shields at Home. \$10.00 per 100. Work sent prepaid to reliable women. Particulars for stamped envelope. EUREKA CO., Dept. 21, Kalamazoo, Mich.

FREE! Bell 10 fancy drawn hand-cards at 10c each, send us the \$1 and we will mail you 2 beautiful Solid Gold Plated Rings, guaranteed 10 years. INOLA CO., 12, CHICAGO

OLD COINS WANTED. \$1 to \$600 paid for hundreds of coins dated before 1884. Send 10 cents for our coin value book, it may mean your fortune. ROECKWELL & CO., 8285 Archer Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.

PATENTS START FACTORIES. Free basic how to get and sell patents. Instant success or fail returned. SUES & CO., Attny., 5-14 7th St., Washington, D. C.

BE A DETECTIVE; Earn from \$100.00 to \$300.00 per month; travel over the world. Write C. T. Ludwig, 452 SCARRITT BLDG., KANSAS CITY, MO.

Gold Finished Signet Ring your free. Will stand acid test, 10c. each or 3 for 25c. M. WANER, Pennington, N. J.

TOBACCO FACTORY WANTS SALESMEN. Good Pay, Work and Promotion. Experience unnecessary as we give Complete Instructions. PIEDMONT TOBACCO CO., Box 20, Danville, Va.

WATCH RING & CHAIN FREE We give an American made, thin wind and stem set Watch fully GUARANTEED, and this Band Ring, or any other you may want, for only 20 pks.

ROSES CARDS 10c per card. Send us your order. Order 20 today, when sold send us the \$2.00 and we will send you the WATCH and RING and also a CHAIN. BRIDMAN & CO., 2430 N. Halsted St. Dept. 104, CHICAGO

and satin dressed dolls, never tiring of these as they can be dressed in many different ways to suit the taste. They can be filled with more or less cotton just as the weight is preferred, as the material they are made of can be easily torn to pieces, so as to have a good, fat, plump doll or one of lighter weight.

We have arranged to give these dolls for club raising and will send one, all charges fully prepaid, if you send the name of 2 new 15-mo. subscribers at 25 cents each.

Remember, since one year to the subscribers you secure and the dolls for you as a premium. Will send 2 dolls for securing 2 15-mo. subscribers at 25 cents each.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

How Is Your Health?

If you don't feel well, run down, out of sorts and depressed, weak, dizzy, ache in back, side, chest or muscles; if you lack life to enjoy a hearty laugh; have suffered for years with disease; stomach weak, breath offensive, circulation feeble, cold clammy hands or feet; have rheumatism, heart trouble or grippy colds.

Wouldn't You Like to Feel Real Good Again?

To have perfect rest, good digestion? Easy mind, good memory for names and places? Have vim and vigor with a knowledge that rich pure blood was supplying the entire system with nature's own health-producing vitality?

We will send, all Free and plainly mailed the necessary OXIE REMEDIES, consisting of one 25 cent Oxie Porous Plaster and sample of the Oxie Pills together with a free Sample Box of Oxie Tablets the WONDERFUL HEALTH TONIC. This is the same treatment that has for past years accomplished almost miracles in thousands of homes and is a royal road to health.

We want you to ask for our Free Oxie Treatment literature, etc., and the full sample Oxie Remedy Treatment without a cent of cost to you. We will also show you how to make \$245.50 by starting on only \$2.50. We have the best money-making agency proposition today. This is ALL FREE if you send at once to

THE GIANT OXIE CO., 33 Willow Street, Augusta, Maine.

Oxie Tablets

The wonderful Health Tonic containing a combination of only pure Vegetable Tonics from Nature's great storehouse of healing.

ment sending name and address to us and we will gladly send you information with booklets,

literature, etc., and the full sample Oxie Remedy Treatment without a cent of cost to you. We will also show you how to make \$245.50 by starting on only \$2.50. We have the best money-making agency proposition today. This is ALL FREE if you send at once to

THE GIANT OXIE CO., 33 Willow Street, Augusta, Maine.

Silver Salt and Pepper Set

SIZE OF ILLUSTRATION

Another triumph of the Silversmith's Art. Beautiful design splendid material and most useful for the whole family. Any further description of a Salt and Pepper Set seems unnecessary, except to say that the quality is excellent, the famous Ever-wear Silver Plate, which is extra durable, and will permit constant use and frequent polishing without signs of wear. Our illustration is practically life size, the Holders are a bit larger if anything, and we guarantee satisfaction in every case. Advantageous buying of a quantity enables us to send post-paid a set of two, for Salt and Pepper for only two subscribers to Courvoisier at 25c each.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

CANCERS

Removed root and branch before paying out one cent. My cures guaranteed. Printed literature free. Address DR. C. BOYNTON, LAWRENCE, MASS.

Another triumph of the Silversmith's Art. Beautiful design splendid material and most useful for the whole family. Any further description of a Salt and Pepper Set seems unnecessary, except to say that the quality is excellent, the famous Ever-wear Silver Plate, which is extra durable, and will permit constant use and frequent polishing without signs of wear. Our illustration is practically life size, the Holders are a bit larger if anything, and we guarantee satisfaction in every case. Advantageous buying of a quantity enables us to send post-paid a set of two, for Salt and Pepper for only two subscribers to Courvoisier at 25c each.

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Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

INDICATE
YOUR
SYMPTOMS
HERE · · · · ·
for FREE
DIAGNOSIS

CUT OUT AND MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

Dear Doctor: I wish to avail myself of your offer to get a proof treatment free so I can test it in my own case. I have placed a cross X mark before the ailments for which I desire treatment, and XX before my worst troubles.

NAME..... (In full, Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

TOUR..... State.....

Address..... Street, R. F. D. or Box.....

If you have rheumatism..... AGE..... Have you ever written me before?

If you have sick headache..... If you have pain in your back.....

If you are nervous or irritable..... If you are subject to biliousness.....

If you feel weak and all run down..... If you have palpitation of the heart.....

If you have any rectal trouble or piles..... If your hands and feet get cold easily.....

If you belch up wind from your stomach..... If your bowels are irregular or constipated.....

If you have dribbling or painful urination..... If you have too frequent desire to pass water.....

If you have dizziness or swimming of your skin..... If you have boils and pimples on your face or neck.....

If you have pains in back, through loins, hips and joints..... If you have catarrh.....

If you are hard of hearing..... If your voice stops up easily.....

If you spit up mucus or slime..... If your ears discharge matter or pus.....

If your ears hurt when you blow your nose..... If you have ringing, buzzing, crackling noises in your ears.....

FOR WOMEN

If you are TOO FAT..... Put an X before every symptom you have and two XX marks before your worst trouble. If you

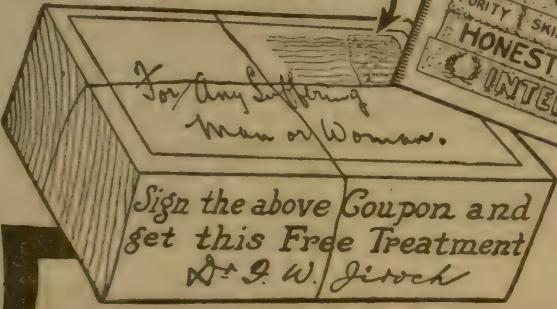
have any disease or weakness of a private nature that you want the Doctor to know,

write a letter describing it in your own words and return it with this coupon

FILL OUT THIS APPLICATION AND SEND IT TODAY

DR. F. W. JIROCH, Dept. 1323, 533 So. Wabash Avenue Chicago

My FREE Book
and FREE Test
Treatment



For any suffering
man or woman.

Sign the above Coupon and
get this Free Treatment
Dr. F. W. Jiroch

The Object of This Advertisement is to reach the sick, weak and suffering; those who have failed with other treatments, those who have given up in despair those in remote places who are not supplied with modern, up-to-date and successful methods of curing diseases.

I Want to Prove to You at My Own Expense That I Have the Real Remedies

I have perhaps the most successful method yet devised for the permanent cure of diseases of which I have made a specialty. I do not ask you to accept my word for this. I am a Specialist and I do not have one remedy that cures everything; no patent medicines; no "dope." My special treatments are made up of my own private prescriptions perfected after years of successful practice. My great success is due to knowing what remedies cure and treating my patients honestly. I count my successes by the hundred where a doctor in ordinary practice counts but one.

ACCEPT MY LIBERAL OFFER—It Places You Under No Obligations Whatever to Me

I repeat—you are under no obligation to accept this free offer. No contracts; no express charges. I will pay the postage myself and deliver the treatment right to your own door without one cent of expense to you. Do not delay; do not argue. Just say to yourself "If Dr. Jiroch has so much confidence in his ability and his treatment to go to all this expense I am going to let him try." Put a cross X mark before the symptoms you have; sign your name and address to the attached coupon, cut it out and mail to me today. It will obligate you to nothing.

DR. F. W. JIROCH, DEPT. 1323, 533-535 SO. WABASH AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Current Events

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16)

WEARS IRON TEETH.—S. P. Munday of Fort Worth, Tex., who is here to live, prides himself as being the only man living with cast iron teeth. He wears a set of upper teeth made of iron, cast by a metal company in Fort Worth. They weigh only four and three quarter ounces. He says they are as satisfactory as ordinary false teeth and demonstrated their solidity by sounding the metal on a piece of steel. The plate and teeth are one solid cast.

UMBRELLA LENDING SOCIETY.—The "Umbrella Lending Society" with a capital of about a million dollars and a stock consisting of several thousand umbrellas, has been started in Brussels. The subscription is one dollar a year, and each member is given an aluminum counter stamped with a number. When a subscriber is caught in the rain, he has but to go to the nearest restaurant, tobacco shop, or big store, and in exchange for his aluminum ticket, he is immediately given a sound umbrella. As soon as the rain ceases, he deposits the umbrella in a similar establishment and receives another counter.

2,000 MILES ON BIKES.—The seven Burlington Iowa Boy Scouts led by O. L. Chaney, who recently traveled to Washington on their bicycles, via Chicago, Cleveland, Buffalo, and New York, returned to Burlington, having traveled over 2,000 miles by wheel, a record journey in the scout movement. In Washington, they were entertained by President Taft, to whom they delivered a message from the mayor of Burlington, Iowa.

SAVED 83 LIVES.—Captain William H. Chelton of Crisfield, Md., who is reputed to have rescued more persons from drowning than any other man in America, died at his home in Baltimore, Md. Captain Chelton has eighty-three rescues to his credit. In 1863, he pulled fourteen Union soldiers from Chesapeake Bay during a storm. He holds a medal awarded him by Congress for his heroism.

WALKS AROUND WORLD.—Having walked around the world in 12 years, meeting with hairbreadth escapes and startling adventures, Juan de Llaveria, 39 years of age, arrived in New York city on his way to Paris to claim eight hundred thousand francs offered by Baron de Rothschild in 1900 for the man who accomplished the feat within 18 years. During the journey he has worn out 57 pairs of shoes, and smoked an average of 40 Spanish cigarettes a day. He computes that has smoked 175,200 during the time he has been tramping for the prize.

EMPEROR OF JAPAN.—On the morning of July 30, at 12:43 o'clock, the Emperor of Japan, Mutsuhito, died. He was the one hundred and twenty-first emperor of Japan and reigned forty-four years. Everything known to modern science was resorted to, to prolong his life. At the end, approximately 20,000 subjects waited outside the palace gates, silently paying their last homage. The new sovereign is Yoshihito, who is also very popular with the people.

TO PREVENT USE OF HABIT-FORMING DRUGS.—Immediate legislation to prevent the promiscuous use of habit-forming drugs was recently urged by President Taft to Congress. The message was accompanied by a report from Secretary Knox, declaring that unless speedy action is taken on measures now pending in Congress, "the American government may be justly accused of being half-hearted in its effort to mitigate or suppress the opium and allied evils."

ARE WE LOSING RICE APPETITE.—A representative of a plemaking concern succeeded in stopping a proposed increase in his company's taxes, when he appeared before the board of review of Chicago, and pleaded that rice is losing its hold on the American people's palates. "There has been no expansion of the plemaking business in the last year. It has decreased in popularity with the masses. Its place is being taken by fruit, ice cream and salad as a luncheon dessert."

TRAMP HAS A RECORD.—A No. 1, who bears the undisputed title of champion tramp of the world, recently visited Dalton, Ga., stopping there merely "between trains." When he reached Dalton his record book showed he had traveled during the past twenty-nine years of his life 500,197 miles, for which he has spent the big total of \$7.61.

AMERICAN FARMERS IN ALBERTA.—An official of the line says that "in Alberta lands alone, the sales of the Canadian Pacific railway in the last two years have amounted to more than \$10,000,000 each year, 85 per cent. of the lands sold having been taken by farmers who came from the United States."

PLUCK AND ENERGY.—The national bureau of education reports a remarkable instance of educational enterprise in Manatee, Fla. The high school there needed an industrial building, but the community could not afford to pay for it, so the children built it themselves. The grammar school boys made concrete blocks for the structure, which is 50x15 feet, one-story high; the high school boys erected the building, and the girls nailed on the laths for the plastering. It was a gratifying bit of enterprise, and an encouraging instance of activity.

Sign that Coupon and Get Well!



Sincerely yours
At F. W. Jiroch

Dr. F. W. Jiroch, of Chicago, who is regarded by many as perhaps the best Specialist of modern times in his chosen field, MAKES YOU THIS LIBERAL OFFER.

If You are Sick Let Me Help You

Just mark with a cross X in the coupon above any of the different symptoms you have and send it to me, and I will send you the Treatment Free so you may make a personal test, at my expense, of just what my medicine will do.

This Treatment Will Be Delivered By MAIL,
POSTAGE PAID, Right to Your Own Door
Without One Cent of Expense to You.

If you are feeling weak and run down, troubled with your Kidneys and Bladder, suffering from Rheumatism or Catarhal conditions, any Blood disorder, Pimples, Nervous Weakness, if you want your Liver and Bowels regulated, your appetite improved, Dyspepsia cured—if you feel the need of a genuine medicine to brace you up and restore your lost strength and ambition—if you want my advice on any private matter, then take a minute's time and send your application at once.

SEND NO MONEY

Simply put a cross X mark before the symptoms that you have, cut out the coupon, sign your name in full and complete address, and I will do the rest.

To Prove My Claims I'll send a Treatment Free to Test
I want you to try at my expense, not yours. All I want to know is what you want to be cured of. I have made it convenient for you to tell me this by simply putting a cross X mark before the symptoms you have on the attached coupon or write me a letter in your own words about anything of a private nature (man or woman) that you want me to know. I realize that I must help you and get your good will if I expect you to recommend me to others. And you must believe that my remedies are genuine, and that I do cure, otherwise I could not afford this expense of advertising.

The Vast Majority of Patients I Treat Are Those Who Have Failed With Other Treatments

You may feel discouraged on account of past failures: patent medicines may have proven worthless; your home doctor may have exhausted himself—even pronounced your case incurable—but this does not prove that I cannot help you. The worst cases come to me. My treatment may be a surprise to you. Set aside your doubts; try once more. Try at my expense. You have nothing to lose.

SEND NO MONEY

Simply put a cross X mark before the symptoms that you have, cut out the coupon, sign your name in full and complete address, and I will do the rest.

OUR CHARACTER READER will send you a character reading by handwriting for dime and addressed envelope. You will get a good reading that will help you in all your affairs.

Chiro Publishing Co., Monmouth, Ill.

OPIUM

or Morphine Habit Treated.

Free trial. Cases where other remedies have failed, especially desired. Give particulars.

Dr. R. G. CONTRELL, Suite 538 No. 200 W. 23d St., New York

MFG. CO., 298 Mill St., Concord, N.H.

4 RINGS GIVEN

Sell 10 packs Smith's Hair Tonic & Dandruff Remedy at 10¢ each. WE TRUST YOU

When sold send money and we'll send 4 rings of choice

from our premium list.

ROSEBUD PERFUME CO., BOX 22, WOODSBORO, MD.

THIS AIR RIFLE FREE

for selling 12 packages Blaine at 10cts. each rifle first class in every way. When sold return our \$1.20 and we send rifle.

BLAINE MFG. CO., 298 Mill St., Concord, N.H.

WE TRUST YOU

When sold send money and we'll send 4 rings of choice

from our premium list.

ROSEBUD PERFUME CO., BOX 22, WOODSBORO, MD.

4 RINGS GIVEN

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ROSEBUD PERFUME CO., BOX 22, WOODSBORO, MD.

4 RINGS GIVEN

Sell 10 packs Smith's Hair Tonic & Dandruff Remedy at 10¢ each. WE TRUST YOU

CRUEL PILES

Untold Misery the Penalty of Neglect. Dr. Van Vleck Found 3-Fold Treatment which is Healing Thousands.

Coupon Brings \$1 Package Prepaid

Don't neglect Piles or the itching or burning which is Nature's first warning. Write at once for Dr. Van Vleck's 3-fold Absorption Remedy for Piles and all Rectal troubles, including constipation. We gladly send it upon request without a cent in ad. "There's Relief in Every Package." Then if you are satisfied, send One Dollar.

If not, keep your money. We take your word. Thousands tell us of the wonderful cures performed by this safe remedy which is the triumph of nearly half a century of labor. You can try it for yourself without paying a cent. Just mail the coupon—do it at once.

FREE \$1. COUPON

Good for a \$1 package of Dr. Van Vleck's Complete 3-Fold Treatment to be sent Free on approval, as explained above, to

Name _____
Address _____

Mall this coupon today to Dr. Van Vleck Co., 1056 Majestic Bldg., Jackson, Mich. Return post will bring the \$1 Package on Trial.

GOITRE

\$2.50 Treatment Free

To convince you that my home treatment will cure Goitre, I will send you a \$2.50 Trial Treatment Free, which will quickly relieve choking and other alarming symptoms. It will also begin to reduce size of Goitre, thus satisfying you that my method will permanently cure. Read this letter from Mrs. Arthur Bell, Walton, Ind., which is one of hundreds I continually receive:

"I am happy to write you that your sample treatment two years ago entirely cured my goitre. I think it wonderful that the treatment is so quickly. I have nothing but prayers for you and shall always recommend your wonderful treatment."

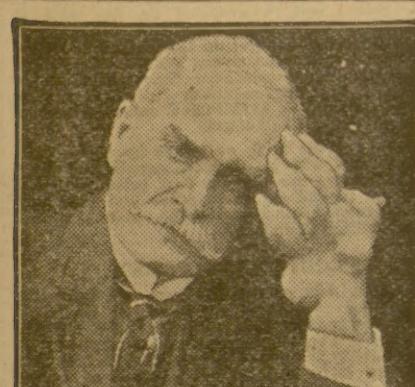
Don't delay—write today for my FREE trial treatment. You risk nothing. I convince you that goitre can be cured. Write now while you think of it.

Dr. W. T. Bobo, Goitre Specialist,
815 Minty Block, Battle Creek, Michigan.

his Stem Wind WATCH FREE AND RING
American Watch, guaranteed 5 years, case Solid Composition Gilt Metal, looks and wears like gold, also Ring, with Sparkling Gem. BOTH FREE for selling 20 packages BLUINE at 10c ea. Write for them.
BLUINE MFG. CO., 303 Mill St., Concord Jct., Mass.

LEG SORES

Cured by ANTI-FLAMMA Poultice Plaster. Stops the itching around sore. Cures while you work. DESCRIBE CASE and get FREE SAMPLE. Bayles Co., 1823 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.



CAN CURE YOU IF RHEUMATISM FREE

This photograph truthfully shows the terrible effects rheumatism in my case, but today I enjoy perfect health and devote my life to curing others. After spending \$20,000 and suffering untold agony for forty six years, I discovered a remedy which permanently red me, and I will send you a package of the very same medicine absolutely free. Don't send any money—it's free. A letter will bring it promptly. Your absolute satisfaction at all times is positively guaranteed. Every day lost means one more day of needless pain, write now to S. T. Delano, Dept. 329 E. Delano Bldg., Batavia, N.Y.

Comfort's Home Lawyer



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted by a subscriber. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty-five (25) cents, in silver or stamps, for a 15-month subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefit which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for fifteen months.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

Full name and address must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column, but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

H. G. C., New Jersey.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the signature of your husband is necessary to the deed to convey good title of real estate belonging to a married woman; we do not think he can be compelled, by any legal process, to sign in the event of his refusal to do so, even though his wife is willing to sell, and we think in the event of her selling without his signature to the deed, he would retain his interest of an estate by courtesy in the property, in case she survives her and they have issue born alive, even though such issue dies before the death of the mother; in case the husband dies before the wife, we do not think his estate has any interest in the property.

Mrs. J. P. P., Oregon.—We do not think the person receiving a letter through the mail would be subject to any penalty for so receiving same, even though the letter was of such a nature as would be barred from the mails, unless of course, the person so receiving same was in some way responsible for the sending of same. We think that other testimony besides that of a handwriting expert would be necessary to obtain a conviction in such a case.

Mrs. A. K., Iowa.—We think the length of time necessary to elapse before the final determination of a breach of promise action in your state would depend upon how promptly it was prosecuted, how far it was carried and upon whether there were any reversals in any appellate court. In our experience, we have known many such actions commenced which never have and never will be finally determined.

J. S., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that actions for the recovery of real estate are limited to twenty-one years, except in cases of persons under legal disability, but that all such are barred after thirty years. We do not, however, think that a possessory title is a very good or marketable one for the reason that it is often hard to establish absolute possession for so long a period of years.

Mrs. D. E. H., Rhode Island.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that a married woman can dispose of all her property by will except that she cannot bar her husband, if he survives her, from an estate by courtesy of life, use or her real estate. In case she leaves no will we think the husband would receive a life estate of all her real estate and one half absolutely of the personal estate in case there was no surviving descendants, and in case there are surviving descendants one third of the personal property, absolutely.

Mrs. C. H., New York.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the validity of the marriage or the rights of inheritance of the wife would not be affected by the fact that at sometimes during the existence of the marriage the parties had entered into a subsequently abrogated agreement to live separate, provided, of course, there was no court judgment of separation.

R. K., Wisconsin.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that a parent can disinherit children by will, except that certain provisions and allowances are made for minor children. We think that in order to constitute a valid will the testator must be of sound mind, possess testamentary capacity, that the will must express his true intent and that he must not be under undue influence of any other person and that the will must be legally drawn and executed. We do not think it need be recorded or filed before the death of the testator.

Mrs. J. E. T., Oklahoma.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a man, leaving no will, and leaving a surviving widow and one child, his estate would be divided in equal shares between the widow and child; and we do not think the fact that the child was by a former marriage would make any difference in this disposal of the property. We do not think the wife could recover property voluntarily turned over to her husband.

J. L. S., Oklahoma.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married woman, leaving no will, and leaving a husband and a number of children by two marriages, her husband would receive one third of her real and personal estate, the balance going in equal shares to her children by both marriages; under the laws of Arkansas we think the husband's share in one third of the real estate would only be a life interest, otherwise we think the property would go the same as in Oklahoma; we think the law in force at the time of death and not the present law would be the one which would govern.

E. C., New York.—We do not think the post-office authorities would interfere with the use of the mails for commercial purposes by a young man under age for that reason alone, unless there was some fraud or evasion in the manner in which the young man conducted his business.

H. W., Ohio.—We do not think a mother-in-law has any right to discipline her daughter-in-law and that in case she strikes her she would be liable to punishment for assault.

S. S., Indiana.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion: (1) that upon the death of a married woman, leaving no will and leaving a husband and two children, her estate would be divided among her husband and children, and that her husband's children by a former marriage would receive no share, except such as might come to them upon the death of the husband and father as an heir or person entitled to his estate. We think children in lawful wedlock are legitimate even though the father may claim that they are not.

S. Y., Oklahoma.—We think that marriages between uncles and nieces, or half nieces are prohibited in all the states of the Union.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23)

"Only"

BY MARTHA M. PURDY IN CHICAGO TRIB.

"Twas only a bright "good morning," That was called from over the way, But it left its cheerful memory Through a long, and weary day.

"Twas only a gentle hand clasp That was given in sudden mood, But it made all earth seem brighter, So that even work was good.

"Twas only a bunch of flowers That grew in a garden fair, But all their hidden beauties Were seen by an invalid there.

"Twas only a word, or a gesture, An act, or a thought of ours, May prepare for unborn millions A path of thorns or flowers.

Sent to Mrs. J. G. Beck, Montpelier, Idaho.

Comfort Postal Requests

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Post Cards
Exchanging Souvenir Post Cards is no longer a fad but a custom as it has established as letter writing, and more convenient and pleasing. By sending to the Exchange list you are enabled to accumulate cards from every state in the Union and Foreign Countries. To secure the appearance of your name in the Exchange List it is necessary to send a club of twelve fifteen months 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT and fifty cents to pay for same. We will send you a very fine Fifty Card Album for Post Cards, and your name will appear in the next available issue of COMFORT, and you will be expected to return cards for all received by you.

Miss Lena Kruger, 900 Broadway, Bay City, Mich. Mr. David Runion, East Liverpool, Box 445, Ohio. Frank Peterson, Hinckley, Box 64, Minn. Miss Mona Eaton, Smyrna, R. R. 2, Box 11, Ga. Elmer E. Harlins, 766 E. Grant St., Alliance, Ohio. Views only. Miss Ethel Frick, 321 Potter St., Red Wing, Minn. Peter F. Peters, Hepburn, Sask., Can. Madge V. Allenworth, Carson, Iowa.

Missing Relatives and Friends

We shall only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT for each request printed: as in sending your notice for insertion in the Missing Relatives' column, enclose a club of three 15-months 25-cent subscriptions, or if you are already a paid-in-advance subscriber, send only two new 15-months 25-cent subscriptions. This amount limits the notice to twenty-two words, making three lines; if longer notice is required, send two additional 25-cent 15-months subscriptions yearly for every seven words.

Miss Lena Kruger, 900 Broadway, Bay City, Mich. Mr. David Runion, East Liverpool, Box 445, Ohio. Frank Peterson, Hinckley, Box 64, Minn. Miss Mona Eaton, Smyrna, R. R. 2, Box 11, Ga. Elmer E. Harlins, 766 E. Grant St., Alliance, Ohio. Views only. Miss Ethel Frick, 321 Potter St., Red Wing, Minn. Peter F. Peters, Hepburn, Sask., Can. Madge V. Allenworth, Carson, Iowa.

Answers to the above will be sent in the next issue of COMFORT.

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Solid Gold Wedding Ring



The genuine article. No sham, no substitute, this is a genuine Gold Ring, as such we advertise and guarantee it. Our illustration merely shows the general style, a wide, heavy band ring for either ladies or gentlemen. It is in proper size and style today. If you are about to be, or are married, and require a real wedding ring this is an unusual opportunity to procure the correct thing in a ring and at a reasonable cost. We fully and we unequivocally guarantee this Wedding Ring to be genuine solid gold, not rolled, plated or gold shell or other ingenious imitation. Your money back at any time, so don't go to storekeepers and pay enormous profits but avail yourself of our

Club Offer. For a club of only eight subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, we will send you one of these genuine Solid Gold Wedding Rings in a plush-lined ring box. Send finger measurement.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

FOUR PIN WAIST SET

Roman laid gold plate, soft rich gold finish, in a velvet pad box. We show but two pins to give you the sizes; there is one large pin and three smaller ones, one Neck or Waist Pin and the others for collar, cuff or lace pins, equally useful as Baby pins.

We warrant these pins not to break, which is an exceptional guarantee on a pin subjected to such constant and hard use.

Other uses for such a combination set of Four Pins will occur to every lady reader of COMFORT, and we doubt if there are many who can say, "I have no use for them." They are indispensable. Several sets will not be too many to have about, especially if there are children in the family.

Club Offer. Send us only one new 15-months subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents for one of these four Pin Sets Free. It positively must be a new subscription. Send 10 cents extra, 35 cents in all, for your own subscription or a renewal.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Silver Plated Salt and Pepper Set.

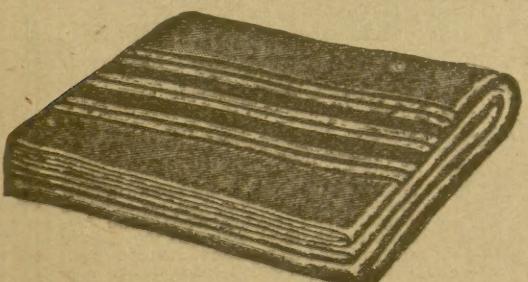
Fitted with three Polished Glass Castors having non-corrosive tops. One for Salt, one for Pepper, the third for Cayenne, Celery Salt or other condiment, all as preferred.

Height 5½ inches, diameter of base 3½ inches. Made of highest grade white metal and Silver Plated, will wear almost forever and give entire satisfaction, which is superior to a five or ten year guarantee. These three pieces, or individual Castors are much in use, usually each member of the family has one, but even one or two for the whole family will be acceptable. Excellent for Christmas or wedding gifts.

Club Offer.

Send only six subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months for one of these Castors, carefully wrapped, packed and shipped at our expense. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Club Offer. For a club of two subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, we will send post-paid a pair of these towels. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



A Soft, Warm White Blanket

Well made and well finished. Size 55 inches wide and 72 inches long, of good weight. Supplied with the border worked in fancy colors on the white ground. Large, warm, comfortable blankets for standard size beds. Roger does not advise in costs of raw cotton we have bought a quantity of the blankets at unusually low prices and are certain they are of unusual quality and exceptionally well made. Think of this big warm blanket on your own bed or laying on the shelf for use when needed what a feeling of satisfaction it gives one.

CLUB OFFER. For only eight subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, we will send you either post-paid or express free one of these 55x72 White Blankets and you may have either blue or white border.

FOR MOTHER'S SHOULDERS OR THE BABY



We have bought in this connection one of the very best things in the way of a warm wrap for the Baby or for the Mother to use in and about the home that we have ever seen. Made of softest warm flannelette. 30x40 inches in size, and they come in two colors, soft dull pink and blue stripes over white, at either end are wider stripes and the blue one has both the wider stripes and a bit of variegated color at the ends. These small blankets are something very new; in all the city stores where shown they are selling rapidly. We could not resist offering this quick; without illustration our description must convey to you what a splendid little blanket this is and how useful it will be about the Baby; awake or asleep it can be used as a wrap or crib blanket, is splendid as a covering for carriage or as a shoulder throw it cannot be equalled by anything hand knit or made up at home. The edges are finished with buttonhole stitch and the whole idea is just splendid and we know that wherever seen others will be wanted.

Club Offer. To introduce them we will at first offer one free, post-paid for only two subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, or for a club of ten subscriptions at 25 cents each, we will send both the large and small blankets. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Me.

A Stereoscope FREE and 50 Views

Scenes from All Parts of the World

We offer a most elegant and beautiful assortment of scenic and commercial views showing places of historic interest and famous for natural beauties. This series of stereoscopic views are especially gotten up at great expense to go with our imported stereoscope which is our world famous aluminum crystallens style. The Scope has a genuine aluminum hood, frame is of fine finished cherry wood with beautiful folding handle which closely packs underneath; the sliding bar and every part of the stereoscope is made in the best manner. The lenses are of extra fine quality and selected for clearness and brilliancy. Many evenings of entertainment can be gotten from this outfit and you can enjoy a tour around the world by having a stereoscope and set of views in the home. We have just gotten a large number of these outfits at a ridiculously low price and it thus enables us to give our club workers a chance to secure this choice assortment on very favorable terms.

Club Offer. For a club of three 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send the complete outfit consisting of Stereoscope and fifty views all securely packed sent post-paid without any cost to you whatever. Do not fail to send at once for this premium so that not only yourself but your friends can enjoy it.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Turkish Style Towels

DURABLE AND HEALTH GIVING

After a bath a vigorous drying and rubbing with these heavy linen-like towels will create an invigorated healthy glow of the entire system. Washing in itself cleanses the body, but the beneficial effects of the proper bath is derived from generous exercise of the flesh, opening and closing the pores, carrying away all foreign particles that may come from soap or water. Many times one does not require a bath, others cannot bathe frequently; at such times a "dry-rub" with these coarse fabric towels will be of immense benefit and comfort. These towels are woven of heavy twisted threads and have little nubs on the surface that absorb water like a sponge, leaving your flesh warm, dry and glowing all over. Great for Baby's bath or the man who shaves, and the more you wash them the softer they become. And durable, they wear well and wear long, almost impervious to wear, they are practical every-day towels for either the toiler or the lady's delicate bath. Similar towels made in Turkey of genuine linen are imported into this country and sold by druggists for two, three and four dollars per pair, and yet no more benefit or satisfaction is derived than from these sensible American-made Bath Towels. 19x36 inches in size, with red stripe and triple red border.

Club Offer. For a club of two subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, we will send post-paid a pair of these towels. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Practical Fountain Pen

Until recently an all rubber Fountain Pen cost a large sum, owing to the high cost of raw material, but the recent discovery of rubber in large quantities has reduced the price and new machinery has done the rest. We are now able to offer to our subscribers a fine quality Pen, with two additional Pen Points and a glass filler, a standard outfit at a greatly reduced price. Lawyers, Doctors, Clerks, Agents, Teachers, Scholars and in every home a Fountain Pen is needed, a good quality, warranted not to leak, Pen, a pen it will be a pleasure to use, and can be sold at once. Send only two 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, for a free Pen Outfit.

Two Extra Gold Plated Pens - FREE

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

WE GIVE THIS WATCH For a Club of Five.

Thirty Minutes is a short time, but many have earned one of these watches in less time than that. It is one of the very best watches for time ever offered to our readers at no matter what the price asked for it. We know, of course, there are watches that cost more money, because they are in gold or silver cases, but for practical everyday use they are no better timekeepers. This watch keeps not perfect time, we never saw the watch that did, but it keeps as near perfect time as watches usually do. We have such faith in this watch as timekeeper that we send with every one a guarantee just as binding as that given with any watch, no matter what make. We are willing to give you this watch if you will do us a slight service, which you can easily do in an hour. We wish to increase our subscription list, and we want the assistance of every reader of this paper to that end. We do not want you to do it for nothing, we will reward you for it. You can easily secure this valuable watch if you get a club of 5 subscribers to COMFORT, at our special subscription price of 25 cents for 15 months. Do this, sending us the money with the names, and we will send COMFORT to each subscriber and we will send you the watch to reward you. Start out now and see what you can do. Remember we guarantee every watch. If you get subscriptions and send us NOW at once, we will also send you a nice chain.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

SPLENDID THREE-PIECE SILVER SET

The Smaller Round Dish for Candy, Olives, Nuts, Whipped Cream or Pickles.



The Seven-Inch Dish for Salad, Fruit, Nuts and Candy.

The illustration represents only the general style of the three-piece set. One gets no idea from this of the unusual beauty, nor of the effectiveness of the ruffled silver effect. The whole set or single pieces will prove exceptionally useful. A cream pitcher, sugar bowl and the large dish make up the set. The large dish may be used for berries, fruit, nuts, whipped cream, jelly, preserves or other purposes, or if preferred as an ornament for the table or mantle, but the pitcher will be useful daily on the dining table, or may be kept for heat, and the same with the sugar bowl, which will oftentimes be of use for other things, such as olives, nuts or whipped cream. These sets are unusually large, full size, practical size, the big bowl is seven inches in diameter, four inches high, with capacity of at least three pints, the sugar bowl and cream pitcher are of just the right size, have four feet and handles. Each piece is gold lined and will positively wear for years and give entire satisfaction.

Club Offer. Send only 8 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for this Gold Lined Silver Set of three pieces, which will be sent by mail or express prepaid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Silken Shower from a Necktie Factory.

A Big Lot of Real Silk, also

Plush and Stamped Satin

REMNANTS FOR CRAZY PATCHWORK.

ART in needlework is on the advance. We know that ladies delight in odd pieces of silk and satin—"CRAZY QUILT" making is again very popular. We know that all ladies now delight in bright, handsome, odd-shaped, and pretty colored goods accumulate very fast at all NECKTIE FACTORIES; the styles were never so bright and pretty as they have been the past season and they are now burdened with remnants of many HIGH GOODS. We have thousands of pieces of silk and satin on hand which we are going to give away in big lots. People at a distance have hard times getting the new assessment to pay into collectors, quilters, etc., and we can help you now. Our packages contain from 90 to 168 pieces of the best quality assured goods, and we want to get our great monthly and a lot introduced into every home; then you can order as you like for your friends, and MAKE MONEY doing our work and helping yourself. Remember these



pieces are carefully trimmed, and especially adapted to all sorts of fancy art, and needlework. Many ladies sell tidies, fancy pillows, etc., at a great price made from these remnants. Order one sample subscription lot now for only 25c.

Grand Offer: If you ORDER ONE lot, we will give you several rich, bright and beautiful stamped satin pieces, each piece containing some square inches and being stamped by hand with a graceful design for embroidery, is a big bargain.

Five Skeins Embroidery Silks Free. In order to work your stamped satin and other pieces, we also send absolutely FREE, five skeins of elegant embroidery silk, all different bright colors. This silk is worth nearly the price we ask for the remnants; but we know if you ORDER ONE lot we will sell mass in

ARTICLES. This silk is worth nearly the price we ask for the remnants; but we know if you ORDER ONE lot we will sell mass in

BEST WAY. We will send you a complete assortments of silk and satin pieces, and for those who send us 15 months to COMFORT, we will order and send you a copy of "CRAZY QUILT" making again.

Full-Page Illustrations for ornamenting the seams of Crazy Patchwork, or for other ornamental work where Fancy Sashes are used, it has no equal. It shows how pieces for patchwork may be put together to get the best effect, how to cover up seams with fancy sashes, how to join edges, etc. The book illustrates over one hundred and fifty of these, besides directions for taking ART EMBROIDERY STITCHES comprising the Outline Stitch, Kensington Stitch, and Chelleville Embroidery, Ribbon Work, Floss or Tufted Stitch, etc. It also tells how to do Kensington Painting.

REMEMBER we send one big lot (over 100 pieces) Silk Remnants and an assorted stamped satin piece, 5 SKEINS Embroidery silk, plus a great book on embroidery together with 15-months subscription to COMFORT, all for only 25 cents, or you may send two subscribers at 25c. each for 15 months and receive one lot free. Three lots and 15 mos. subscription, \$1.00.

Address COMFORT, Silk Dept. 4, Augusta, Maine.

SWEETHEART STAMPING OUTFIT.

80 NEW DESIGNS ON TWELVE SHEETS BOND PAPER.

Every design distinctly perforated to give a clear working pattern on most any material. Our tremendous success with other Stamping Outfits makes us realize the importance of very careful preparation of this New Outfit, and we believe you will be delighted with our effort. Great care has been exercised in selecting the patterns, and we present the following list of the many designs embraced in the SWEETHEART STAMPING OUTFIT.

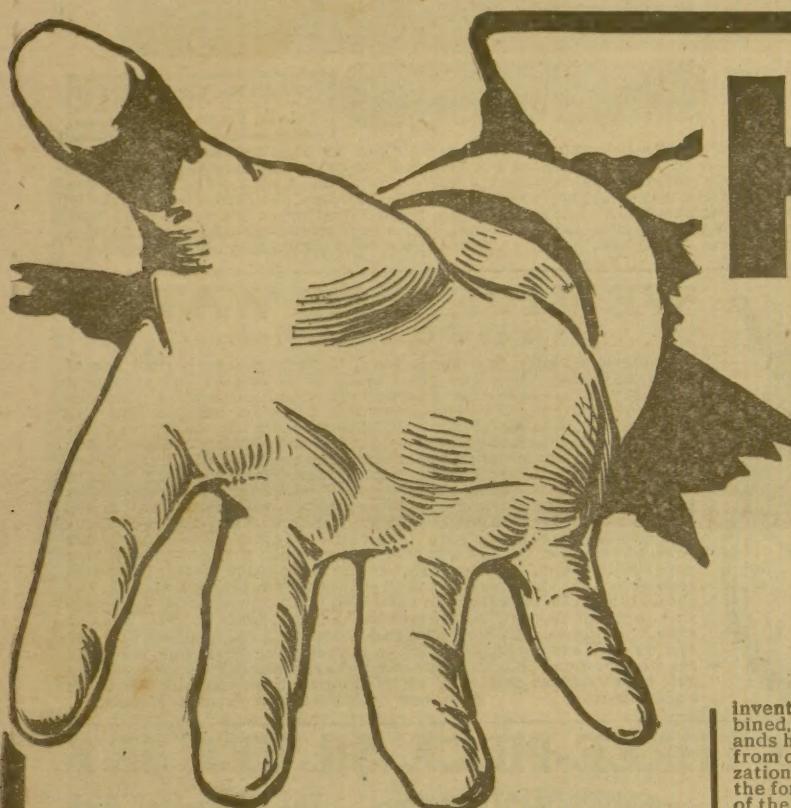
Price: Total design, size 12x12 inches. 2 Different styles of ladies' collars; 1 Rose pattern; 1 Daffodil for nightgowns; 2 Vine designs for shirtwaist and skirt; 1 Centerpiece 12x12 inches; 1 Dolly design, size 3x3 inches; 3 Sideboard or bureau scarf designs; 1 Violet design; 1 Shirtwaist design for eyelash and solid embroidery; 1 Baby cap; 1 Baby cape; 1 Pair of shoes; 2 Designs for handkerchiefs; 1 Ladies' Belt; 1 Table-cover design; 1 Corset cover design; 1 Shirtwaist design; 3 Designs for hemstitch scarf, etc.; 1 Tray Cloth design for eyelash and solid embroidery; 1 Spray of violets for hemstitch squares.

2 Small designs for hemstitch; 1 Design for valances; 2 Anchor designs; 5 Borders for linens; 1 Misses' Dots; 1 Collar design; 1 Complete set initials, 3 in. high, suitable for bed linens, etc.; 1 Complete set initials, 1-1/2 in. high, old English for table linens, etc.; 1 Centerpiece, size 12x12 inches, for solid embroidery; 1 Centerpiece, size 6x6 inches, for French eyelash embroidery; 2 Border designs for towels or pillow ends; 2 Border designs for lingerie, etc.; 1 Bowknot design; 1 Border design for table cover; 1 Skirt panel design; 2 Butterfly designs; 1 Bed design, size 2 1/2x2 1/2 inches; 1 Envelope Flap, 3 1/2 x 6 inches; 1 Corset design for pillow top; 1 Over Bag design; 1 Poppy design, size 6x6 inches; 2 Small border designs; 2 Anchor designs for sailor suits; 1 Star design for girls' dresses; 2 Vine designs for ladies' hose; 1 Large butterfly; 1 Daisy design, and many others.

This is an entirely new Outfit, with new designs and new ideas throughout, gotten up exclusively for COMFORT, it represents the latest productions, also we have used highest quality white bond paper, paid particular attention to the careful perforation of every sheet, adding free a seven inch Embroidery Hoop, piece of stamping preparation and one felt pad. With each Outfit we also include free a copy of "Stitches in Embroidery" by Mme. Du Parque invaluable to all needleworkers. You can unhesitatingly send for this Outfit with all assurance of entire satisfaction.

Club Offer: Send only two subscribers to COMFORT at 25c. each for 15 months, for one SWEETHEART STAMPING OUTFIT post-paid as shown and described. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.





It is Yours!

No matter where you are, whether you are a man or woman, twenty years old or seventy, whether you live in the town or country, whether you are rich or poor, all you need do is hold out your hand for it. Give us the signal that you want it, say the word, and it will be sent right out to you, without a penny from you. If you need it, if you want to try it and see what it will do, if you are ill, poorly, weak or suffering, hold out your hand and get it, as thousands have done during the past three years. You don't need to write a long letter, don't need to fill out any tiresome blanks, don't need to send references, money or stamps. It is yours to try at our risk, yours for the asking, no matter who or where you are, if you will hold out your hand for it, so we will know you want it. We place it right in your hand, deliver it free at your door, and are glad to do it when you ask for it. But we cannot know you need it, cannot know you want it, unless you give us the word, and so we ask you to "Hold out your hand."

Clip the coupon, fill in your name and address, and we will send you a dollar box of Bodi-Tone without a penny from you.

This is how a quarter-million people have already tested Bodi-Tone, many from your own state and neighborhood, including thousands of the readers of Comfort, and this is how we want you to try it. We know Bodi-Tone, we know how quickly it acts in the body, how it makes its great power felt soon after you begin to use it, how it sends the glow of returning health into every nook and corner, and we want to prove it to you, absolutely at our own risk. If you are entirely satisfied when you see what the trial box of Bodi-Tone does for you, pay a dollar for it. Otherwise, that ends it. We leave it all to you. You have all to win and nothing to lose by trying Bodi-Tone in this way. You need not pay us a penny at any time unless you find Bodi-Tone all we claim for it, unless you find that it suits your own individual case and condition.

Bodi-Tone

does just what its name means—cures disease by toning all the body, and we want you to try a box at our risk and see what it will do for your body. Bodi-Tone is a small, round tablet, that is taken three times every day. Each box contains seventy-five of these tablets, enough for twenty-five days' use, and we send you the full box without a penny in advance, so that you can try this great remedy and learn what it is, so you can learn how it works in the body, how it cures stubborn diseases by helping nature to tone every organ of the body. Tone is a little word, but it means a great deal, everything in health. When all the organs are doing their part, when each is acting in a perfectly natural way, when all the functions are healthy and are performed with natural vigor, when the energy, strength and power of resistance to disease are all at a natural point, then the body is in proper tone. When disease has attacked any part, when lack of vitality is found and felt, the tone of the entire physical body should be raised to the highest possible point, to make all the body help to cure and restore. This is the power which underlies all of Bodi-Tone's great work for the sick, this is the power it offers you to help you get new health and strength, new vigor and new vitality.

What it is

Bodi-Tone is not a patent medicine, for its ingredients are not a secret. It contains Iron Phosphate, Gentian, Lithia, Chinese Rhubarb, Peruvian Bark, Nux Vomica, Oregon Grape Root, Cascara, Capsicum, Sarsaparilla and Golden Seal. Such ingredients guarantee its merit and power in the body.

When you use Bodi-Tone you know just what you are using, know it is good and safe and know you are taking the kind of medicine to provide real help for the body. It is a pure medicine that satisfies the most exacting. It contains no narcotics or habit-forming drugs, nothing that your own family doctor will not endorse and say is a good thing. It does not depend on killing pain with cocaine, opium, morphine or other dangerous drugs. It does not excite the body with alcohol, but it tones the body and cures its disorders with remedies nature intended to tone and cure the body when that power was given them. Thus, Iron gives life and energy to the Blood, Sarsaparilla drives out its impurities, Phosphate and Nux Vomica create new nerve energy and force, Lithia aids in the Kidneys, Gentian does invaluable work for the Stomach and Digestive forces, Chinese Rhubarb and Oregon Grape Root promote vigorous Liver activity, Peruvian Bark raises the tone of the entire system, Golden Seal soothes the inflamed membranes and checks Catarrhal discharges, Cascara gives the Bowels new life in a natural way, and Capsicum makes all more valuable by bettering their absorption into the blood. A remarkable combination that does wonderful work for health.

All From Nature

Each one of these ingredients serves to assist, to help, to build upon the others work. Each adds a needed element from nature to the body. Each has its work to do and does it well. They are used because of this ability. We claim no credit for discovering the ingredients in Bodi-Tone, each of which has its own well-deserved place in the medical books of most of the civilized world. We simply claim the credit for the successful formula which we

Hold Out Your Hand

Invented, for the way in which these valuable ingredients are combined, for the proportions used, for the curative force which thousands have found in Bodi-Tone, for the cures which make it different from other remedies. Most of these ingredients are as old as civilization itself, for the curative forces which Bodi-Tone ably uses are the forces which have always existed in nature for the restoration of the body's health. Many are regularly prescribed in some form by the medical profession for various diseases and irregular conditions, being used either separately or in combinations with such drugs as each doctor may favor, for there are wide differences of opinion among the doctors of various schools. The exact combination used in Bodi-Tone is what gives it the far-reaching and thorough curative and restorative power that makes possible the remarkable cures experienced by Bodi-Tone users, cures which prove the difference between Bodi-Tone and common remedies, cures which have won the gratitude of thousands.

Try It and See

If you are tired of ceaseless doctor bills and wearied of continual dosing without results, you need Bodi-Tone right now. If your local doctor has done you no real good, if you have given him a chance to do what he can and the ordinary medicinal combinations he used have failed, give this modern, scientific combination of special remedies a chance to show and prove what it can do for you. Its greatest triumphs have been among men and women with chronic ailments who had tried physicians and specialists at home and elsewhere without lasting benefit, and for this reason all chronic sufferers are invited to try it at our risk.

Bodi-Tone offers you its services if you are sick, if you need medicinal help, if your bodily organs are not acting as they should, if your body is not in right and natural tone. That is what Bodi-Tone is for—to restore health, vigor, vitality and strength by restoring tone to the body.

If there is anything wrong with your Kidneys, Bodi-Tone helps to restore tone to the Kidneys, helps to set them right. If there is anything wrong with your Stomach, Bodi-Tone helps to tone the Stomach, helps to set the wrong right. If there is anything wrong with your Nerves, your Blood, your Liver, your Bowels or your General System, the health-making ingredients in Bodi-Tone go right to work and keep on working day after day, exerting always a definite action that produces curative results of the kind sufferers appreciate. If you have Rheumatism, Bodi-Tone helps to eliminate the Uric Acid from the system while it restores tone to the Kidneys, Stomach and Blood, thereby preventing a continuance of Rheumatic poison and putting new activity into muscles, nerves and joints. Bodi-Tone should be used by all women suffering from any Female Ailment, for its toning properties have been found especially valuable in such ailments.

Old Folks

All elderly men and women need Bodi-Tone, even though they have no chronic ailment. Bodi-Tone acts as a vitalizer for the aged, helping to renew the blood, steady the nerves and promote a good appetite. It aids in digestion, elimination and other important functions and causes sound and refreshing sleep, which is so much needed by all old people. Its special action in the Kidneys is helpful to any elderly person, whether or not there be any known Kidney trouble. Repeated failures to get any real benefit from the ordinary medicines have caused many old folks, variously afflicted, to believe that all kinds of sickness and disease is a necessary part of old age, but the success of Bodi-Tone proves how good health may be enjoyed even during advanced years. We want to send a box of Bodi-Tone on trial to every elderly person to prove through Bodi-Tone that age is no barrier to health. We want to prove how it benefits the aged as well as the young, how it does good work in the body that has carried the weight of eighty years, the same as it does for the body at half that age. This trial offer is open to all "old folks" who are in poor health or suffering from the weaknesses and infirmities of old age. Thousands of elderly men and women have sent for Bodi-Tone on trial, without paying a penny, and found it put flesh on their bones, vigor in their minds, vim in their muscles, victory in their hearts and vitality in every vital function.

Only a Stamp

Why delay another day, when a trial of this proven medicine is yours for the asking. Why keep on suffering, when by filling in your name and address on the trial coupon and mailing it to us, you can get a full twenty-five days' trial treatment of this great remedy which has already restored thousands to health. It just costs a two cent stamp, and you don't need to pay a single penny for the medicine unless Bodi-Tone benefits you. You have all to win and nothing to lose, no matter what your ailment may be, for such work as Bodi-Tone does in the body is of value in any chronic ailment.

Thousands of cures of Rheumatism, Stomach Trouble, Kidney, Liver and Bladder Ailments, Uric Acid Diseases, Female Troubles, Bowel, Blood and Skin Affections, Drosopy, Piles, Catarrh, Anæmia, Sleeplessness, LaGrippe, Pains, General Weakness and Nervous Breakdown, have fully proven the power and great remedial value of Bodi-Tone.

Its history of success has proven beyond a shadow of doubt how the Bodi-Tone plan of toning all the body is a right plan that helps to cure these and other disorders, that it is a real aid to nature. Many who had for years been in poor health and had tried good doctors and most all of the prominent medicines, have found that one single box of Bodi-Tone did more good than all other treatments combined. It goes to the root in the body and cures because its work is rational and thorough, the only kind that makes cures permanent. Read the reports, showing how Bodi-Tone makes new life, health and strength, send for a box on trial at our risk and see if it will not prove the right thing for you.

Your Own Opinion Decides!

satisfies, nor to buy any medicine at any time. We leave it all to you—your opinion decides it. You will know if you feel better, if you are stronger, more vigorous and active, if your limbs and back do not pain you, if your stomach or kidneys do not trouble you, if your heart or liver does not bother you. You will surely know if your organs are acting better than they did before using Bodi-Tone, and if health is returning to your body. If you are not sure, don't pay. We don't ask for pay or dun you. You need not even report unless you wish. Your silence can be your answer. Can anything be fairer? We know Bodi-Tone and take all the risk, because

we know we can depend on it to make fast friends and win hearts wherever it is used, by the way it cures, by the way it rebuilds wasted bodies, by the way it restores lost health, vitality and strength. None but a real curative medicine could be so offered. Send the coupon today for a trial box on these liberal conditions, and learn just what Bodi-Tone will do for you. ADDRESS US AS PRINTED IN THE COUPON.

Did More Than Three Specialists

CARTERS, GA.—I have been diseased for the last fifteen years with what the doctors called Catarrh of the Head, or Systemic Catarrh. Some called it one thing and some another. I had pains all through my body, in my Bowels, Stomach and Back, and my Heart would flutter and beat and smother so it appeared that I could not live. I had Indigestion and Constipation, with blind spells. Everything I ate soured on my stomach before I would get through eating. It seemed that I could not stand it much longer. I tried all the doctors in my settlement and three specialists of Atlanta, Ga., and most of the patent medicines and drugs that I heard of, without any relief, until I got Bodi-Tone. By the time I had taken a treatment of Bodi-Tone I could eat anything I wanted, and there was not a pain in my body. Bodi-Tone has done more for me than all the doctors could do. I am seventy-five years old. My wife, who is in her seventy-fourth year, has also been greatly benefited by its use.

J. F. PETTY.

Gall Stones Dragged Her Down

THOMASVILLE, COLO.—A year ago I gave birth to a baby girl who lived only a very short time, and I was sick and not able to work for six months. I tried three different doctors and got worse all the time. I had Liver and Kidney trouble and was ever so weak and nervous. I had no appetite and had such a hard feeling in my chest that I would have hard work to get my breath. I also had Gall Stones. My next-door neighbor came in one day and told me about Bodi-Tone, and wanted me to try it. I had taken only five or six doses when I felt so much better that I sent at once and got a treatment. I haven't taken anything since but Bodi-Tone, and it has brought me out of my trouble. I now do all my work, for six in the family. I walk to our store and back without any trouble or fatigue, a distance of two miles. I am 42 years old. I recommend Bodi-Tone to all my friends.

MRS. N. MOONEY.

Doctor Said He Had Bright's Disease

DANA, IND.—I doctored for four years for Bowel, Stomach Trouble and Rheumatism and gradually grew worse. One doctor told me at last that I had Bright's Disease and could not be cured; then I went to a specialist at Indianapolis. He doctored me for a long time and finally told me to go to the Springs at Martinsville, Ind. I did so and stayed there for some time, but no cure. I commenced taking Bodi-Tone ten months ago and went to work four days after I commenced its use. I am well now and weigh 210 pounds, for I am a large-boned man. I believe I would have been under the ground if I had not taken Bodi-Tone.

G. M. HILL.

Free from Pain at Eighty-One Years

GLEN ROSE, TEXAS.—I have been in poor health for thirty years, and at times it seemed I was afflicted with most every trouble flesh is heir to. I had Catarrh of the Head, Asthma, Stomach Trouble, My Liver was bad and Kidneys and Bladder were deranged. At times I would lay in a cold sweat for hours with Bilious Colic. I suffered in this way until a year ago, when I saw the Bodi-Tone trial offer, sent for a box and began to take it. I am now in my eighty-first year, and have been altogether free from pain and any distress since I took the first few boxes. Everybody speaks about how well I have been this year, and all realize the great good Bodi-Tone has been to me.

MRS. E. RAMFIELD.

Female Weakness for Five Years

FORT SILL, OKLA.—For five years I had been troubled with Female Weakness. I always had trouble during menstruation. I doctored all the time, but was only throwing my money away. I sent for a trial box of Bodi-Tone, which helped me so that I took two more. My periods became regular and my health was benefited generally. I always speak a good word for it.

MRS. C. R. BODMAN.

Trial Coupon

Clipped from **Comfort**
Bodi-Tone Company,
Hoynes & North Aves., Chicago.

I have read your offer of a dollar box of Bodi-Tone on 25 days' trial and ask you to send me a box by return mail, postpaid. I will give it a fair trial and will send you \$1.00 promptly when I am sure it has benefited me. If it does not help me I will not pay one penny and will owe you nothing. Neither I nor any member of my family have ever used it.

Name _____

Town _____

State _____

St. or R. F. D. _____